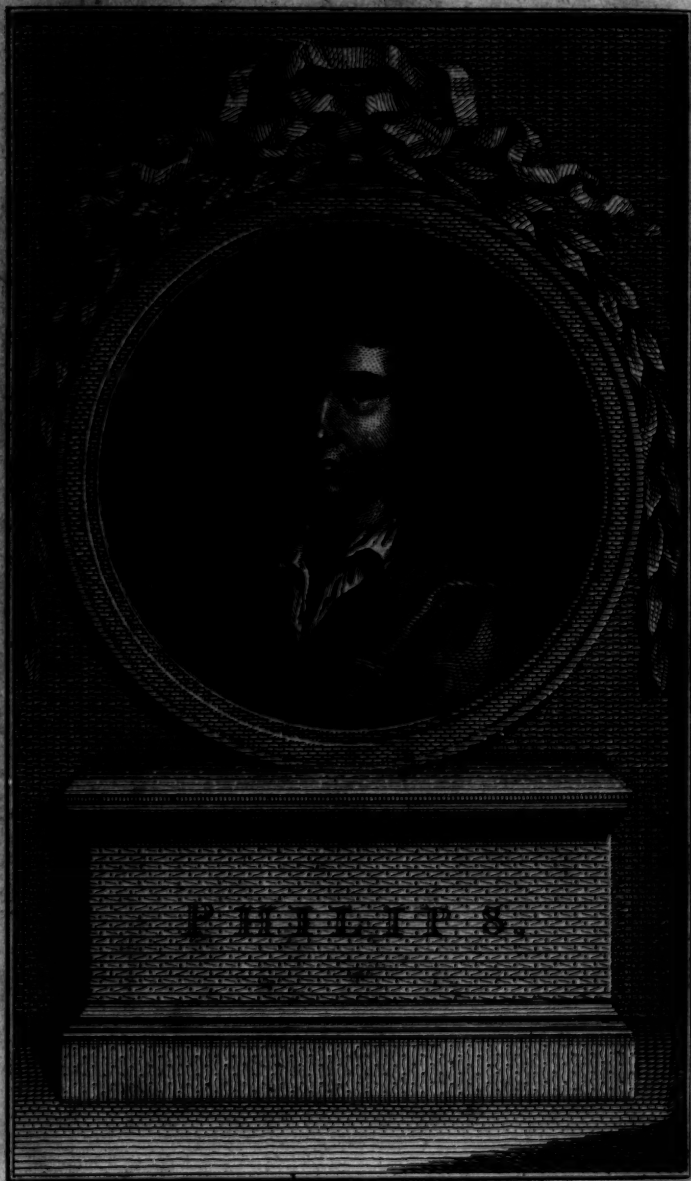
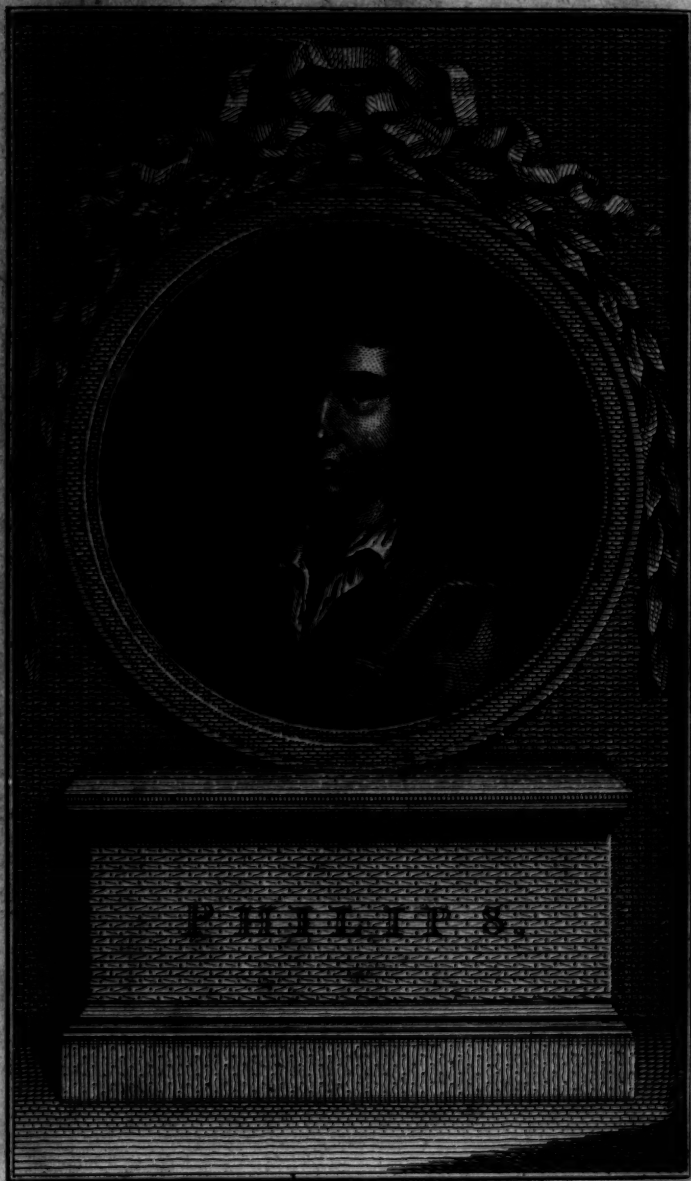




Collier Sculp.



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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FIRST.

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THE
P O E M S
OF
J. P H I L I P S,
S M I T H,
AND
P O M F R E T.



SPLANDID SHILLING

THE

P O E M S

OF

MR. J. PHILIPS.



B:

THE

P. O. E. M. S.



M.R. L.P.S.

T H E
S P L E N D I D S H I L L I N G

“ ——— Sing, heavenly Muse !

“ Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,”

A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-Hall * repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Cloë, or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast !) my meagre corpse sustain;
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

4 J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Regale chill'd fingers ; or from tube as black
 As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
 Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent :
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
 Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
 Sprung from Cadwalador and Arthur, kings
 Full famous in romantic tale) when he
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
 Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
 Yclip'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil !
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
 With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
 Horrible monster ! hated by gods and men,
 To my aerial citadel ascends,
 With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
 With hideous accent thrice he calls ; I know
 The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
 What should I do ? or whither turn ? Amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
 Of wood-hole ; strait my bristling hairs erect
 Through sudden fear ; a chilly sweat bedews
 My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell !)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;
 So horrible he seems ! His faded brow

Entrench'd

Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
 Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters and figures dire-inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
 Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks
 Another monster, not unlike himself,
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
 With force incredible, and magic charms,
 First have endued: if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch
 Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
 In durance strict detain him, till, in form
 Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
 The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
 Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowel'd web

Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
 Obvious to vagrant flies : she secret stands
 Within her woven cell ; the humming prey,
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will aught avail
 Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue ;
 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
 And butterfly proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold, intangled in her snares,
 Useless resistance make : with eager strides,
 She towering flies to her expected spoils ;
 Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
 Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
 This world envelop, and th' inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
 With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood ;
 Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
 Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of loving friend, delights ; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
 My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
 Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
 Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
 Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish, and rave ; my parched throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose ;

But

THE SPLENDID SHILLING. 7

But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy 's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,

In vain ; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay :
Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :
My Galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue !)
An horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice
Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks !)
She strikes rebounding ; whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea ; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,

3 J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
pray :

(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

BLENHEIM.

[9]

B L E N H E I M.

FROM low and abject themes the groveling Muse
 Now mounts ærial, to sing of arms
 Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
 Of Britain's hero; may the verse not sink
 Beneath his merits, but detain awhile
 Thy ear, O Harley *! (though thy country's weal
 Depends on thee, though mighty Anne requires
 Thy hourly counsels) since, with every art
 Thyself adorn'd, the mean essays of youth
 Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
 The willing genius to the Muses' seat:
 Therefore thee first, and last, the Muse shall sing.

Long had the Gallic monarch, uncontrol'd,
 Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force
 Opponent slightly thought, in heart elate,
 As erst Sesostris (proud Egyptian king,
 That monarchs harness'd to his chariot yoke
 (Base servitude!) and his dethron'd compeers
 Last furious; they in fullen majesty
 Drew the uneasy load); nor less he aim'd
 At universal sway: for William's arm
 Could nought avail, however fam'd in war;

* This poem was inscribed to the Right Honourable
 Robert Harley, Esq; 1705, then Speaker of the Honour-
 able House of Commons, and Secretary of State.

No

Nor armies leagu'd, that diversly essay'd
 To curb his power enormous ; like an oak,
 That stands secure, though all the winds employ
 Their ceaseless roar, and only sheds its leaves,
 Or mast, which the revolving spring restores :
 So stood he, and alone ; alone defy'd
 The European thrones combin'd, and still
 Had set at nought their machinations vain,
 But that great Anne, weighing th' events of war
 Momentous, in her prudent heart, thee chose,
 Thee, Churchill ! to direct in nice extremes
 Her banner'd legions. Now their pristine worth
 The Britons recollect, and gladly change
 Sweet native home for unaccustom'd air,
 And other climes, where different food and soil
 Portend distempers ; over dank, and dry,
 They journey toilsome, unfatigued with length
 Of march, unstruck with horror at the sight
 Of Alpine ridges bleak, high-stretching hills,
 All white with summer's snows. They go beyond
 The trace of English steps, where scarce the sound
 Of Henry's arms arriv'd ; such strength of heart
 Thy conduct and example gives ; nor small
 Encouragement : Godolphin, wise and just,
 Equal in merit, honour, and success,
 To Burleigh (fortunate alike to serve
 The best of Queens) : he, of the royal store
 Splendidly frugal, sits whole nights devoid
 Of sweet repose, industrious to procure
 The soldier's ease ; to regions far remote

His.

B L E N H E I M.

His care extends; and to the British host
 Makes ravish'd countries plenteous as their own.
 And now, O Churchill! at thy wisht approach
 The Germans, hopeless of success, forlorn,
 With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
 New-animated rouse; not more rejoice
 The miserable race of men, that live
 Benighted half the year, benumm'd with frosts
 Perpetual, and rough Boreas' keenest breath,
 Under the polar Bear, inclement sky!
 When first the sun with new-born light removes
 The long-incumbent gloom; gladly to thee
 Heroic laurel'd Eugene yields the prime,
 Nor thinks it diminution, to be rankt
 In military honour next, although
 His deadly hand shook the Turchestan throne
 Accurs'd, and prov'd in far-divided lands
 Victorious; on thy powerful sword alone
 Germania and the Belgic coast relies,
 Won from th' encroaching sea; that sword great Anne
 Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant side,
 When thee sh' enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
 Illustrating the noble list; her hand
 Assures good omens, and Saint George's worth
 Enkindles like desire of high exploits.
 Immediate sieges, and the tire of war,
 Roll in thy eager mind; thy plummy crest
 Nods horrible; with more terrific port
 Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the fight.
 What spoils, what conquests, then did Albion hope
From

180 J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

From thy atchievements! yet thou hast surpass'd
 Her boldest vows, exceeded what thy foes
 Could fear or fancy; they, in multitude
 Superior, fed their thoughts with prospect vain
 Of victory and rapine, reckoning what
 From ransom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
 Jovial his mate bespoke: O friend, observe
 How gay with all th' accoutrements of war
 The Britons come, with gold well fraught, they come
 Thus far our prey, and tempt us to subdue
 Their recreant force; how will their bodies stript
 Enrich the victors, while the vultures sate
 Their maws with full repast!—Another, warm'd
 With high ambition, and conceit of prowess
 Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd:
 What if this sword, full often drench'd in blood
 Of base antagonists, with griding edge
 Should now cleave sheer the execrable head
 Of Churchill, met in arms! or if this hand,
 Soon as his army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
 Should stay him flying, with retentive gripe,
 Confounded and appal'd! no trivial price
 Should set him free, nor small should be my praise
 To lead him shackled, and expos'd to scorn
 Of gathering crowds, the Britons' boasted chief.

Thus they, in sportive mood, their empty taunts
 And menaces express; nor could their prince
 In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious speech
 Refrain: Why halt ye thus, ye Britons? Why
 Decline the war? Shall a morass forbid

Your

Your easy march ? Advance ; we'll bridge a way
 Safe of access, Imprudent, thus t' invite
 A furious lion to his folds ! That boast
 He ill abides ; captiv'd, in other plight
 He soon revisits Britany, that once
 Resplendent came, with stretcht retinue girt,
 And pompous pageantry ; O hapless fate,
 If any arm, but Churchill's, had prevail'd !
 No need such boasts, or exprobrations false
 Of cowardice ; the military mound
 The British files transcend, in evil hour
 For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate,
 And now on either side the trumpets blew,
 Signal of onset, resolution firm
 Inspiring, and pernicious love of war,
 The adverse fronts in rueful conflict meet,
 Collecting all their might ; for on th' event
 Decisive of this bloody day depends
 The fate of kingdoms : with less vehemence
 The great competitors for Rome engag'd,
 Cæsar, and Pompey, on Pharsalian plains,
 Where stern Bellona, with one final stroke,
 Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
 Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
 Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
 Bold champion ! brandishing his Noric blade,
 Best-temper'd steel, successless prov'd in field !
 Next Tallard, with his Celtic infantry
 Presumptuous comes ; here Churchill, not so prompt
 To vaunt as fight, his hardy cohorts joins
 With

With Eugene's German force. Now from each
 The brazen instruments of death discharge
 Horrific flames, and turbid streaming clouds
 Of smoke sulphurous; intermixt with these
 Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiss,
 Singeing the air, and from long distance bring
 Surprising slaughter; on each side they fly
 By chains connext, and with destructive sweep
 Behead whole troops at once; the hairy scalps
 Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous trunks bestrew
 Th' ensanguin'd field: with latent mischief stor'd
 Showers of granadoes rain, by sudden burst
 Disploding murderous bowels, fragments of steel,
 And stones, and glass, and nitrous grain adust;
 A thousand ways at once the shiver'd orbs
 Fly diverse, working torment, and foul rout
 With deadly bruise, and gashes furrow'd deep.
 Of pain impatient, the high-prancing steeds
 Disdain the curb, and, flinging to and fro,
 Spurn their dismounted riders; they expire
 Indignant, by unhostile wounds destroy'd.
 Thus through each army death in various shapes
 Prevail'd; here mangled limbs, here brains and gore
 Lie clotted; lifeless some: with anguish these
 Gnashing, and loud laments invoking aid,
 Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder din
 Of guns, and trumpets' clang, and solemn sound
 Of drums, o'ercame their groans. In equal scale
 Long hung the fight; few marks of fear were seen,
 None of retreat. As when two adverse winds,

Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid-sky
 Engage with horrid shock, the ruffled brine
 Roars stormy, they together dash the clouds,
 Levying their equal force with utmost rage;
 Long undecided lasts the airy strife:
 So they incens'd; till Churchill, viewing where
 The violence of Tallard most prevail'd,
 Came to oppose his slaughtering arm; with speed
 Precipitant he rode, urging his way
 O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fall'n steeds
 Rolling in death: destruction, grim with blood,
 Attends his furious course. Him thus enrag'd,
 Descrying from afar, some engineer,
 Dextrous to guide th' unerring charge, design'd
 By one nice shot to terminate the war,
 With aim direct the level'd bullet flew,
 But miss'd her scope (for Destiny withstood
 Th' approaching wound) and guiltless plough'd her way
 Beneath his courser; round his sacred head
 The glowing balls play innocent, while he
 With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
 Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O! beware,
 Great warrior! nor, too prodigal of life,
 Expose the British safety: hath not Jove
 Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reserve
 Thyself for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
 Eugene, with regiments unequal prest,
 Awaits; this day of all his honours gain'd
 Despoils him, if thy succour opportune
 Defends not the sad hour: permit not thou

So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
 To bite the ground unnoted.—Swift, and fierce
 As wintry storm, he flies, to reinforce
 The yielding wing; in Gallic blood again
 He dews his reeking sword, and strews the ground
 With headless ranks (so Ajax interpos'd
 His sevenfold shield, and screen'd Laertes' son,
 For valour much, and warlike wiles, renown'd,
 When the insulting Trojans urg'd him fore
 With tilted spears): unmanly dread invades
 The French astonish'd; strait their useless arms
 They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,
 Unseemly yelling; distant hills return
 The hideous noise. What can they do? or how
 Withstand his wide-destroying sword? or where
 Find shelter, thus repuls'd? Behind, with wrath
 Resistless, th' eager English champions press,
 Chastising tardy flight; before them rolls
 His current swift, the Danube vast and deep,
 Supreme of rivers! to the frightful brink,
 Urg'd by compulsive arms, soon as they reach,
 New horror chill'd their veins: devote they saw
 Themselves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
 Encourag'd by despair, or obstinate
 To fall like men in arms, some dare renew
 Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
 On the firm land; the rest, discomfited,
 And push'd by Marlborough's avengeful hand,
 Leap plunging in the wide-extended flood.
 Bands numerous as the Memphian soldiery

That

That swell'd the Erythræan wave, when wall'd
 The unfroze waters marvellously stood,
 Observant of the great command. Upborne
 By frothy billows thousands float the stream
 In cumbrous mail, with love of farther shore;
 Confiding in their hands, that sed'lous strive
 To cut th' outrageous fluent: in this distress,
 Ev'n in the sight of death, some tokens shew
 Of fearless friendship, and their sinking mates
 Sustain: vain love, though laudable! absorb'd
 By a fierce eddy, they together found
 The vast profundity; their horses paw
 The swelling surge with fruitless toil: furcharg'd,
 And in his course obstructed by large spoil,
 The river flows redundant, and attacks
 The lingering remnant with unusual tide;
 Then rolling back, in his capacious lap
 Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immers'd.
 So when some sweltering travellers retire
 To leafy shades, near the cool sunless verge
 Of Paraba, Brazilian stream; her tail
 Of vast extension from her watery den,
 A grisly Hydra suddenly shoots forth,
 Insidious, and with curl'd envenom'd train
 Embracing horridly, at once the crew
 Into the river whirls; th' unweeting prey
 Entwisted roars, th' affrighted flood rebounds.
 Nor did the British squadrons now surcease
 To gall their foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt
 In the moist element a scorching death,

18 J. PHILIP'S POEMS.

Pierc'd sinking; shrouded in a dusky cloud
The current flows, with livid missive flames
Boiling, as once Pergamean Xanthus boil'd,
Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the swift-footed son
Of Peleus to his baleful banks pursued
The straggling Trojans: nor less eager drove
Victorious Churchill his desponding foes
Into the deep immense, that many a league
Impurpled ran, with gushing gore distained.

Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
Mighty in conflict, rescued harra's'd powers
From ruin impendent, and th' afflicted throne
Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
Sustain'd. With prudent stay, he long defer'd
The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
An host disparted; when in union firm
Embody'd they advanc'd, collecting all
Their strength, and worthy seemed to be subdued:
He the proud boasters sent, with stern assault,
Down to the realms of Night. The British souls,
(A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On Landen-plains, this heavenly gladsome air,
Exult to see the crowding ghosts descend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the cares
Of mortal life, and drink th' oblivious lake.
Not so the new inhabitants: they roam
Erroneous, and disconsolate; themselves
Accusing, and their chiefs, improvident
Of military chance; when lo! they see,
Through the dun mist, in blooming beauty fresh,

Two lovely youths, that amicably walked
O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd
Anna's late conquests; * one, to empire born,
Egregious Prince, whose manly childhood shew'd
His mingled parents, and portended joy
Unspeakable; † thou, his associate dear
Once in this world, nor now by fate disjoin'd,
Had thy presiding star propitious shone,
Should'st Churchill be! but Heaven severe cut short
Their springing years, nor would this isle should boast
Gifts so important! them the Gallic shades
Surveying, read in either radiant look
Marks of excessive dignity and grace,
Delighted; till, in one, their curious eye
Discerns their great subduer's awful mien,
And corresponding features fair; to them
Confusion! strait the airy phantoms fleet,
With headlong haste, and dread a new pursuit.
The image pleas'd with joy paternal smiles.

Enough, O Muse: the sadly-pleasing theme
Leave, with these dark abodes, and re-ascend
To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
The conqueror, and sav'd nations' joint acclaim.
Hark! how the cannon, inoffensive now,
Gives signs of gratulation; struggling crouds
From every city flow; with ardent gaze
Fixt, they behold the British Guide, of sight
Insatiate; whilst his great redeeming hand

* Duke of Gloucester. † Marquis of Blandford.

Each prince affects to touch respectful. See
 How Prussia's King transported entertains
 His mighty guest! to him the royal pledge,
 Hope of his realm, commits (with better fate,
 Than to the Trojan Chief Evander gave
 Unhappy Pallas) and intreats to shew
 The skill and rudiments austere of war.
 See, with what joy, him Leopold declares
 His great Deliverer; and courts t' accept
 Of titles, with superior modesty
 Better refus'd! Meanwhile the haughty King
 Far humbler thoughts now learns: despair, and fear,
 Now first he feels; his laurels all at once
 Torn from his aged head, in life's extreme,
 Distract his soul; nor can great Boileau's harp
 Of various-sounding wire, best taught to calm
 Whatever passion, and exalt the soul
 With highest strains, his languid spirits cheer:
 Rage, shame, and grief, alternate in his breast.

But who can tell what pangs, what sharp remorse,
 Torment the Boian prince? from native soil
 Exil'd by fate, torn from the dear embrace
 Of weeping comfort, and depriv'd the sight
 Of his young guiltless progeny, he seeks
 Inglorious shelter, in an alien land;
 Deplorable! but that his mind averse
 To right, and insincere, would violate
 His plighted faith: why did he not accept
 Friendly composure offer'd? or well weigh
 With whom he must contend? encountering fierce

The

The Solymeane Sultan, he o'erthrew
His moony troops, returning bravely smear'd
With Painim blood effus'd ; nor did the Gaul
Not find him once a baleful foe : but when,
Of counsel rash, new measures he pursues,
Unhappy Prince ! (no more a Prince) he sees
Too late his error, forc'd t' implore relief
Of him, he once defy'd. O destitute
Of hope, unpity'd ! thou should'st first have thought
Of persevering stedfast ; now upbraid
Thy own inconstant ill-aspiring heart.
Lo ! how the Noric plains, through thy default
Rise hilly, with large piles of slaughter'd knights,
Best men, that warr'd still firmly for their prince
Though faithless, and unshaken duty shew'd ;
Worthy of better end. Where cities stood,
Well fenc'd, and numerous desolation reigns,
And emptiness, dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd ;
The widow and the orphan strole around
The desert wide ; with oft-retorted eye
They view the gaping walls, and poor remains
Of mansions, once their own (now loathsome haunts
Of birds obscene), bewailing loud the loss
Of spouse, or fire, or son, ere manly prime
Slain in sad conflict, and complain of fate
As partial, and too rigorous ; nor find
Where to retire themselves, or where appease
Th' afflictive keen desire of food, expos'd
To winds, and storms, and jaws of savage beasts.
Thrice happy Albion ! from the world disjoin'd

By Heaven propitious, blissful seat of peace !
 Learn from thy neighbours miseries to prize
 Thy welfare ; crown'd with Nature's choicest gift,
 Remote thou hear'st the dire effect of war,
 Depopulation, void alone of fear
 And peril, whilst the dismal symphony
 Of drums and clarions, other realms annoys.
 Th' Iberian sceptre undecided, here
 Engages mighty hosts in wasteful strife :
 From different climes the flower of youth descends,
 Down to the Lusitanian vales, resolv'd
 With utmost hazard to enthrone their prince,
 Gallic, or Austrian ; havoc dire ensues,
 And wild uproar : the natives dubious whom
 They must obey, in consternation wait,
 Till rigid conquest will pronounce their liege,
 Nor is the brazen voice of War unheard
 On the mild Larian shore : what sighs and tears
 Hath Eugene caus'd ! how many widows curse
 His cleaving faulcheon ! fertile soil in vain !
 What do thy pastures, or thy vines avail,
 Best boon of Heaven ! or huge Taburnus, cloath'd
 With olives, when the cruel battle mows
 The planters, with their harvest immature ?
 See, with what outrage from the frosty north,
 The early-valiant Swede draws forth his wings
 In battailous array, while Volga's stream
 Sends opposite, in shaggy armour clad,
 Her borderers ; on mutual slaughter bent,
 They rend their countries. How is Poland vex't

With

B L E N H E I M .

M

With civil broils, while two elected kings
 Contend for sway? unhappy nation, left
 Thus free of choice! The English, undisturb'd
 With such sad privilege, submit obey
 Whom Heaven ordains supreme, with reverence due,
 Not thralldom, in fit liberty secure:
 From scepter'd kings, in long descent deriv'd,
 Thou, Anna, rulest; prudent to promote
 Thy people's ease at home, nor studious less
 Of Europe's good; to thee, of kingly right,
 Sole arbitress, declining thrones, and powers
 Sue for relief; thou bid'st thy Churchill go,
 Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
 Of haughty Louis, unconfin'd; he goes
 Obsequious, and the dread command fulfils,
 In one great day. Again thou giv'st in charge
 To Rooke, that he should let that monarch know,
 The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
 Is thine; behold! with winged speed he rides
 Undaunted o'er the labouring main t' assert
 Thy liquid kingdoms; at his near approach
 The Gallic navies impotent to bear
 His volley'd thunder, torn, dissolv'd, and found,
 And bless the friendly interposing night.

Hail, mighty Queen! reserv'd by Fate to grace
 The new-born age: what hopes may we conceive
 Of future years, when to thy early reign
 Neptune submits his trident, and thy arms
 Already have prevail'd to th' utmost bound
 Hesperian, Calpe, by Alcides fixt,

4 J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Mountain sublime, that casts a shade of length
Immeasurable, and rules the inland waves!
Let others, with insatiate thirst of rule,
Invade their neighbours lands, neglect the ties
Of leagues and oaths; this thy peculiar praise
Be still, to study right, and quell the force
Of kings perfidious; let them learn from thee
That neither strength, nor policy refin'd,
Shall with success be crown'd, where justice fails.
Thou, with thy own content, not for thyself,
Subdue'st regions, generous to raise
The suppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
The German boasts thy conquests, and enjoys
The great advantage; nought to thee redounds
But satisfaction from thy conscious mind.

Auspicious Queen! since in thy realms, secure
Of peace thou reign'st, and victory attends
Thy distant ensigns, with compassion view
Europe embroil'd; still thou (for thou alone
Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms see,
Reciprocally ruinous; say who
Shall wield th' Hesperian, who the Polish sword.
By thy decree the trembling lands shall hear
Thy voice, obedient, lest thy scourge should bruise
Their stubborn necks, and Churchill, in his wrath,
Make them remember Blenheim with regret.

Thus shall the nations, aw'd to peace, extol
Thy power, and justice: Jealousies and Fears,
And Hate infernal banish'd, shall retire
To Mauritania, or the Bactrian coasts,

Or

Or Tartary, engendering discords fell
Amongst the enemies of truth ; while arts
Pacific, and inviolable love,
Flourish in Europe. Hail, Saturnian days
Returning ! in perpetual tenor run
Delectable, and shed your influence sweet
On virtuous Anna's head : ye happy days,
By her restor'd, her just designs complete,
And, mildly on her shining, bless the world !

Thus, from the noisy crowd exempt, with ease
And plenty blest, amid the mazy groves,
(Sweet solitude !) where warbling birds provoke
The silent Muse, delicious rural seat
Of St. John, English Memmius, I presum'd
To sing Britannic trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt ; while he intent
(So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
His military charge *, no leisure finds
To string his charming shell : but when return'd
Consummate Peace shall rear her cheerful head,
Then shall his Churchill, in sublimer verse,
For ever triumph ; latest times shall learn
From such a Chief to fight, and Bard to sing.

* He was then Secretary of War.

O D E
AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN, ARMIG. 1706.

O Qui recisæ finibus Indicis
Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire succum, et sauveolentes
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos;

Qui solus acri respicis asperum
Siti palatum, proluis et mero;
Dulcem elaborant cui saporem
Hesperii pretiumque, soles:

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum? prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, carmen, desidæque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
Quæ cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, diva, vim præbente, vates
Explicuit venusinus alas:

Solers modorum, seu puerum truncem,
Cum matre flavâ, seu caneret rosas
Et vina, cyrrhæis Hetruscum
Rite beans equitem sub antris.

At non Lyæi vis generosior
Affluxit illi; sæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, sæpe Chiæ
Munera, lætitiâque testæ.

Patronus

ODE AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN.

26
27

Patronus illi non fuit artium

Celebriorum; sed nec amantior

Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas

Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus!

Pertentat, ut tèque et tua munera

Gratus recorder, mercurialium

Princeps virorum! et ipse Musæ

Cultor, et usque colende Musis!

Sed me minantem grandia deficit

Receptus ægrè spiritus, ilia

Dum pulsât ima, ac inquietum

Tussis agens sine more pectus.

Alrè petito quassat anhelitu;

Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum

Distillet in venas, tuæque

Lenis opem ferat haustus uvæ.

Hanc fumo, parcis et tibi poculis

Libo salutem; quin precor, optima

Ut usque conjux sospitetur,

Perpetuo recreans amore.

Te consulentem militiæ super

Rebus togatum. Macte! tori decus,

Formosa cui Francisca cessit,

Crine placens, niveoque collo!

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium

O! O! labellis cui Venus insidet!

Tu sorte felix: me Maria

Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

Maria,

Maria, quæ me fidereo tuens
 Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
 Trajecit, atque excussit omnes.
 Protinus ex animo puellas.

Hanc ulla mentis spe mihi mutua
 Uteunque desit, nocte, die vigil
 Suspiro; nec jam vina somnos
 Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQUIRE, 1706*.

O Thou, from India's fruitful soil,
That dost that sovereign herb † prepare,
In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
Of life, and every anxious care:
While from the fragrant lighted bowl
I suck new life into my soul.

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
The parching flames that I sustain;
Which with cool draughts thy casks subdue,
And wash away the thirsty pain
With wines, whose strength and taste we prize,
From Latian fons and nearer skies.

O! say, to bless thy pious love,
What vows, what offerings, shall I bring?
Since I can spare, and thou approve,
No other gift, O hear me sing!
In numbers Phcebus does inspire,
Who strings for thee the charming lyre.

* This piece was translated by the Reverend Thomas Newcome, M. A. of Corpus Christi College Oxon.

† Tobacco.

Aloft,

30 J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Aloft, above the liquid sky,
 I stretch my wing, and fain would go
 Where Rome's sweet swain did whilom fly;
 And soaring, left the clouds below;
 The Muse invoking to endue
 With strength his pinions, as he flew.
 Whether he sings great Beauty's praise,
 Love's gentle pain, or tender woes;
 Or choose, the subject of his lays,
 The blushing grape, or blooming rose:
 Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky springs
 Mæcenas listens while he sings.
 Yet he no nobler draught could boast,
 His Muse or music to inspire,
 Though all Falernum's purple coast
 Flow'd in each glass, to lend him fire;
 And on his tables us'd to smile
 The vintage of rich Chio's isle.
 Mæcenas deign'd to hear his songs,
 His Muse extoll'd, his voice approv'd:
 To thee a fairer fame belongs,
 At once more pleasing, more belov'd.
 Oh! teach my heart to bound its flame,
 As I record thy love and fame.
 Teach me the passion to restrain,
 As I my grateful homage bring;
 And last in Phœbus' humble train,
 The first and brightest genius sing.

AN ODE TO HENRY ST. JOHN, Esq. 11

The Muses favourite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the fame they give.

But oh ! as greatly I aspire

To tell my love, to speak thy praise,
Boasting no more its sprightly fire,

My bosom heaves, my voice decays ;
With pain I touch the mournful string,
And pant and languish as I sing.

Faint Nature now demands that breath,

That feebly strives thy worth to sing !
And would be hush'd, and lost in death,

Did not thy care kind succours bring !
Thy pitying casks my soul sustain,
And call new life in every vein.

The sober glass I now behold,

Thy health, with fair Francisca's join,
Wishing her cheeks may long unfold

Such beauties, and be ever thine ;
No chance the tender joy remove,
While she can please, and thou canst love.

Thus while by you the British arms

Triumphs and distant fame pursue ;
The yielding Fair resigns her charms,

And gives you leave to conquer too ;
Her snowy neck, her breast, her eyes,
And all the nymph becomes your prize.

What

What comely grace, what beauty smiles !
 Upon her lips what sweetness dwells !
 Not Love himself so oft beguiles,
 Nor Venus self so much excels.
 What different fates our passions share,
 While you enjoy, and I despair !

• Maria's form as I survey,
 Her smiles a thousand wounds impart ;
 Each feature steals my soul away,
 Each glance deprives me of my heart !
 And chasing thence each other Fair,
 Leaves her own image only there.

Although my anxious breast despair,
 And sighing, hopes no kind return ;
 Yet, for the lov'd relentless Fair,
 By night I wake, by day I burn !
 Nor can thy gifts, soft Sleep, supply,
 Or sooth my pains, or close my eye.

• Miss Mary Meers, daughter of the late Principal
 of Brazen-Nose College, Oxon,

C Y D E R.

A P O E M,

IN TWO BOOKS.

“ —Honos erit huic quoque Pomo?” VIRG.

BOOK I.

WHAT soil the apple loves, what care is due
To orchats, timeliest when to press the fruits,

Thy gift, Pomona, in Miltonian verse
Adventurous I presume to sing ; of verse

Nor skill'd, nor studious : but my native soil
Invites me, and the theme as yet unsung.

Ye Ariconian knights, and fairest dames,
To whom propitious Heaven these blessings grants,

Attend my lays, nor hence disdain to learn,
How Nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.

And thou, O Mostyn, whose benevolence,
And candor, oft experienc'd, me vouchsaf'd

To knit in friendship, growing still with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.

May it a lasting monument remain
Of dear respect ; that, when this body frail

Is molder'd into dust, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know

I once was bless'd in such a matchless friend !

D

Whoe'er

Whoe'er expects his labouring trees should bend
 With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,
 Be this his first concern, to find a tract
 Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
 That intercept the Hyperborean blasts
 Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
 Noxious to feeble buds: but to the west
 Let him free entrance grant, let Zephyrs bland
 Administer their tepid genial airs;
 Nought fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
 Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb,
 Invigorating tender seeds; whose breath
 Nurtures the Orange, and the Citron groves,
 Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odors sweet
 Wide through the air, and distant shores perfumes.
 Nor only do the hills exclude the winds:
 But when the blackening clouds in sprinkling showers
 Distil, from the high summits down the rain
 Runs trickling; with the fertile moisture cheer'd,
 The Orchards smile; joyous the farmers see
 Their thriving plants, and bless the heavenly dew.

Next let the planter, with discretion meet,
 The force and genius of each soil explore;
 To what adapted, what it shuns averse:
 Without this necessary care, in vain
 He hopes an apple-vintage, and invokes
 Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,
 Rejoicing in rich mold, most ample fruit
 Of beauteous form produce; pleasing to sight,
 But to the tongue inelegant and flat.

So Nature has decreed : so oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward lineaments
Elaborate ; less, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the sable ground expect success
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune ;
The Must, of pallid hue, declares the soil
Devoid of spirit ; wretched he, that quaffs
Such wheyish liquors ; oft with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pangs distress'd he'll roar,
And toss, and turn, and curse th' unwholsom draught.
But, farmer, look, where full-ear'd sheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth, that soil select
For apples ; thence thy industry shall gain
Ten-fold reward ; thy garners, thence with store
Surcharg'd, shall burst : thy press with purest juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy faltering tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch, such Dantzeyan ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome, and Capel such,
Willisian Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his Marth,
And Sutton-acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to th' unhallow'd feast
Of Mercian Offa he invited came,
To treat of spousals : long connubial joys
He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair
Elfrida's beauty ; but deluded dy'd
In height of hopes — oh ! hardest fate, to fall
By shew of friendship, and pretended love !

I nor advise, nor reprehend the choice
Of Marcley-hill ; the apple no where finds

A kinder mold : yet 'tis unsafe to trust
 Deceitful ground : who knows but that, once more,
 This mount may journey, and, his present site
 Forsaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
 The goodly plants, affording matter strange
 For law-debates* ? if therefore thou incline
 To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
 Fail not by frequent vows t' implore success ;
 Thus piteous Heaven may fix the wandering glebe.

Bul if (for Nature doth not share alike
 Her gifts) an happy soil should be withheld ;
 If a penurious clay should be thy lot,
 Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
 Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
 And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
 Beneath thy toil ; the sturdy pear-tree here
 Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root

* February the seventh, 1571, at six o' clock in the evening, this hill roused itself with a roaring noise, and by seven the next morning had moved forty paces ; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it sheep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, and in its passage overthrew Kinnafton Chapple, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former position. The ground thus moved was about twenty-six-acres, which opened itself, and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards space, leaving that which was pasture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasture. See Speed's Account of Herefordshire, page 49, and Camden's Britannia.

Pierce the obstructing grit, and restive marle;
 Thus nought is useless made; nor is there land,
 But what, or of itself, or else compell'd,
 Affords advantage. On the barren heath
 The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
 Their verdant dinner from the mossy turf,
 Sufficient; after them the cackling goose,
 Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.
 What should I more? Ev'n on the clifly height
 Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill,
 Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
 Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby browse
 Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see,
 How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
 Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,
 Fearless of rending winds, and dashing waves,
 Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish gust
 Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
 Not lye unlabor'd; if the richest stem
 Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
 Somewhat, that may to human use redound,
 And peccury, the worst of ills, remove?
 There are, who, fondly studious of increase,
 Rich foreign mold on their ill-natur'd land
 Induce laborious, and with fattening muck
 Besmear the roots; in vain! the nursling grove
 Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster earth:
 But when the alien compost is exhaust,
 It's native poverty again prevails.

D. 3.

Though

Though this art fails, despond not; little pains,
 In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.
 Th' industrious, when the Sun in Leo rides,
 And darts his sultriest beams, portending drought,
 Forgets not at the foot of every plant
 To sink a circling trench, and daily pour
 A just supply of alimantal streams,
 Exhausted sap recruiting; else fallie hopes
 He cherishes, nor will his fruit expect
 Th' autumnal season, but, in summer's pride,
 When other orchards smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great light of heaven, that in his course
 Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
 Noxious to planted fields, and often men
 Perceive his influence dire; sweltering they run
 To grots, and caves, and the cool umbrage seek
 Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
 Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
 Thirst inextinguishable: but if the spring
 Preceding should be destitute of rain,
 Or blast septentrional with brushing wings,
 Sweep up the smoky mists, and vapours damp,
 Then woe to mortals! Titan then exerts
 His heat intense, and on our vitals preys;
 Then maladies of various kinds, and names
 Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
 To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
 Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,
 Reign far and near; grim Death in different shapes
 Depopulates the nations; thousands fall

His

His victims; youths, and virgins, in their flower,
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves
Unfinish'd, by infectious heaven destroy'd.

Such heats prevail'd, when fair Eliza, last now left
Of Winchcomb's name (next thee in blood and worth,
O fairest St. John!) left this toilsome world
In beauty's prime, and sadden'd all the year
Nor could her virtues, nor repeated vows
Of thousand lovers, the relentless hand
Of Death arrest; she with the vulgar fell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.

But if it please the sun's intemperate force
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
How our fore-fathers, (luckless men!) ingulf'd
By the wide-yawning earth, to Stygian shades
Went quick, in one sad sepulchre inclos'd.

In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our other world subdued,
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
Sure moulded, and with numerous turrets crown'd,
Aerial spires, and citadels, the seat
Of Kings, and heroes resolute in war,
Fam'd Ariconium: uncontrol'd and free,
Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then also, though to foreign yoke submit,
She undemolish'd stood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient British art
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd
Than what from Attic, or Etruscan hands

Arose; had not the heavenly Powers averse
 Dece'd her final doom: for now the fields
 Labour'd with thirst; Aquarius had not shed
 His wonted showers, and Sirius parch'd with heat
 Solstitial the green herb: hence 'gan relax
 The ground's contexture, hence Tartarian dregs,
 Sulphur, and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
 Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
 More dismal than the loud dislodged roar
 Of brazen enginry, that ceaseless storm
 The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd
 Impregnable: th' infernal winds, till now
 Closely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth
 Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
 Disdain'd their narrow cells; and, their full strength
 Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
 Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
 Shook from their lowest seat: old Vaga's stream,
 Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track
 Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
 Crankling her banks: and now the lowering sky,
 And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
 Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
 The sinking hearts of men. Where should they turn
 Distress'd? whence seek for aid? when from below
 Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives signs
 Of wrath and desolation? vain were vows,
 And plaints, and suppliant hands to Heaven erect
 Yet some to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
 Perform'd to Thor, and Woden, fabled gods,

Who

Who with their votaries in one ruin shar'd,
Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
Run howling through the streets, their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; Horror stalks around,
Wild-staring, and, his sad concomitant,
Despair, of abject look: at every gate
The thronging populace with hasty strides
Press furious, and, too eager of escape,
Obstruct the easy way; the rocking town
Supplants their footsteps; to, and fro, they reel
Astonish'd, as o'er-charg'd with wine; when lo!
The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,
Horrible chasm; profound! with swift descent
Old Ariconium sinks, and all her tribes,
Heroes, and senators, down to the realms
Of endless night. Meanwhile, the loosen'd winds
Infuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds; till all their force
Consum'd, her ravenous jaws th' earth satiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark,
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site, save coins, and mouldering urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, lasting remains
Of that gigantic race; which, as he breaks
The clotted glebe, the plowman haply finds,
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous tract of land,
She whilome stood; now Ceres, in her prime,
Smiles fertile, and with ruddiest freight bedeck'd,
The apple-tree, by our fore-fathers blood

Improv'd,

Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.

The prudent will observe, what passions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, Nature gave
Love, and aversion): everlasting hate
The Vine to Ivy bears, nor less abhors
The Colewort's rankness; but with amorous twine
Clasps the tall Elm; the Pæstan Rose unfolds
Her bud more lovely, near the fetid Leek,
(Crest of stout Britons), and inhances thence
The price of her celestial scent: the Gourd,
And thirsty Cucumber, when they perceive
Th' approaching Olive, with resentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting contact; whilst the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,
Close-neighbouring: th' Herefordian plant
Caresses freely the contiguous Peach,
Hazel, and weight-resisting Palm, and likes
T' approach the Quince, and the Elder's pithy stem;
Uneasy, seated by funereal Yewh,
Or Walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs
All generous fruits), or near the bitter dew
Of Cherries. Therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful grass.

Would'st thou thy vats with gen'rous juice should
froth;
Respect thy orchards: think not, that the trees

Spontaneous

Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught.
 Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough
 A Cyon meetly sever: after, force
 A way into the crabstock's close-wrought grain
 By wedges, and within the living wound
 Enclose the foster twig; nor over-nice
 Refuse with thy own hands around to spread
 The binding clay: ere-long their differing veins
 Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
 To the new pupil; now he shoots his arms
 With quickest growth; now shake the teeming trunk,
 Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambrosial fruit.
 Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
 To draw th' earth's purest spirit, and resist
 It's feculence, which in more porous stocks
 Of Cyder-plants finds passage free, or else
 The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
 Through th' infix'd graft, a grateful mixture forms
 Of tart and sweet; whatever be the cause,
 This doubtful progeny by nicest tastes
 Expected best acceptance finds, and pays
 Largest revenues to the orchard-lord.

Some think the Quince and Apple would combine
 In happy union; others fitter deem
 The Sloe-stem bearing Sylvan Plumbs austere.
 Who knows but both may thrive? however, what loss
 To try the powers of both, and search how far
 Two different natures may concur to mix
 In close embraces, and strange offspring bear?
 Thou 'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,
 Undamag'd,

44 J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,
And Pears of sundry forms; at different times
Adopted Plumbs will alien branches grace;
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of particolor'd fruits, that please
The tongue, and view, at once. So Maro's Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious precepts gives
Instructive to the swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful; sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels, shews the force of love
In savage beasts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the hapless youth through storms and waves,
Alone, in deep of night: Then she describes
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude Riphæan race
Mimick brisk Cyder with the brakes product wild;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and Servis' harshelt juice.

Let sage experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting and in-eyeing; when to lop
The flowing branches; what trees answer best
From root, or kernel: she will best the hours
Of harvest, and seed-time declare; by her
The different qualities of things were found,
And secret motions; how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the wings of air; to her we owe

The Indian weed *, unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapors bland
It gently mitigates, companion fit
Of pleasantry, and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well-labor'd songs.
She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, invisible else, of Nature's hand
Least animal; and shews, what laws of life
The cheese-inhabitants observe, and how
Fabricks their mansions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artists! but the hidden ways
Of Nature would'st thou know? how first she frames
All things in miniature? thy specular orb
Apply to well-dissected kernels; lo!
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: observe the slender threads
Of first beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow seeds describ'd; thou'lt wondering say,
An inmate orchard every apple boasts.
Thus all things by experience are display'd,
And most improv'd. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy stock; no way, or rule,
Be unassay'd; prevent the morning star

* Tobacco.

Assiduous,

Assiduous, nor with the western sun
 Surcease to work ; lo ! thoughtful of thy gain,
 Not of my own, I all the live-long day
 Consume in meditation deep, recluse
 From human converse, nor, at shut of eve,
 Enjoy repose ; but oft at midnight lamp
 Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance
 Thee I may counsel right ; and oft this care
 Disturbs me slumbering. Wilt thou then repine
 To labour for thyself ? and rather choose
 To lie supinely, hoping Heaven will bless
 Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd ?

'Twill profit, when the stork, sworn foe of snakes,
 Returns, to shew compassion to thy plants,
 Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
 Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades
 Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs
 Dissever : for the genial moisture, due
 To apples, otherwise mispends itself
 In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop,
 Nought but vain shoots, and empty leaves abound.

When swelling buds their odorous foliage shed,
 And gently harden into fruit, the wise
 Spare not the little offsprings, if they grow
 Redundant ; but the thronging clusters thin
 By kind avulsion : else the starveling brood,
 Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
 A slender autumn ; which the niggard soul
 Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,
 That would not timely ease the ponderous boughs.

It much conduces, all the cares to know
 Of gardening, how to scare nocturnal thieves,
 And how the little race of birds that hop
 From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit
 Infatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus' form
 Avails but little; rather guard each row
 With the false terrors of a breathless kite.
 This done, the timorous flock with swiftest wing
 Scud through the air; their fancy represents
 His mortal talons, and his ravenous beak
 Destructive; glad to shun his hostile gripe,
 They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.

Besides, the filthy swine will oft invade
 Thy firm inclosure, and with delving snout
 The rooted forest undermine: forthwith
 Halloo thy furious mastiff, bid him vex
 The noxious herd, and print upon their ears,
 A sad memorial of their past offence.

The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
 Large shoals of slow house-bearing snails that creep
 O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracts
 In the sleek rinds, and unprest Cyder drink.
 No art averts this pest; on thee it lies,
 With morning and with evening hand to rid
 The preying reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou
 Decline this labour, which itself rewards
 With pleasing gain, whilst the warm limbec draws
 Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.

Myriads of wasps now also clustering hang,
 And drain a spurious honey from thy groves,

Their

48 J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Their winter food; though oft repuls'd, again
 They rally, undismay'd: but fraud with ease
 Ensnares the noisome swarms; let every bough
 Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
 Of Moyle, or Mum, or Treacle's viscous juice;
 They, by th' alluring odor drawn, in haste
 Fly to the dulcet cates, and crouding sip
 Their palatable bane; joyful thou'lt see
 The clammy surface all o'er-strown with tribes
 Of greedy insects, that with fruitless toil
 Flap filmy pennons oft, to extricate
 Their feet, in liquid shackles bound, till death
 Bereave them of their worthless souls: such doom
 Waits luxury, and lawless love of gain!

Howe'er thou may'st forbid external force,
 Intestine evils will prevail; damp airs,
 And rainy winters, to the centre pierce
 Of firmest fruits, and by unseen decay
 The proper relish vitiate: then the grub
 Oft unobserv'd invades the vital core,
 Pernicious tenant, and her secret cave
 Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
 Ceaseless; meanwhile the apple's outward form
 Delectable the witless swain beguiles,
 Till, with a writhen mouth, and spattering noise,
 He tastes the bitter morsel, and rejects
 Disrelish't; not with less surprize, than when
 Embattled troops with flowing banners pass
 Through flowery meads delighted, nor distrust
 The smiling surface; whilst the cavern'd ground,

With

With grain incentive stor'd, by sudden blaze
 Bursts fatal, and involves the hopes of war,
 In fiery whirls; full of victorious thoughts,
 Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
 The pride of the Phæacian isle, from whence,
 Sailing the spaces of the boundless deep,
 To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd:
 The Pippin burnisht o'er with gold, the Moyle
 Of sweetest honeyed taste, the fair Permain
 Temper'd, like comliest nymph, with red and white,
 Salopian acres flourish with a growth
 Peculiar, styl'd the Ottley: be thou first
 This Apple to transplant, if to the name
 Its merit answers, no where shalt thou find
 A wine more priz'd, or laudable of taste.
 Nor does the Eliot least deserve thy care,
 Nor John-Apple, whose wither'd rind, intrencht
 With many a furrow, aptly represents
 Decrepid age, nor that from Harvey nam'd,
 Quick-relishing: why should we sing the Thrift,
 Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled coat
 The Russet, or the Cat's-Head's weighty orb,
 Enormous in its growth, for various use
 Though these are meet, though after full repast
 Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich dessert?

What, though the Pear-tree rival not the worth
 Of Ariconian products? yet her freight
 Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching arms
 Best screen thy mansion from the fervent Dog

30 J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Adverse to life; the wintery hurricanes
 In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
 Breaks the strong onset, and controls their rage.
 Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large increase,
 Annual, in sumptuous banquets claims applause.
 Thrice-acceptable beverage! could but art
 Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's self
 Would dread thy praise, and shun the dubious strife.
 Be it thy choice, when summer-heats annoy,
 To sit beneath her leafy canopy,
 Quaffing rich liquids! oh! how sweet t' enjoy,
 At once her fruits, and hospitable shade!

But how with equal numbers shall we match
 The Musk's surpassing worth! that earliest gives
 Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
 Its tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs
 With large and juicy offspring, that defies
 The vernal nippings, and cold syderal blasts!
 Yet let her to the Red-streak yield, that once
 Was of the Sylvan kind, unciviliz'd,
 Of no regard, till Scudamore's skilful hand
 Improv'd her, and by courtly discipline
 Taught her the savage nature to forget:
 Hence styl'd the Scudamorean plant; whose wine
 Whoever tastes, let him with grateful heart
 Respect that ancient loyal house, and wish
 The nobler peer, that now transcends our hopes.
 In early worth, his country's justest pride,
 Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.

Let every tree in every garden own

The

The Red-streak as supreme, whose pulpos fruit
With gold irradiate, and vermilion shines
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
Primæval interdicted plant that won
Fond Eve in hapless hour to taste, and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inspires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muse
Kindles to loftier strains; even I perceive
Her sacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
Easy, whilst, chear'd with her nectareous juice,
Hers, and my country's praises I exalt.
Hail Herefordian plant, that dost disdain
All other fields! Heaven's sweetest blessing, hail!
Be thou the copious matter of my song,
And thy choice Nectar; on which always waits
Laughter, and sport, and care-beguiling wit,
And friendship, chief delight of human life.
What should we wish for more? or why, in quest
Of foreign vintage, insincere, and mixt,
Traverse th' extremest world? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean? when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic, or Latin Grapes, or those that see
The setting sun near Calpe's towering height.
Nor let the Rhodian, nor the Lesbian vines
Vaunt their rich Must, nor let Tokay contend
For sovereignty; Phœzus self must bow
To th' Ariconian vales: And shall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let

32 J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

The soil lie idle, which, with fit manure,
 With largest usury repay, alone
 Impowered to supply what Nature asks
 Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
 The meadows here, with battenning ooze enrich'd,
 Give spirit to the grass; three cubits high
 The jointed herbage shoots; th' unfallow'd glebe
 Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store
 Of golden wheat, the strength of human life.
 Lo, on auxiliary poles, the Hops
 Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array!
 Lo, how the arable with barley-grain
 Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirsty hind
 Transporting prospect! these, as modern use
 Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose,
 Wholesome, of deathless fame. Here, to the sight,
 Apples of price, and plenteous sheaves of corn,
 Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
 Fitting congenial juice; so rich the soil,
 So much does fructuous moisture o'er-abound!
 Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops
 To heaven aspire, affording prospect sweet
 To human ken; nor at their feet the vales
 Descending gently, where the lowing herd
 Chew verdurous pasture; nor the yellow fields
 Gaily' enterchang'd, with rich variety
 Pleasing; as when an Emerald green, enchas'd
 In flamy gold, from the bright mass acquires
 A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
 Next add the Sylvan shades, and silent groves,

(Haunt

(Haunt of the Druids) whence the earth is fed
 With copious fuel ; whence the sturdy oak,
 A prince's refuge once, th' eternal guard
 Of England's throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,
 Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
 To distant nations, or with sov'ran sway
 Awe the divided world to peace and love.
 Why should the Chalybes, or Bilboa boast
 Their harden'd iron ; when our mines produce
 As perfect martial ore ? can Tmolus' head
 Vie with our saffron odors ? or the fleece
 Bætic, or finest Tarentine, compare
 With Lemster's filken wool ? where shall we find
 Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
 More prodigal of life ? in ancient days,
 The Roman legions, and great Cæsar, found
 Our fathers no mean foes : and Cressy's plains,
 And Agincourt, deep-ting'd with blood, confess
 What the Silures vigour unwithstood
 Could do in rigid fight ; and chiefly what
 Brydges' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd Knight,
 Puissant author of great Chandos' stem,
 High Chandos, that transmits paternal worth,
 Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
 T' his noble offspring. O thrice-happy peer !
 That, blest with hoary vigor, view'st thyself
 Fresh blooming in thy generous son ; whose lips,
 Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
 Charm the wise Senate, and attention win
 In deepest councils : Ariconium pleas'd,

Him, as her chosen worthy, first salutes.
 Him on th' Iberian, on the Gallic shore,
 Him hardy Britons bless; his faithful hand
 Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
 The General's conduct, than his care avails.

Thee also, glorious branch of Cecil's line,
 This country claims; with pride and joy to thee
 Thy Alterennis calls: yet she indures
 Patient thy absence, since thy prudent choice
 Has fix'd thee in the Muses' fairest seat *,
 Where † Aldrich reigns, and from his endless store
 Of universal knowledge still supplies
 His noble care; he generous thoughts instils
 Of true nobility, their country's love,
 (Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
 To human virtues by his genius led,
 Thou soon in every art pre-eminent
 Shalt grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame.

Hail high-born peer! and thou, great nurse of arts,
 And men, from whence conspicuous patriots spring,
 Hammer, and Bromley; thou, to whom with due
 Respect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
 Thy mixed offspring; be for ever blest
 With like examples, and to future times
 Proficuous, such a race of men produce,
 As, in the cause of virtue firm, may fix

* Oxford.

† Dr. Aldrich Dean of Christ-church.

Her

Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this vow
From one, the meanest in her numerous train;
Though meanest, not least studious of her praise.

Muse, raise thy voice to Beaufort's spotless fame,
To Beaufort, in a long descent derived
From royal ancestry, of kingly rights
Faithful asserters, in him centering meet
Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride
Disjoin'd, unshaken honour, and contempt
Of strong allurements. O illustrious prince!
O thou of ancient faith! exulting, thee,
In her fair list this happy land inrolls.
Who can refuse a tributary verse
To Weymouth, firmest friend of slighted worth
In evil days? whose hospitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily guests; whose board, with plenty crown'd,
Revives the feast-rites old: meanwhile his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of secret goodness, shuns the praise,
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord,
To blazon what though hid will beauteous shine,
And with thy name to dignify my song.

But who is he, that on the winding stream
Of Vaga first drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in Anna's secret councils sits,
Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast
Solicitous of public good? how large
His mind that comprehends whate'er was known
To old, or present time; yet not clate,

Not conscious of its skill ? what praise deserves
 His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,
 Preventing suit ? O not unthankful Muse,
 Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear
 Thy pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious tongues.
 Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name
 Inscribe on every bark ; the wounded plants
 Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.

Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
 Or skill in peace, and war : of softer mold
 The female sex, with sweet attractive airs
 Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,
 That view their matchless forms with transient glance,
 Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,
 Smit with the magic of their eyes : nor hath
 The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
 Her gifts of outward grace ; their innocence
 Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
 From pride, or artifice, long joys afford
 To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane
 Of life, rebate the miseries of age.

And is there found a wretch so base of mind,
 That woman's powerful beauty dares condemn,
 Exactest work of Heaven ? He ill deserves
 Or love, or pity ; friendless let him see
 Uneasy, tedious days, despis'd, forlorn,
 As stain of human race : but may the man,
 That chearfully recounts the female's praise,
 Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
 Enjoy with honour ! O, ye Gods ! might I

Elect

Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be
A fair and modest virgin, that invites
With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,
Tenderly smiling; in whose heavenly eye
Sits purest love enthron'd: but if the stars
Malignant these my better hopes oppose,
May I, at least, the sacred pleasures know
Of strictest amity; nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may share
Gladness and anguish, by kind intercourse
Of speech, and offices. May in my mind,
Indelible a grateful sense remain
Of favours undeserv'd!—O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich and low seek aid; most wise
Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild, impartial reason; what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
Freely vouchsaf'd, when to the gates of death
I tended prone? if thy indulgent care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd shades
I now had wander'd; and these empty thoughts
Of apples perish'd; but, uprais'd by thee,
I tune my pipe afresh, each night and day,
Thy unexampled goodness to extol
Desirous; but nor night, nor day, suffice
For that great task; the highly-honour'd name
Of Trevor must employ my willing thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
Let me be grateful; but let far from me

Be fawning cringe, and false dissembling look,
 And servile flattery, that harbours oft
 In courts and gilded roofs. Some loose the bands
 Of ancient friendship, cancel Nature's laws
 For pageantry, and tawdry gewgaws. Some
 Renounce their fires, oppose paternal right
 For rule and power; and others realms invade
 With specious shews of love. This traiterous wretch
 Betrays his sovereign. Others, destitute
 Of real zeal, to every altar bend
 By lucre sway'd, and act the basest things
 To be styl'd honourable: the honest man,
 Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
 To ill-got wealth; rather from door to door,
 A jocund pilgrim, though distress'd, he'll rove,
 Than break his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope,
 Will shock his stedfast soul; rather debarr'd
 Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
 Of meanest gain, of present goods despoil'd,
 He'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,
 Unpity'd; yet his mind, of evil pure,
 Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
 If no retinue with observant eyes
 Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
 Of cumbrous vestments, labor'd o'er with gold,
 Dazzle the crowd, and set them all agape;
 Yet clad in homely weeds, from envy's darts
 Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
 Of conscience, nor with spectres' grisly forms,
 Dæmons, and injur'd souls, at close of day

Annoy'd

Annoy'd, sad interrupted slumbers finds.
But (as a child, whose inexperience'd age
Nor evil purpose fears, nor knows) enjoys
Night's sweet refreshment, humid sleep sincere.
When Chanticleer, with clarion shrill, recalls
The tardy day, he to his labours hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fossils, and minerals, that th' embowel'd earth
Displays, if by his industry he can
Benefit human race : or else his thoughts
Are exercis'd with speculations deep
Of good, and just, and meet, and th' wholesome
rules

Of temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral life ; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame
Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread
'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust and hate.
Studious of virtue, he no life observes,
Except his own ; his own employs his cares,
Large subject ! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little stock denies
Fit alms to Lazars, merciful, and meek.

Thus sacred Virgil liv'd from courtly vice,
And bates of pompous Rome secure ; at court,
Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
And how t' improve his grounds, and how himself :
Best poet ! fit exemplar for the tribe

Of Phœbus, nor less fit Mæonides,
 Poor eyeless pilgrim! and, if after these,
 If after these another I may name,
 Thus tender Spenser liv'd, with mean repast
 Content, depress'd by penury, and pine
 In foreign realm; yet not debas'd his verse
 By fortune's frowns. And had that other bard*,
 Oh, had but he, that first ennobled song
 With holy rapture, like his Abdiel been;
 'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found;
 Unpity'd, he should not have wail'd his orbs,
 That roll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
 And found no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd!
 But he—however, let the Muse abstain,
 Nor blast his fame, from whom she learnt to sing
 In much inferior strains, groveling beneath
 Th' Olympian hill, on plains, and vales intent,
 Mean follower. There let her rest a-while,
 Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

* Milton.

C Y D E R.

B O O K II.

O Harcourt, whom th' ingenuous love of arts
 Has carry'd from thy native soil, beyond
 Th' eternal Alpine snows, and now detains
 In Italy's waste realms, how long must we
 Lament thy absence? whilst in sweet sojourn
 Thou view'st the reliques of old Rome; or, what
 Unrival'd authors by their presence made
 For ever venerable, rural seats,
 Tibur, and Tusculum, or Virgil's urn,
 Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
 Respecting his great name, dost now approach
 With bended knee, and strow with purple flowers;
 Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
 This long delay. At length, dear youth, return,
 Of wit, and judgment ripe in blooming years,
 And Britain's isle with Latian knowledge grace.
 Return, and let thy father's worth excite
 Thirst of pre-eminence; see! how the cause
 Of widows, and of orphans, he asserts
 With winning rhetoric, and well-argued law!
 Mark well his footsteps, and, like him, deserve
 Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.

Meanwhile (although the Massic grape delights
 Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
 Temper thy cups, yet) wilt not thou reject

Thy

Thy native liquors : lo ! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats
O'erflow with generous cyder ; far remote
Accept this labour, nor despise the Muse,
That, passing lands and seas, on thee attends.

Thus far of trees : the pleasing task remains,
To sing of wines, and autumn's blest increase.
Th' effects of art are shewn, yet what avails
'Gainst Heaven ? oft, notwithstanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the small fruitery seems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blast
Disastrous flies, soon as the hind fatigued
Unyokes his team ; the tender freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines
In the year's prime ; the deadly plague annoys
The wide inclosure : think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus disappointed. If the former years
Exhibit no supplies, alas ! thou must
With tasteless water wash thy drouthy throat.

A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert, or check ; uncertain all his toil,
Till lusty autumn's luke-warm days allay'd
With gentle colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening labours : autumn to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain,
Berries, and sky-dy'd Plumbs, and what in coat
Rough, or soft rind, or bearded husk, or shell ;
Fat Olives, and Pistacio's fragrant nut,

And

And the Pine's tasteful Apple : autumn paints
Ausonian hills with Grapes ; whilst English plains
Blush with pomaceous harvests, breathing sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks th' embosom'd odors, walk among
The well-rang'd files of trees, whose full-ag'd store
Diffuse Ambrosial steams, than Myrrh, or Nard,
More grateful, or perfuming flowery Bean !
Soft whispering airs, and the lark's morn'g song
Then woo to musing, and becalm the mind
Perplex'd with irksome thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Best portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought ! but ah !
Short are our joys, and neighbouring griefs disturb
Our pleasant hours ! inclement winter dwells
Contiguous ; forthwith frosty blasts deface
The blithsome year : trees of their shrivel'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreary storms o'er all prevail !
Now, now 's the time, ere hasty suns forbid
To work, disburden thou thy sapless wood
Of its rich progeny ; the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor : now exhort
Thy hinds to exercise the pointed steel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder : now prepare
Materials for thy mill ; a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
Excessive ; and a flexile fallow, entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hord.

64 J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press,
 Long ere the vintage ; but with timely care
 Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late
 In vain should'st seek a strainer to dispart
 The husky, terrene dregs, from purer Must.
 Be cautious next a proper steed to find,
 Whose prime is past ; the vigorous horse disdains
 Such servile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
 His past atchievements, and victorious palms.
 Blind Bayard rather, worn with work, and years,
 Shall roll th' unwieldy stone ; with sober pace
 He 'll tread the circling path till dewy eve,
 From early day-spring, pleas'd to find his age
 Declining not unuseful to his lord.

Some, when the press, by utmost vigour screw'd,
 Has drain'd the pulpos mass, regale their swine
 With the dry refuse ; thou, more wise, shalt steep
 Thy husks in water, and again employ
 The ponderous engine. Water will imbibe
 The small remains of spirit, and acquire
 A vinous flavour ; this the peasants blithe
 Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling team
 They drive, and sing of Fusca's radiant eyes,
 Pleas'd with the medley draught. Nor shalt thou now
 Reject the Apple-cheese, though quite exhaust ;
 Even now 'twill cherish, and improve the roots
 Of sickly plants ; new vigour hence convey'd
 Will yield an harvest of unusual growth.
 Such profit springs from husks discreetly us'd !

The

The tender apples, from their parents rent
By stormy shocks, must not neglected lie,
The prey of worms : A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which, subdued
By endless culture, with sufficient Must
His casks replenish'd yearly : he no more
Desir'd, nor wanted ; diligent to learn
The various seasons, and by skill repel
Invading pests, successful in his cares,
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempests arm'd
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cyder-grove : o'erturn'd by furious blasts,
The sightly ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stript immature : yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his stars ; but prudent, his fallen heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded grass, and the sun's mellowing beams
Rival'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A costly liquor, by improving time,
Equal'd with what the happiest vintage bears.

But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures use, as some
With watery turnips have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal ; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated bras, steaming with fire intense ;
Although Devonian much commends the use
Of strengthening Vulcan ; with their native strength
Thy wines sufficient, other aid refuse ;
And, when th' allotted orb of time 's compleat,

F

Are

Are more commend'd than the labour'd drinks.

Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The priest's appointed share ; with chearful heart
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own
Heaven's bounteous goodness, that will sure repay
Thy grateful duty : this neglected, fear
Signal vengeance, such as overtook
A miser, that unjustly once withheld
The clergy's due : relying on himself,
His fields he tended, with successless care,
Early and late, when or unwill'd-for rain
Descended, or unseasonable frosts
Curb'd his increasing hopes ; or, when around
The clouds dropt fatness, in the middle sky
The dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
His execrable glebe : recording this,
Be just, and wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now the promise of the coming year,
To know, that by no flattering signs abus'd,
Thou wisely may'st provide : the various moon
Prophetic, and attendant stars, explain
Each rising dawn ; ere icy crusts surmount
The current stream, the heavenly orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light unfully'd : now the fowler, warn'd
By these good omens, with swift early steps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging through fields and
glades

Offensive to the birds ; sulphureous death
Checks their mid flight, and heedless while they strain
Their

Their tuneful throats, the towering, heavy lead,
O'ertakes their speed; they leave their little lives
Above the clouds precipitant to earth.

The woodcocks early visit, and abode
Of long continuance in our temperate clime;
Foretel a liberal harvest; he of times
Intelligent, the harsh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters; when our suns
Cleave the chill'd soil, he backward wings his way
To Scandinavian frozen summers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent snows: O, may'st thou often see
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rains
Nutriceous! secret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quickening the languid glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent vows implore
A moderate wind; the orchard loves to wave
With winter winds, before the gems exert
Their feeble heads; the loosened roots then drink
Large increment, earnest of happy years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly stars, their powerful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each sign. (On our account has Jove
Indulgent to all moons some succulent plant
Allotted, that poor helpless man might slack
His present thirst, and matter find for toil.
Now will the Corinths, now the Rasps, supply
Delicious draughts; the Quinces now, or Plumbs,
Or Cherries, or the fair Thisbeian fruit
Are prest to wines; the Britons squeeze the works

68 J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Of sedulous bees, and mixing odorous herbs
 Prepare balsamic cups, to wheezing lungs
 Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient fires.

But, if thou 'rt indefatigably bent
 To toil, and omnifarious drinks would'st brew;
 Besides the orchard, every hedge and bush
 Affords assistance; ev'n afflictive Birch,
 Curs'd by unletter'd, idle youth, distils
 A limpid current from her wounded bark,
 Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams
 Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads,
 Unforc'd, display ten thousand painted flowers
 Useful in potables. Thy little sons
 Permit to range the pastures; gladly they
 Will mow the Cowslip-posies, faintly sweet,
 From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
 Of icy taste, that, in mid fervors, best
 Slack craving thirst, and mitigate the day.

Happy Ierne *, whose most wholesome air
 Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
 The baleful toad, and viper, from her shore!
 More happy in her balmy draughts, enrich'd
 With miscellaneous spices, and the root
 (For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd), which wide
 Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
 Present redress, and lively health convey.

See, how the Belgæ, sedulous and stout,
 With bowls of fattening Mum, or blisful cups

* Ireland.

Of kernel-relish'd fluids, the fair star
 Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
 Jocund with frequent-rising fumes! by use
 Instructed, thus to quell their native phlegm
 Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.

What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd
 Far from the sloping journey of the year,
 Beyond Petsora, and Islandic coasts?
 Where ever-during snows, perpetual shades
 Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
 Did not the Arctic tract spontaneous yield
 A chearing purple berry, big with wine,
 Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
 Spread round a flaming pile of pines, and oft
 They interlard their native drinks with choice
 Of strongest Brandy, yet scarce with these aids
 Enabled to prevent the sudden rot
 Of freezing nose, and quick-decaying feet.

Nor less the sable borderers of Nile,
 Nor they who Taprobane manure, nor they,
 Whom sunny Borneo bears, are stor'd with streams
 Egregious, Rum, and Rice's spirit extract.
 For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,
 In vain they covet shades, and Thracia's gales,
 Pining with Æquinoctial heat, unless
 The cordial glass perpetual motion keep,
 Quick circuiting; nor dare they close their eyes,
 Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
 With which, in often interrupted sleep,
 Their frying-blood compels to irrigate

Their dry-furr'd tongues, else minutely to death
Obnoxious, dismal death, th' effect of drought!

More happy they, born in Columbus' world,
Carybbes, and they, whom the Cotton plant,
With downy-sprouting vests arrays! their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once
Celestial food, and nectar; then, at hand
The Lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous spirits added (heavenly drink!)
They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,
Intent on laughter; a continual tide
Flows from th' exhilarating fount. As, when
Against a secret cliff, with sudden shock
A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,
Th' astonish'd mariners ay ply the pump,
Nor stay, nor rest, till the wide breach is clos'd:
So they (but chearful) unfatigued, still move
The draining sucker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.

But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are frustrate, should'st thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The hoarded store,
And the harsh draught, must twice endure the sun's
Kind strengthening heat, twice winter's purging cold.

There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,
Rough Eliot, sweet Permain: the blended streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable medley; of what taste
Hardly distinguish'd; as the showery arch,

With

With list'd colours gay, Ore, Azure, Gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the watery brede, with thousand shews
Of painture vary'd, yet 's unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by art, or age, unlearn'd
Their genuine relish, and of sundry vines
Assum'd the flavour; one sort counterfeits
The Spanish product; this, to Gauls has seem'd
The sparkling Nectar of Champagne; with that,
A German oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestow'd
The generous rummer, whilst the owner, pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his cyder cask.

Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of close-prest husks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty soul; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholsome, undigested cades:
The hoary frosts, and northern blasts, take care
Thy muddy beverage to serene, and drive
Precipitant the baser, ropy lees.

And now thy wine's transpicious, purg'd from all
Its earthy gross, yet let it feed a while
On the fat refuse, lest, too soon disjoin'd
From sprightly, it to sharp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigor it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflex't; self-taught, and voluntary, flies
The defecated liquor, through the vent

71 J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Aſcending, then by downward tract convey'd,
Spouts into ſubject veſſels, lovely clear.

As when a noon-tide ſun, with ſummer beams,
Darts through a cloud, her watery ſkirts are edg'd
With lucid amber, or undroſſy gold :
So, and ſo richly, the purg'd liquid ſhines.

Now alſo, when the colds abate, nor yet
Full ſummer ſhines, a dubious ſeaſon, cloſe
In glaſs thy purer ſtreams, and let them gain,
From due confinement, ſpirit, and flavour new.

For this intent, the ſubtle chemiſt feeds
Perpetual flames, whoſe unrefiſted force
O'er ſand, and aſhes, and the ſtubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fuſil ſea,
That in his furnace bubbles funny-red :
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd ſteel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a ſurpriſing cube, or ſphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his platiſtic lungs,
To human life ſubſervient; by his means
Cyders in metal frail improve : the Moyle,
And taſteful Pippin, in a moon's ſhort year,
Acquire complete perfection : Now they ſmoke
Transparent, ſparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
But harſher fluids different lengths of time
Expect : Thy flaſk will ſlowly mitigate
The Eliot's roughneſs. Stirom, firmeſt fruit,
Embottled (long as Priameian Troy

Withſtood

Withstood the Greeks) endures, ere justly mild.
Softened by age, it youthful vigor gains,
Fallacious drink! ye honest men, beware,
Nor trust its smoothness; the third circling glass
Suffices virtue: But may hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the relish weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, till, by enchanting cups
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts disclose,
And through intemperance grow awhile sincere.

The farmer's toil is done; his cadens mature
Now call for vent; his lands exhaust permit
T' indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honest friends, at thirsty hour of dusk,
Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand
Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward
Of his own industry; the well-fraught bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell
With quavering laugh and rural jests resounds.
Ease, and content, and undissembled love,
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour past
Encrease their joy. As, from retentive cage
When sullen Philomel escapes, her notes
She varies, and of past imprisonment
Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temperance, nor incroach on night,
Season of rest, but well bedew'd repair

Each

44 J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Each to his home, with unupplanted feet.
 Ere heaven's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn,
 Domestic cares awake them; brisk they rise,
 Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
 From amicable talk, and moderate cups
 Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
 Present redress, and long oblivion drinks
 Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine;
 His joys are short, and few; yet when he drinks,
 His dread retires, the flowing glasses add
 Courage and mirth: magnificent in thought,
 Imaginary riches he enjoys,
 And in the gaol expatiates unconfin'd.
 Nor can the poet Bacchus' praise indite,
 Debarr'd his grape: The Muses still require
 Humid regalement, nor will aught avail
 Imploring Phœbus, with unmoisten'd lips.
 Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
 By parching thirst allur'd: With vehement suns
 When dusty summer bakes the crumbling clods,
 How pleasant is 't, beneath the twisted arch
 Of a retreating bower, in mid-day's reign
 To ply the sweet carouse, remote from noise,
 Secur'd of feverish heats! When th' aged year
 Inclines, and Boreas' spirit blusters froze,
 Beware th' inclement heavens; now let thy hearth
 Crackle with juiceless boughs; thy lingering blood
 Now instigate with th' apple's powerful streams.
 Perpetual showers, and stormy gusts confine
 The willing plowman, and December warns

To annual jollities; new sportive youth
Carol incondite rhythms, with suiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious; sturdy swains
In clean array for rustic dance prepare,
Mixt with the buxom damsels; hand in hand
They frisk, and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien,
Transported, and sometimes an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss
Steal from unwary lasses; they with scorn,
And neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd bliss.
Meanwhile blind British bards with volant touch
Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes
Provoke to harmless revels; these among,
A subtle artist stands, in wondrous bag
That bears imprison'd winds (of gentler sort
Than those, which erst Laertes' son enclos'd).
Peaceful they sleep; but let the tuneful squeeze
Of labouring elbow rouse them, out they fly
Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.
'Midst these disports, forget they not to drench
Themselves with bellying goblets; nor, when spring
Returns, can they refuse to usher in
The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store
Of jovial draughts, now, when the sappy boughs
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
Of future harvest: When the Gnosian crown
Leads-on expected autumn, and the trees
Discharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies

Their

Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilarates their languid minds, within
The golden mean confin'd : Beyond there 's nought
Of health, or pleasure. Therefore, when thy heart
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager soul
Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure
'Tis time to shun it ; if thou wilt prolong
Dire compotation, forthwith reason quits
Her empire to confusion, and misrule,
And vain debates ; then twenty tongues at once
Conspire in senseless jargon, nought is heard
But din, and various clamor, and mad rant :
Distrust, and jealousy to these succeed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
Commence, the brimming glasses now are hurl'd
With dire intent ; bottles with bottles clash
In rude encounter, round their temples fly
The sharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd cheeks
Mixt gore and cyder flow. What shall we say
Of rash Elpenor, who in evil hour
Dry'd an immeasurable bowl, and thought
T' exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep,
Imprudent ? him death's iron-sleep oppress,
Descending careless from his couch ; the fall
Luxt his neck-joint, and spinal marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine ; nor all the kinds
Of maladies, that lead to Death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,

Intestine

Intestine stone, and pining atrophy,
Chill even when the sun with July heats
Fries the scorch'd soil, and dropsy all-a-float,
Yet craving liquids : nor the Centaurs tale
Be here repeated ; how, with lust and wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken souls
At feasting hour. Ye heavenly Powers that guard
The British isles, such dire events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from social cups : May we, remote
From the hoarse, brazen sound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with seemly draughts
Enkindle mirth, and hospitable love.
Too oft, alas ! has mutual-hatred drench'd
Our swords in native blood ; too oft has pride,
And hellish discord, and insatiate thirst
Of others rights, our quiet discompos'd.
Have we forgot, how fell destruction rag'd
Wide-spreading, when by Eris' torch incens'd
Our fathers warr'd ? what heroes, signaliz'd
For loyalty and prowess, met their fate
Untimely, undeserv'd ! how Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granville, dauntless sons of Mars,
Fit themes of endless grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet surviving in their race !
Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong rout
Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance sworn ?
Apostate, atheist rebels ! bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity, and cover'd fraud,
Instill'd

✱ J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

Instill'd by him, who first presum'd to oppose
 Omnipotence; alike their crime, th' event
 Was not alike; these triumph'd, and in height
 Of barbarous malice, and insulting pride,
 Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
 Unparallel'd! O Charles, O best of Kings!
 What stars their black disastrous influence shed
 On thy nativity, that thou should'st fall
 Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,
 Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death
 By those thy mercy only would have sav'd!
 Yet was the Cyder-land unstain'd with guilt;
 The Cyder-land obsequious still to thrones,
 Abhorr'd such base disloyal deeds, and all
 Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
 Undaunted, to assert the trampled rights
 Of monarchy; but, ah! successless she,
 However faithful! then was no regard
 Of right, or wrong. And this, once happy, land,
 By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
 Tyrannic sway, till fair revloving years
 Our exil'd Kings and Liberty restor'd.
 Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
 Secure at home, while she to foreign realms
 Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
 The rage of Kings: Here, nobly she supports
 Justice oppress'd; here, her victorious arms
 Quell the ambitious: From her hand alone
 All Europe fears revenge, or hopes redress.
 Rejoice, O Albion! sever'd from the world

By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent
 Of nothing from without; in one supreme
 Intirely blest; and from beginning time
 Design'd thus happy; but the fond desire
 Of rule, and grandeur multiply'd a race
 Of Kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,
 Destructive of the public weal. For now
 Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,
 Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
 Invades, and ampler territory seeks
 With ruinous assault; on every plain
 Host cop'd with host, dire was the din of war,
 And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd
 By havoc, and dismay, till jealousy
 Rais'd new combustion. Thus was peace in vain
 Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict stern;
 Till Edgar grateful (as to those who pine
 A dismal half-year night, the orient beam
 Of Phœbus' lamp) arose, and into one
 Cemented all the long-contending powers,
 Pacific monarch; then her lovely head
 Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
 The spirit of love. At ease, the bards new strung
 Their silent harps, and taught the woods and vales,
 In uncouth rhythms, to echo Edgar's name.
 Then gladness smil'd in every eye; the years
 Ran smoothly on, productive of a line
 Of wise, heroic Kings, that by just laws
 Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd
 Insulting enemies in farthest climes.

See

J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

See lion-hearted Richard, with his force
 Drawn from the North, to Jewry's hallow'd plains!
 Piously valiant (like a torrent swell'd
 With wintry tempests, that disdains all mounds,
 Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
 Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd
 Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew
 Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no pause,
 No stay of slaughter, found his vigorous arm,
 But th' unbelieving squadrons turn'd to flight
 Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds
 Mangled behind. The Soldan, as he fled,
 Oft call'd on Alla, gnashing with despite,
 And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.

Behold third Edward's streamers blazing high
 On Gallia's hostile ground! his right withheld,
 Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
 Relying on false hopes, thus to incense
 The warlike English! One important day
 Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight,
 Fierce Brutus' off-spring to the adverse front
 Advance resistless, and their deep array
 With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force
 Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their desperate King;
 Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid shock:
 The third time, with his wide-extended wings,
 He fugitive declin'd superior strength,
 Discomfited; pursued, in the sad chace
 Ten thousand ignominious fall; with blood
 The vallies float. Great Edward thus aveng'd,

With

With golden Iris his broad shield emboss'd.
Thrice glorious prince! whom Fame with all her
tongues

For ever shall resound. Yet from his loins
New authors of dissension spring; from him
Two branches, that in hosting long contend
For sov'ran sway; and can such anger dwell
In noblest minds? but little now avail'd
The ties of friendship; every man, as led
By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,
And dire revenge. Now horrid Slaughter reigns:
Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careless of duty, and their native grounds
Distain with kindred blood; the twanging bows
Send showers of shafts, that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons, and peasants on th' embattled field
Slain, or half-dead, in one huge, ghastly heap
Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans,
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce shock, lie gasping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery coursers: Horror thus,
And wild uproar, and desolation, reign'd
Unrespited. Ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious fray? what man has Fate
Reserv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of time
Cadwallador foresaw! thou, thou art he,

G

Great

Great Richmond Henry, that by nuptial rites
 Must close the gates of Janus, and remove
 Destructive discord. Now no more the drum
 Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor shrill
 Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;
 But joy and pleasure open to the view
 Uninterrupted! with presaging skill
 Thou to thy own unitest Fergus' line
 By wise alliance: from thee James descends,
 Heaven's chosen favourite, first Britannic king.
 To him alone hereditary right
 Gave power supreme; yet still some seeds remain'd
 Of discontent: two nations under one,
 In laws and interest diverse, still pursued
 Peculiar ends, on each side resolute
 To fly conjunction; neither fear, nor hope,
 Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,
 Could aught avail, till prudent Anna said,
 Let there be union; strait with reverence due
 To her command, they willingly unite,
 One in affection, laws and government,
 Indissolubly firm; from Dubris south,
 To northern Orcades, her long domain.

And now, thus leagued by an eternal bond,
 What shall retard the Britons bold designs,
 Or who sustain their force, in union knit,
 Sufficient to withstand the powers combin'd
 Of all this globe? At this important act
 The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
 Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk

Dreads

Dreads war from utmost Thule. Uncontrol'd
The British navy through the ocean vast
Shall wave her double cross, t' extremest climes
Terrific, and return with odorous spoils
Of Araby well fraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl, and barbaric gold : Meanwhile the swains
Shall unmolested reap what plenty sows
From well-stor'd horn, rich grain, and timely fruits.
The elder year, Pomona, pleas'd, shall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whose liquid store
Abundant, flowing in well-blended streams,
The natives shall applaud ; while glad they talk
Of baleful ills, caus'd by Bellona's wrath
In other realms ; where'er the British spread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this
Wide universe, Silurian cyder borne
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine.

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THE END OF J. PHILIPS'S POEMS.

THE
P O E M S
OF
MR. EDMUND SMITH.





PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS,

A TRAGEDY.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord HALIFAX.

MY LORD,

AS soon as it was made known that your Lordship was not displeased with this Play, my friends began to value themselves upon the interest they had taken in its success; I was touched with a vanity I had not before been acquainted with, and began to dream of nothing less than the immortality of my Work.

And I had sufficiently shewn this vanity in inscribing this Play to your Lordship, did I only consider you as one to whom so many admirable pieces, to whom the praises of Italy, and the best Latin poem since the *Æneid*, that on the peace of Ryswick, are consecrated. But it had been intolerable presumption to have addressed it to you, my Lord, who are the nicest judge of poetry, were you not also the greatest encourager of it; to you who excel all the present age as a poet, did you not surpass all the preceding ones as a patron.

38 EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

For in the times when the Muses were most encouraged, the best writers were countenanced, but never advanced; they were admitted to the acquaintance of the greatest men, but that was all they were to expect. The bounty of the patron is no where to be read of but in the works of the Poets, whereas your Lordship's will fill those of the historians.

For what transactions can they write of, which have not been managed by some who were recommended by your Lordship? 'Tis by your Lordship's means, that the universities have been real nurseries for the state; that the courts abroad are charmed by the wit and learning, as well as the sagacity, of our ministers; that Germany, Switzerland, Muscovy, and even Turkey itself begins to relish the politeness of the English; that the poets at home adorn that court which they formerly used only to divert; that abroad they travel, in a manner very unlike their predecessor Homer, and with an equipage he could not bestow, even on the heroes he designed to immortalize.

And this, my Lord, shews your knowledge of men as well as writings, and your judgment no less than your generosity. You have distinguished between those who by their inclinations or abilities were qualified for the pleasure only, and those that were fit for the service of your country; you made the one easy, and the other useful: you have left the one no occasion to wish for any preferment, and you have obliged the public by the promotion of the others.

And now, my lord, it may seem odd that I should dwell

EPISTLE DEDICATORY. 39

dwell on the topic of your bounty only, when I might enlarge on so many others; when I ought to take notice of that illustrious family from which you are sprung and yet of the great merit which was necessary to set you on a level with it, and to raise you to that house of Peers which was already filled with your relations. When I ought to consider the brightness of your wit in private conversation, and the solidity of your eloquence in public debates; when I ought to admire in you the politeness of a courtier, and the sincerity of a friend; the openness of behaviour which charms all who address themselves to you, and yet that hidden reserve which is necessary for those great affairs in which you are concerned.

To pass over all these great qualities, my lord, and insist only on your generosity, looks as if I solicited it for myself; but to that I quitted all manner of claim when I took notice of your lordship's great judgment in the choice of those you advance; so that all at present my ambition aspires to is, that your lordship would be pleased to pardon this presumption, and permit me to profess myself with the most profound respect,

Your lordship's most humble,

and most obedient servant,

EDM. SMITH.

THE

EPISTOLIC DEDICATORY

dwell on the topic of your poetry only, when I might
 indulge in so many others; when I ought to take
 one of the illustrious family, from which you are sprung,
 and yet for the great merit which was necessary to fit
 you on a level with it, and to raise you to the rank
 of peers which was already filled with your relations.
 When I ought to consider the brightness of your name
 private conversation, and the solemnity of your eloquence
 in public debates; when I ought to stand in your
 the greatness of a country, and the sanctity of a friend;
 the openness of behaviour, and the purity of life;
 this is the subject of your and I shall not refuse
 what is necessary for those great affairs in which you
 are engaged.

To pass over all these great advantages, and but not
 with only on your generosity, looks as if I followed it
 for my part, but as that I wanted to manage, or claim
 that I look upon as your country's great advantage, in
 the place of that you advance to me, as if I were
 my ambition shines as it, that your country would be
 better, to give me the highest rank, and permit me to
 speak my life with the most profound respect.

Your country's most humble

and most obliged servant

JAMES OGLETHORPE

T H E

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THE P R O L O G U E,

By Mr. ADDISON.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
That rant by note, and through the gamut rage;
In songs and airs express their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a feuge expire;
While, lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit;

And, from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddles repartee:

Our home-spun authors must forsake the field,
And Shakespeare to the soft Scarlatti yield.

To your new taste the poet of this day
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play;
Had Valentini, musically coy,
Shunn'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy;
It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen.

How would it please, should she in English speak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?

But he, a stranger to your modish way,
By your old rules must stand or fall to-day;
And hopes you will your foreign taste command,
To bear, for once, with what you understand.

EPI.

[22]

THE
EPILOGUE,

By Mr. PRIOR.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore,
For one who never troubled you before:
An Oxford man, extremely read in Greek,
Who from Eu—ripides makes Phædra speak;
And comes to town, to let us moderns know,
How women lov'd two thousand years ago.
If that be all, said I, ev'n burn your play,
Egad we know all that as well as they:
Shew us the youthful handsome charioteer,
Firm in his seat, and running his career;
Our souls would kindle with as generous flames,
As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian dames:
Every Ismena would resign her breast,
And every dear Hippolitus be blest.

But, as it is, fix flouncing Flanders mares
Are ev'n as good as any two of theirs;
And if Hippolitus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.

Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this scholar's play;
Something, at last, in justice should be said,
But this Hippolitus so fills one's head,—

Well

Well! Phædra liv'd as chafely as ſhe could,
 For ſhe was father Jove's own fleſh and blood;
 Her aukward love, indeed, was odly fated,
 She and her Polly were too near related;
 And yet that ſcruple had been laid aſide,
 If honeſt Theſeus had but fairly dy'd:
 But when he came, what needed he to know,
 But that all matters ſtood *in ſtatu quo*:
 There was no harm, you ſee; or grant there were,
 She might want conduct, but he wanted care.
 'Twas in a huſband little leſs than rude,
 Upon his wife's retirmeent to intrude:
 He ſhould have ſent a night or two before,
 That he would come exact at ſuch an hour;
 Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jeſt;
 Found every thing contribute to his reſt;
 The picquet friend diſmiſs'd, the coaſt all clear,
 And ipouſe alone, impatient for her dear.

But if theſe gay reflections come too late
 To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;
 If your more ſerious judgment muſt condemn
 The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
 Yet, ye chaſte matrons, and ye tender fair,
 Let love and innocence engage your care;
 My ſpotleſs flames to your protection take,
 And ſpare poor Phædra for Iſmena's ſake.

DRAMATIS

THE PERILOUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Theseus King of Crete	Mr. Betterton.
Hippolitus his son, in love with	} Mr. Booth.
Ismena	
Lycon minister of state	Mr. Keen.
Cratander captain of the guards	Mr. Corey.

W O M E N.

Phædra, Theseus's Queen, in love	} Mrs. Barry.
with Hippolitus	
Ismena, a captive Princess, in love	} Mrs. Oldfield.
with Hippolitus	

GUARDS, ATTENDANTS.

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter CRATANDER and LYCON.

LYCON.

'TIS strange, Cratander, that the royal Phædra
Should still continue resolute in grief,
And obstinately wretched;
That one so gay, so beautiful and young,
Of godlike virtue and imperial power,
Should fly inviting joys, and court destruction.

CRATANDER.

Is there not cause, when lately join'd in marriage,
To have the king her husband call'd to war?
Then for three tedious moons to mourn his absence,
Nor know his fate?

LYCON.

The king may cause her sorrow,
But not by absence. Oft I've seen him hang
With greedy eyes, and languish o'er her beauties,
She from his wide, deceiv'd, desiring arms
Flew tasteless, loathing; whilst dejected Theseus,
With mournful loving eyes pursu'd her flight,
And dropt a silent tear.

CRATANDER.

Ha! this is hatred,
This is aversion, horror, detestation:

Why

Why did the queen who might have cull'd mankind,
 Why did she give her person and her throne
 To one she loath'd?

LYCON.

Perhaps she thought it just
 That he should wear the crown his valour sav'd.

CRATANDER.

Could she not glut his hopes with wealth and honour,
 Reward his valour, yet reject his love?
 Why, when a happy mother, queen, and widow;
 Why did she wed old Theseus? While his son,
 The brave Hippolitus, with equal youth,
 And equal beauty, might have fill'd her arms.

LYCON.

Hippolitus (in distant Scythia born,
 The warlike Amazon, Camilla's son)
 Till our queen's marriage, was unknown to Crete;
 And sure the queen could with him still unknown:
 She loaths, detests him, flies his hated presence,
 And shrinks and trembles at his very name.

CRATANDER.

Well may she hate the Prince she needs must fear;
 He may dispute the crown with Phædra's son.
 He's brave, he's fiery, youthful, and belov'd;
 His courage charms the men, his form the women;
 His very sports are war.

LYCON.

O! he's all hero, scorns the inglorious ease
 Of lazy Crete, delights to shine in arms,

To wield the sword, and launch the pointed spear;
 To tame the generous horse, that nobly wild
 Neighs on the hills, and dares the angry lion:
 To join the struggling coursers to his chariot,
 To make their stubborn necks the rein obey,
 To turn, to stop, or stretch along the plain.
 Now the queen's sick, there's danger in his courage.—
 Be ready with your guards. — I fear Hippolitus.

[Exit Crat.

Fear him! for what? poor silly virtuous wretch,
 Affecting glory, and contemning power:
 Warm without pride, without ambition brave;
 A senseless hero, fit to be a tool
 To those whose godlike souls are turn'd for empire.
 An open honest fool, that loves and hates,
 And yet more fool to own it. He hates flatterers,
 He hates me too; weak boy, to make a foe
 Where he might have a slave. I hate him too,
 But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
 Let the queen live or die, the prince must fall.

Enter ISMENA.

What! still attending on the queen, Ismena?
 O charming virgin! O exalted virtue!
 Can still your goodness conquer all your wrongs?
 Are you not robb'd of your Athenian crown?
 Was not your royal father Pallas slain,
 And all his wretched race, by conquering Theseus?
 And do you still watch o'er his consort Phædra,
 And still repay such cruelty with love?

H

ISMENA,

ISMENA.

Let them be cruel that delight in mischief,
I'm of a softer mould, poor Phædra's sorrows
Pierce through my yielding heart, and wound my soul.

LYCON.

Now thrice the rising sun has cheer'd the world,
Since she renew'd her strength with due refreshment;
Thrice has the night brought ease to man, to beast,
Since wretched Phædra clos'd her streaming eyes:
She flies all rest, all necessary food,
Resolv'd to die, nor capable to live.

ISMENA.

But now her grief has wrought her into frenzy;
The images her troubled fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild; her words disjointed:
Sometimes she raves for musick, light and air,
Nor air, nor light, nor musick, calm her pains;
Then with extatic strength she springs aloft,
And moves and bounds with vigour not her own.

LYCON.

Then life is on the wing, then most she sinks
When most she seems reviv'd. Like boiling water,
That foams and hisses o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim; ev'n then most wasting,
When most it swells.

ISMENA.

My lord, now try your art;
Her wild disorder may disclose the secret
Her cooler sense conceal'd; the Pythian goddess

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS. 22.

Is dumb and fullen, till with fury fill'd
She spreads, she rises, growing to the sight,
She stares, she foams, she raves; the awful secrets
Burst from her trembling lips, and ease the tortur'd
maid.

But Phædra comes, ye gods! how pale, how weak!

Enter PHÆDRA and Attendants.

PHÆDRA.

Stay, virgins, stay, I'll rest my weary steps;
My strength forsakes me, and my dazled eyes
Ake with the flashing light, my loosen'd knees
Sink under their dull weight; support me, Lycon.
Alas! I faint.

LYCON.

Afford her ease, kind Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Why blaze these jewels round my wretched head!
Why all this labour'd elegance of dress!
Why flow these wanton curls in artful rings!
Take, snatch them hence! alas! you all conspire
To heap new sorrows on my tortur'd soul:
All, all conspire to make your queen unhappy!

ISMENA.

This you requir'd, and to the pleasing task
Call'd your officious maids, and urg'd their art;
You bid them lead you from yon hideous darkness
To the glad chearing day, yet now avoid it,
And hate the light you sought.

H 2

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Oh! my Lycon!

Oh! how I long to lay my weary head
 On tender, flowery-beds, and springing-grass,
 To stretch my limbs beneath the spreading shades
 Of venerable oaks, to slake my thirst
 With the cool nectar of refreshing springs.

LYCON.

I'll sooth her frenzy; come, Phædra, let's away,
 Let's to the woods, and lawns, and limpid streams!

PHÆDRA.

Come, let's away, and thou, most bright Diana,
 Goddess of woods, immortal, chaste Diana!
 Goddess presiding o'er the rapid race,
 Place me, O place me in the dusty ring
 Where youthful charioteers contend for glory!
 See how they mount and shake the flowing reins!
 See from the goal the fiery coursers bound,
 Now they strain panting up the steepy hill,
 Now sweep along its top, now neigh along the vale!
 How the car rattles! how its kindling wheels
 Smoke in the whirl! The circling sand ascends;
 And in the noble dust the chariot's lost!

LYCON.

What, madam!

PHÆDRA.

Ah, my Lycon! ah, what said I!
 Where was I hurry'd by my roving fancy!
 My languid eyes are wet with sudden tears,
 And on my face unbidden blushes glow.

LYCON,

LYCON.

Blush then, but blush for your destructive silence,
That tears your soul, and weighs you down to death;
Oh! should you die (ye powers forbid her death!)
Who then would shield from wrongs your helpless
orphan!

O! he might wander, Phædra's son might wander,
A naked suppliant through the world for aid!
Then he may cry, invoke his mother's name:
He may be doom'd to chains, to shame, to death,
While proud Hippolitus shall mount his throne.

PHÆDRA.

O Heavens!

LYCON.

Ha! Phædra, are you touch'd at this!

PHÆDRA.

Unhappy wretch! what name was that you spoke?

LYCON.

And does his name provoke your just resentments!
Then let it raise your fear, as well as rage:
Think how you wrong'd him, to his father wrong'd
him!

Think how you drove him hence, a wandering exile
To distant climes! then think what certain vengeance
His rage may wreak on your unhappy orphan!
For his sake then renew your drooping spirits,
Feed, with new oil, the wasting lamp of life,
That winks and trembles, now, just now expiring:
Make haste, preserve your life!

H 3

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Alas ! too long,
Too long have I preserv'd that guilty life.

LYCON.

Guilty ! what guilt, has blood, has horrid murder,
Imbrued your hands !

PHÆDRA.

Alas ! my hands are guiltless :
But, oh ! my heart 's desil'd !
I 've said too much, forbear the rest, my Lycon,
And let me die to save the black confession.

LYCON.

Die, then, but not alone ! old faithful Lycon
Shall be a victim to your cruel silence.
Will you not tell ? Oh lovely, wretched queen !
By all the cares of your first infant years,
By all the love, and faith, and zeal, I 've shew'd you,
Tell me your griefs, unfold your hidden sorrows,
And teach your Lycon how to bring you comfort.

PHÆDRA.

What shall I say, malicious, cruel powers !
O where shall I begin ! O cruel Venus !
How fatal Love has been to all our race !

LYCON.

Forget it, madam ; let it die in silence.

PHÆDRA.

O Ariadne ! O unhappy sister !

LYCON.

Cease to record your sister's grief and shame.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

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PHÆDRA.

And since the cruel God of Love requires it,
I fall the last, and most undone of all.

LYCON.

Do you then love?

PHÆDRA.

Alas! I groan beneath
The pain, the guilt, the shame, of impious love.

LYCON.

Forbid it, Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Do not upbraid me, Lycon!

I love!—Alas! I shudder at the name,
My blood runs backward, and my faltering tongue
Sticks at the sound!—I love!—O righteous Heaven!
Why was I born with such a sense of virtue,
So great abhorrence of the smallest crime,
And yet a slave to such impetuous guilt!
Rain on me, gods, your plagues, your sharpest tortures,
Afflict my soul with any thing but guilt,
And yet that guilt is mine!—I'll think no more.
I'll to the woods among the happier brutes:
Come, let's away! hark the shrill horn resounds,
The jolly huntsmens cries rend the wide Heavens!
Come, o'er the hills pursue the bounding Stag,
Come, chase the Lion and the foaming Boar,
Come, rouse up all the monsters of the wood,
For there, ev'n there, Hippolitus will guard me!

LYCON.

Hippolitus!

H 4

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Who 's he that names Hippolitus !
 Ah ! I 'm betray'd, and all my guilt discover'd !
 Oh ! give me poison, swords, I 'll not live, not bear it ;
 I 'll stop my breath !

ISMENA.

I 'm lost, but what 's that loss !
 Hippolitus is lost, or lost to me :
 Yet should her charms prevail upon his soul,
 Should he be false, I would not wish him ill,
 With my last parting breath I 'd bless my lord ;
 Then in some lonely desert place expire,
 Whence my unhappy death should never reach him,
 Lest it should wound his peace, or damp his joys.

[Aside.]

LYCON.

Think still the secret in your royal breast,
 For by the awful majesty of Jove,
 By the All-seeing Sun, by righteous Minos,
 By all your kindred gods, we swear, O Phædra,
 Safe as our lives, we 'll keep the fatal secret.

ISMENA, &c.

We swear, all swear, to keep it ever secret.

PHÆDRA.

Keep it ! from whom ? why it 's already known,
 The tale, the whisper of the babling vulgar !
 Oh ! can you keep it from yourselves, unknow it ?
 Or do you think I 'm so far gone in guilt,
 That I can see, can bear the looks, the eyes,

Of

Of one who knows my black detested crimes,
Of one who knows that Phædra loves her son ?

LYCON.

Unhappy queen ! august, unhappy race !
Oh ! why did Theseus touch this fatal shore !
Why did he save us from Nicander's arms,
To bring worse ruin on us by his love ?

PHÆDRA.

His love indeed ! for that unhappy hour,
In which the priests join'd Theseus' hand to mine,
Shew'd the young Scythian to my dazzled eyes.
Gods ! how I shook ! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breast ! how from the touch of Theseus
My slack hand dropt, and all the idle pomp,
Priests, altars, victims, swam before my sight !
The God of Love, ev'n the whole God, possess me !

LYCON.

At once, at first possess you !

PHÆDRA.

Yes, at first !

That fatal evening we pursued the chace,
When from behind the wood, with rustling sound,
A monstrous boar rush'd forth ; his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his stiff-pointed bristles
Rose high upon his back ; at me he made,
Whetting his tusks, and churning hideous foam ;
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me ;
Collecting all himself, and rising to the blow,
He launch'd the whistling spear ; the well-aim'd
javelin

Pierc'd

Pierc'd his tough hide, and quiver'd in his heart ;
 The monster fell, and gnashing with huge tusks
 Plow'd up the crimson earth. But then Hippolitus,
 Gods ! how he mov'd and look'd when he approach'd
 me !

When hot and panting from the savage conquest,
 Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely,
 His kindling cheeks with purple beauties glow'd,
 His lovely, sparkling eyes shot martial fires :
 Oh godlike form ! oh extasy and transport !
 My breath grew short, my beating heart sprung up-
 ward,

And leap'd and bounded in my heaving bosom.
 Alas ! I'm pleas'd, the horrid story charms me.—
 No more.—That night with fear and love I sicken'd.
 Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming visits ;
 Then would he talk with such an heavenly grace,
 Look with such dear compassion on my pains,
 That I could wish to be so sick for ever.
 My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirsty soul,
 Drank gorging in the dear delicious poison,
 Till I was lost, quite lost in impious love :
 And shall I drag an execrable life :
 And shall I hoard up guilt, and treasure vengeance ?

LYCON.

No ; labour, strive, subdue that guilt and live.

PHÆDRA.

Did I not labour, strive, all-seeing Powers !
 Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid !
 Burnt clouds of incense on your loaded altars ?

Oh !

Oh! I call'd Heaven and earth to my assistance,
All the ambitious thirst of fame and empire,
And all the honest pride of conscious virtue:
I struggled, rav'd; the new-born passion reign'd
Almighty in his birth.

LYCON.

Did you e'er try
To gain his love?

PHÆDRA.

Avert such crimes, ye powers!
No, to avoid his love, I sought his hatred;
I wrong'd him, shunn'd him, banish'd him from Crete,
I sent him, drove him, from my longing sight:
In vain I drove him, for his tyrant form
Reign'd in my heart, and dwelt before my eyes.
If to the gods I pray'd, the very vows
I made to Heaven, were by my erring tongue,
Spoke to Hippolitus. If I try'd to sleep,
Straight to my drowsy eyes my restless fancy
Brought back his fatal form, and curst my slumber.

LYCON.

First let me try to melt him into love.

PHÆDRA.

No; did his hapless passion equal mine,
I would refuse the bliss I most desir'd,
Consult my fame, and sacrifice my life.
Yes, I would die, Heaven knows, this very moment,
Rather than wrong my lord, my husband Theseus.

LYCON.

Perhaps that lord, that husband, is no more;

He

He went from Crete in haste, his army thin,
To meet the numerous troops of fierce Molossians;
Yet though he lives, while ebbing life decays,
Think on your son.

PHÆDRA.

Alas! that shocks me,
O let me see my young one, let me snatch
A hasty farewell, a last dying kiss!
Yet, stay, his sight will melt my just resolves;
But oh! I beg with my last sallying breath;
Cherish my babe.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you must know—Your royal husband's dead.

PHÆDRA.

Dead! oh ye powers!

LYCON.

O fortunate event!
Then earth-born Lycon may ascend the throne,
Leave to his happy son the crown of Jove,
And be ador'd like him. [*Aside.*] Mourn, mourn, ye
Cretans,
Since he is dead, whose valour sav'd your isle,
Whose prudent care with flowing plenty crown'd
His peaceful subjects; as your towering Ida
With spreading oaks, and with descending streams,
Shades and enriches all the plains below.
Say, how he dy'd.

MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

He dy'd as Theseus ought;
In battle dy'd ; Philotas, now a prisoner,
That, rushing on, fought next his royal person,
That saw his thundering arm beat squadrons down;
Saw the great rival of Alcides fall :
These eyes beheld his well-known steed, beheld
A proud barbarian glittering in his arms,
Encumber'd with the spoil.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead !
Is my much-injur'd lord, my Theseus, dead !
And don't I shed one tear upon his urn !
What, not a sigh, a groan, a soft complaint !
Ah ! these are tributes due from pious brides,
From a chaste matron, and a virtuous wife :
But savage Love, the tyrant of my heart,
Claims all my sorrows, and usurps my grief.

LYCON.

Dismiss that grief, and give a loose to joy :
He's dead, the bar of all your bliss is dead ;
Live then, my Queen, forget the wrinkled Theseus,
And take the youthful hero to your arms.

PHÆDRA.

I dare not now admit of such a thought,
And bless'd be Heaven, that steel'd my stubborn heart,
That made me shun the bridal bed of Theseus,
And give him empire, but refuse him love.

LYCON.

Then may his happier son be bless'd with both ;

Then

Then rouse your soul, and muster all your charms,
Sooth his ambitious mind with thirst of empire,
And all his tender thoughts with soft allurements.

PHÆDRA.

But should the youth refuse my proffer'd love—
O should he throw me from his loathing arms—
I fear the trial; for I know Hippolitus
Fierce in the right, and obstinately good:
When round beset, his virtue, like a flood,
Breaks with resistless force th' opposing dams,
And bears the mounds along; they're hurry'd on,
And swell the torrent they were rais'd to stop.
I dare not yet resolve, I'll try to live,
And to the awful gods I'll leave the rest.

LYCON.

Madam, your signet, that your slave may order
What's most convenient for your royal service.

PHÆDRA.

Take it, and with it take the fate of Phædra;
And thou, O Venus, aid a suppliant Queen,
That owns thy triumphs, and adores thy power:
O spare thy captives, and subdue thy foes.
On this cold Scythian let thy power be known,
And in a lover's cause assert thy own;
Then Crete, as Paphos, shall adore thy shrine;
This nurse of Jove with grateful fires shall shine,
And with thy father's flames shall worship thine.

[Exit Phædra, &c.]

LYCON *solus*.

If she proposes love, why then as surely
His haughty soul refuses it with scorn.—

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

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Say I confine him! — If she dies he's safe;
And if she lives, I'll work her raging mind.
A woman scorn'd, with ease I'll work to vengeance:
With humble, fawning, wise, obsequious arts,
I'll rule the whirl and transport of her soul;
Then, what her reason hates, her rage may act.

When barks glide slowly through the lazy main,
The baffled pilots turn the helms in vain;
When driven by winds, they cut the foamy way,
The rudders govern, and the ships obey. [Exit.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Enter PHÆDRA, LYCON, and ISMENA.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

MAdam, the Prince Hippolitus attends.

PHÆDRA.

Admit him: Where, where Phædra's now thy soul?
What — Shall I speak? And shall my guilty tongue
Let this insulting victor know his power?
Or shall I still confine within my breast
My restless passions and devouring flames?
But see he comes, the lovely tyrant comes. —
He rushes on me like a blaze of light,
I cannot bear the transport of his presence,
But sink oppress'd with woe.

[Swoons.

Enter

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Immortal gods!

What have I done to raise such strange abhorrence?
What have I done to shake her shrinking nature
With my approach, and kill her with my sight?

LYCON.

Alas, another grief devours her soul,
And only your assistance can relieve her.

HIPPOLITUS.

Hah! Make it known, that I may fly and aid her,

LYCON.

But promise first, my lord, to keep it secret.

HIPPOLITUS.

Promise! I swear, on this good sword I swear,
This sword, which first gain'd youthful Theseus honour;
Which oft has punish'd perjury and falsehood;
By thundering Jove, by Grecian Hercules,
By the majestic form of godlike heroes,
That shine around, and consecrate the steel;
No racks, no shame, shall ever force it from me.

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus!

HIPPOLITUS.

Yes, 'tis that wretch who begs you to dismiss
This hated object from your eyes for ever.
Begs leave to march against the foes of Theseus,
And to revenge or share his father's fate.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

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PHÆDRA.

Oh, Hippolitus!

I own I 've wrong'd you, most unjustly wrong'd you,
Drove you from court, from Crete, and from your father;

The court, all Crete, deplor'd their suffering hero,
And I (the sad occasion) most of all.

Yet could you know relenting Phædra's soul,
Oh could you think with what reluctant grief
I wrong'd the hero, whom I wish'd to cherish!
Oh! you 'd confess me wretched, not unkind,
And own those ills did most deserve your pity,
Which most procur'd your hate.

HIPPOLITUS.

My hate to Phædra?

Ha! could I hate the royal spouse of Theseus,
My queen, my mother?

PHÆDRA.

Why your queen and mother?

More humble titles suit my lost condition.

Alas! the iron hand of death is on me,

And I have only time t' implore your pardon.

Ah! would my lord forget injurious Phædra,

And with compassion view her helpless orphan!

Would he receive him to his dear protection,

Defend his youth from all encroaching foes!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh, I 'll defend him! with my life defend him!

Heavens dart your judgments on this faithless head,

If I don't pay him all a slave's obedience,

I

And

114 SMITH'S POEMS.

And all a father's love.

PHÆDRA.

A father's love!

Oh doubtful sounds! oh vain deceitful hopes!
My grief 's much eas'd by this transcending goodness,
And Theseus' death sits lighter on my soul:
Death? He 's not dead! he lives, he breathes, he speaks,
He lives in you, he 's present to my eyes,
I see him, speak to him.—My heart! I rave
And all my folly 's known.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! ' glorious folly!

See Theseus, see, how much your Phædra lov'd you.

PHÆDRA.

Love him, indeed! dote, languish, die for him,
Forsake my food, my sleep, all joys for Theseus,
(But not that hoary venerable Theseus)
But Theseus, as he was, when mantling blood,
Glow'd in his lovely cheeks; when his bright eyes
Sparkled with youthful fires; when every grace
Shone in the father, which now crowns the son;
When Theseus was Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ha! Amazement strikes me!

Where will this end?

LYCON.

Is 't difficult to guess?

Does not her flying paleness that but now
Sat cold and languid in her fading cheek,
(Where now succeeds a momentary lustre,)

Does not her beating heart, her trembling limbs,
Her wishing looks, her speech, her present silence,
All, all proclaim imperial Phædra loves you.

HIPPOLITUS.

What do I hear? What, does no lightning flash,
No thunder bellow, when such monstrous crimes,
Are own'd, avow'd, confess'd? All-seeing sun!
Hide, hide in shameful night, thy beamy head,
And cease to view the horrors of thy race.
Alas! I share th' amazing guilt; these eyes,
That first inspir'd the black incestuous flame,
These ears, that heard the tale of impious love,
Are all accurs'd, and all deserve your thunder.

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my lord, believe me not so vile.
No: by thy goddess, by the chaste Diana,
None but my first, my much lov'd lord Arsamnes,
Was e'er receiv'd in these unhappy arms.
No! for the love of thee, of those dear charms,
Which now I see are doom'd to be my ruin,
I still deny'd my lord, my husband Theseus,
The chaste, the modest joys of spotless marriage;
That drove him hence to war, to stormy seas,
To rocks and waves less cruel than his Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

If that drove Theseus hence, then that kill'd Theseus,
And cruel Phædra kill'd her husband Theseus.

PHÆDRA.

Forbear, rash youth, nor dare to rouse my vengeance;
You need not urge, nor tempt my swelling rage

I 2

With

With black reproaches, scorn, and provocation,
 To do a deed my reason would abhor.
 Long has the secret struggled in my breast,
 Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd bosom;
 But, now 'tis out. Shame, rage, confusion, tear
 And drive me on to act unheard-of crimes,
 To murder thee, myself, and all that know it.
 As when convulsions cleave the labouring earth,
 Before the dismal yawn appears, the ground
 Trembles and heaves, the nodding houses crash;
 He's safe, who from the dreadful warning flies,
 But he that sees its opening bosom, dies. [Exit.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me take the warning and retire;
 I'd rather trust the rough Ionian waves,
 Than woman's fiercer rage.

[ISMENA shows herself, listening.

LYCON.

Alas! my Lord,
 You must not leave the queen to her despair.

HIPPOLITUS.

Must not? From thee? From that vile upstart Lycon,

LYCON.

Yes: From that Lycon who derives his greatness
 From Phædra's race, and now would guard her life.
 Then, Sir, forbear, and view this royal signet,
 And in her faithful slave obey the queen.

[Enter Guards.

Guards, watch the prince, but at that awful distance,
 With that respect, it may not seem confinement,

But

But only meant for honour.

HIPPOLITUS.

So, confinement is

The honour Crete bestows on Theseus' son.

Am I confin'd? And is 't so soon forgot,

When fierce Procrustes' arms o'er-ran your kingdom?

When your streets echo'd with the cries of orphans,

Your shrieking maids clung round the hallow'd shrines,

When all your palaces and lofty towers

Smok'd on the earth, when the red sky around

Glow'd with your city's flames (a dreadful lustre):

Then, then my father flew to your assistance;

Then Theseus sav'd your lives, estates, and honours,

And do you thus reward the hero's toil?

And do you now confine the hero's son?

LYCON.

Take not an easy short confinement ill,

Which your own safety and the queen's requires;

But fear not aught from one that joys to serve you.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, I disdain thee, traitor, but not fear thee,

Nor will I hear of services from Lycon.

Thy very looks are lies, eternal falsehood

Smiles in thy lips and flatters in thy eyes;

Ev'n in thy humble face I read my ruin,

In every cringing bow and fawning smile:

Why else d' you whisper out your dark suspicions?

Why with malignant eulogies encrease

The people's fears, and praise me to my ruin?

I 3

Why

Why through the troubled streets of frightened Gnoſſus
Do bucklers, helms, and poliſh'd armour blaze ?
Why ſounds the dreadful din of inſtant war ?
Whiſt ſtill the foe's unknown.

LYCON.

Then quit thy arts,
Put off the ſtateſman and reſume the judge.
Thou Proteus, ſhift thy various forms no more,
But boldly own the God. [*Aſide.*—
That foe's too near, [*To Hipp.*
The queen's diſeaſe, and your aſpiring mind,
Diſturb all Crete, and give a looſe to war.

HIPPOLITUS.

Gods ! Dares he ſpeak thus to a monarch's ſon ?
And muſt this earth-born ſlave command in Crete ?
Was it for this my god-like father fought ?
Did Theſeus bleed for Lycon ? O ye Cretans,
See there your king, the ſucceſſor of Minos,
And heir of Jove.

LYCON.

You may as well provoke
That Jove you worſhip, as this ſlave you ſcorn.
Go ſeize Alcæon, Nicias, and all
The black abettors of his impious treaſon.
Now o'er thy head th' avenging thunder rolls :
For know, on me depends thy inſtant doom.
Then learn (proud prince) to bend thy haughty ſoul,
And if thou think'ſt of life, obey the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then free from fear or guilt I'll wait my doom :

What

What e'er 's my fault, no stain shall blot my glory.
I'll guard my honour, you dispose my life;

[*Exeunt Lyc. & Crat.*]

Since he dares brave my rage, the danger's near.
The timorous hounds that hunt the generous lion
Bay afar off, and tremble in pursuit;
But when he struggles in th' entangling toils,
Insult the dying prey,——'Tis kindly done, Ismena,

[*Ism. enters.*]

With all your charms to visit my distress;
Soften my chains, and make confinement easy.
Is it then given me to behold thy beauties;
Those blushing sweets, those lovely loving eyes!
To press, to strain thee to my beating heart,
And grow thus to my love! What 's liberty to this?
What 's fame or greatness? Take them, take them,
Phædra,

Freedom and fame, and in the dear confinement.
Enclose me thus for ever.

ISMENA.

O Hippolitus!

O I could ever dwell in this confinement!
Nor wish for aught while I behold my lord;
But yet that wish, that only wish is vain.
When my hard fate thus forces me to beg you,
Drive from your God-like soul a wretched maid;
Take to your arms (assist me heaven to speak it)
Take to your arms imperial Phædra,
And think of me no more.

I 4

HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Not think of thee?

What! part, for ever part? Unkind Ismena:

Oh! can you think that death is half so dreadful,

As it would be to live, and live without thee?

Say, should I quit thee, should I turn to Phædra,

Say, could'st thou bear it? Could thy tender soul

Endure the torment of despairing love,

And see me settled in a rival's arms?

ISMENA.

Think not of me: perhaps my equal mind

May learn to bear the fate the gods allot me.

Yet would you hear me; could your lov'd Ismena

With all her charms o'er-rule your sullen honour,

You yet might live, nor leave the poor Ismena.

HIPPOLITUS.

Speak, if I can, I'm ready to obey.

ISMENA.

Give the queen hopes.

HIPPOLITUS.

No more.—My soul disdains it.

No, should I try, my haughty soul would swell;

Sharpen each word, and threaten in my eyes.

O! should I stoop to cringe, to lye, forswear?

Deserve the ruin which I strive to shun?

ISMENA.

O, I can't bear this cold contempt of death!

This rigid virtue, that prefers your glory

To liberty or life. O cruel man!

By these sad sighs, by these poor streaming eyes,

By

By that dear love that makes us now unhappy,
By the near danger of that precious life,
Heaven knows I value much above my own.
What! Not yet mov'd? Are you resolv'd on death?
Then, ere tis night, I swear by all the powers,
This steel shall end my fears and life together.

HIPPOLITUS.

You shan't be trusted with a life so precious.
No, to the court I'll publish your design,
Ev'n bloody Lycon will prevent your fate;
Lycon shall wrench the dagger from your bosom,
And raving Phædra will preserve Ismena.

ISMENA.

Phædra! Come on, I'll lead you on to Phædra;
I'll tell her all the secrets of our love,
Give to her rage her close destructive rival;
Her rival sure will fall, her love may save you.
Come see me labour in the pangs of death,
My agonizing limbs, my dying eyes,
Dying, yet fixt in death on my Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

What 's your design? Ye powers! what means my
love?

ISMENA.

She means to lead you in the road of fate;
She means to die with one she can't preserve.
Yet when you see me pale upon the earth,
This once lov'd form grown horrible in death,
Sure your relenting soul would wish you'd sav'd me.

HIPPO-

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! I'll do all, do any thing to save you,
Give up my fame and all my darling honour:
I'll run, I'll fly; what you'll command I'll say.

ISMENA.

Say, what occasion, chance, or Heaven inspires:
Say, that you love her, that you lov'd her long;
Say, that you'll wed her, say that you'll comply;
Say, to preserve your life, say any thing. [Exit Hip.
Bless him, ye powers! and if it be a crime,
Oh! if the pious fraud offend your justice,
Aim all your vengeance on Ismena's head;
Punish Ismena, but forgive Hippolitus.
He's gone, and now my brave resolves are stagger'd,
Now I repent, like some despairing wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,
Then pants, and struggles with the whirling waves;
And catches every slender reed to save him.

CHO.

But should he do what your commands enjoin'd him,
Say, should he wed her?

ISMENA.

Should he wed the queen!
Oh! I'd remember that 'twas my request;
And die well pleas'd I made the hero happy.

CHO.

Die! does Ismena then resolve to die?

ISMENA.

Can I then live? Can I, who lov'd so well

To part with all my bliss to save my lover?
Oh! can I drag a wretched life without him,
And see another revel in his arms?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have comfort!

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

What a reverse is this! Perfidious boy,
Is this thy truth? Is this thy boasted honour?
Then all are rogues alike: I never thought
But one man honest, and that one deceives me. [*Aside*,
Ismena here! —
'Tis all agreed, and now the prince is safe
From the sure vengeance of despairing love.
Now Phædra's rage is chang'd to soft endearments.
She doats, she dies; and few, but tedious days,
With endless joys will crown the happy pair.

ISMENA.

Does he then wed the queen?

LYCON.

At least I think so.

I, when the prince approach'd, not far retir'd
Pale with my doubts: he spoke; th' attentive queen
Dwelt on his accents, and her gloomy eyes
Sparkled with gentler fires: he blushing bow'd,
She trembling, lost in love, with soft confusion
Receiv'd his passion, and return'd her own:
Then smiling turn'd to me, and bid me order
The pompous rites of her ensuing nuptials,
Which I must now pursue. Farewel, Ismena. [*Exit*.

ISMENA.

ISMENA. *And you the show must get*
Then I 'll retire, and not disturb their joys.

CHO. *And the speaker must be*
Stay and learn more.

ISMENA.

Ah! wherefore should I stay?

What! Shall I stay to rave, t' upbraid, to hold him?
To snatch the struggling charmer from her arms?
For could you think that open generous youth
Could with feign'd love deceive a jealous woman?
Could he so soon grow artful in dissembling?
Ah! without doubt his thoughts inspir'd his tongue,
And all his soul receiv'd a real love.
Perhaps new graces darted from her eyes,
Perhaps soft pity charm'd his yielding soul,
Perhaps her love, perhaps her kingdom charm'd him;
Perhaps—Alas! how many things might charm him!

CHO.

Wait the success: it is not yet decided.

ISMENA.

Not yet decided! Did not Lycon tell us
How he protested, sigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd:
How the soft passion languish'd in his eyes?
Yes, yes, he loves, he doats on Phædra's charms.
Now, now he clasps her to his panting breast,
Now he devours her with his eager eyes,
Now grasps her hands, and now he looks, and vows
The dear false things that charm'd the poor Ismena.
He comes: be still, my heart, the tyrant comes,
Charming, though false, and lovely in his guilt.

Enter

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

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Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why hangs that cloudy sorrow on your brow?
Why do you sigh? Why flow your swelling eyes,
Those eyes that us'd with joy to view Hippolitus?

ISMENA.

My lord, my soul is charm'd with your success;
You know, my lord, my fears are but for you,
For your dear life; and since my death alone
Can make you safe, that soon shall make you happy.
Yet had you brought less love to Phædra's arms,
My soul had parted with a less regret,
Blest if surviving in your dear remembrance.

HIPPOLITUS.

Your death! My love! My marriage! And to
Phædra!
Hear me, Ismena.

ISMENA.

No, I dare not hear you.
But though you've been thus cruelly unkind,
Though you have left me for the royal Phædra,
Yet still my soul o'er-runs with fondness t'wards you;
Yet still I die with joy to save Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Die to save me! Could I outlive Ismena!

ISMENA.

Yes, you'd outlive her in your Phædra's arms,
And may you there find every blooming pleasure;
Oh, may the gods shower blessings on thy head!

May

May the gods crown thy glorious arms with conquest,
 And all thy peaceful days with sure repose!
 May'st thou be blest with lovely Phædra's charms,
 And for thy ease forget the lost Ismena!
 Farewel, Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ismena, stay,
 Stay, hear me speak, or by th' infernal powers
 I'll not survive the minute you depart.

ISMENA.

What would you say? Ah! don't deceive my weakness.

HIPPOLITUS.

Deceive thee! Why, Ismena, do you wrong me?
 Why doubt my faith? O lovely, cruel maid!
 Why wound my tender soul with harsh suspicion!
 Oh! by those charming eyes, by thy dear love,
 I neither thought nor spoke, design'd nor promis'd
 To love, or wed the queen.

ISMENA.

Speak on, my lord,
 My honest soul inclines me to believe thee;
 And much I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then thus. I came and spake, but scarce of love;
 The easy queen receiv'd my faint address
 With eager hope and unsuspicious faith.
 Lycón, with seeming joy dismiss'd my guards,
 My generous soul disdain'd the mean deceit,
 But still deceiv'd her to obey Ismena.

ISMENA.

ISMENA.

Art thou then true? Thou art. Oh, pardon me,
Pardon the errors of a silly maid;
Wild with her fears, and mad with jealousy;
For still that fear, that jealousy, was love.
Haste then, my lord, and save yourself by flight;
And when you 're absent, when your god-like form
Shall cease to cheer forlorn Ismena's eyes,
Then let each day, each hour, each minute, bring
Some kind remembrance of your constant love;
Speak of your health, your fortune, and your friends
(For sure those friends shall have my tenderest wishes);
Speak much of all; but of thy dear, dear love,
Speak much, speak very much, and still speak on.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! thy dear love shall ever be my theme,
Of that alone I 'll talk the live-long day;
But thus I 'll talk, thus dwelling in thy eyes,
Tasting the odours of thy fragrant bosom.
Come then to crown me with immortal joys,
Come, be the kind companion of my flight,
Come haste with me to leave this fatal shore.
The bark before prepar'd for my departure
Expects its freight, a hundred lusty rowers
Have wav'd their lineawy arms, and call'd Hippolitus;
The loosen'd canvas trembles with the wind,
And the Sea whitens with auspicious gales.

ISMENA.

Fly then, my lord, and may the gods protect thee;
Fly, ere insidious Lycon work thy ruin;
Fly,

Fly, ere my fondness talk thy life away;

Fly from the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

But not from my Ismena.

Why do you force me from your heavenly sight,

With those dear arms that ought to clasp me to thee?

ISMENA.

Oh I could rave for ever at my fate!

And with alternate love and fear possess'd;

Now force thee from my arms, now snatch thee to my

breast,

And tremble till you go, but die till you return.

Nay, I could go—Ye gods, if I should go,

What would fame say? If I should fly alone

With a young lovely prince that charm'd my soul?

HIPPOLITUS.

Say you did well to fly a certain ruin,

To fly the fury of a queen incens'd,

To crown with endless joys the youth that lov'd you.

O! by the joys our mutual loves have brought,

By the blest hours I've languish'd at your feet,

By all the love you ever bore Hippolitus,

Come fly from hence, and make him ever happy.

ISMENA.

Hide me, ye powers; I never shall resist.

HIPPOLITUS.

Will you refuse me? Can I leave behind me

All that inspires my soul, and cheers my eyes?

Will you not go? Then here I'll wait my doom.

Come, raving Phædra, bloody Lycon come!

I offer

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

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I offer to your rage this worthless life,
Since 'tis no longer my Ismena's care.

ISMENA.

O! haste away, my lord; I go, I fly
Through all the dangers of the boisterous deep.
When the wind whistles through the crackling masts,
When through the yawning ship the foaming sea
Rowls bubbling in; then, then I'll clasp thee fast,
And in transporting love forget my fear.
Oh! I will wander through the Scythian gloom,
O'er ice, and hills of everlasting snow:
There, when the horrid darkness shall enclose us,
When the bleak wind shall chill my shivering limbs,
Thou shalt alone supply the distant sun,
And chear my gazing eyes, and warm my heart.

HIPPOLITUS.

Come, let's away, and like another Jason
I'll bear my beauteous conquest through the seas:
A greater treasure, and a nobler prize
Than he from Colchos bore. Sleep, sleep in peace,
Ye monsters of the woods, on Ida's top
Securely roam; no more my early horn
Shall wake the lazy day. Transporting love
Reigns in my heart, and makes me all its own.

So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms;
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows scatter'd, and his bow unstrung:
Obscure in coverts lye his dreaming hounds,
And bay the fancy'd boar with feeble sounds.

K

For

For nobler sports he quits the savage fields,
And all the hero to the lover yields.

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

HEAVEN is at last appeas'd; the pitying gods
Have heard our wishes, and auspicious Jove
Smiles on his native isle; for Phædra lives,
Restor'd to Crete, and to herself, she lives;
Joy with fresh strength inspires her drooping limbs,
Revives her charms, and o'er her faded cheeks
Spreads a fresh rosy bloom, as kindly springs
With genial heat renew the frozen earth,
And paint its smiling face with gaudy flowers.
But see she comes, the beauteous Phædra comes.

Enter PHÆDRA.

How her eyes sparkle! How their radiant beams
Confess their shining ancestor the sun!
Your charms to-day will wound despairing crowds,
And give the pains you suffer'd: Nay, Hippolitus
The fierce, the brave, th' insensible Hippolitus
Shall pay a willing homage to your beauty,
And in his turn adore——

PHÆDRA

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

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PHÆDRA.

'Tis flattery all;
Yet when you name the prince, that flattery's pleasing.
You wish it so, poor good old man, you wish it.
The fertile province of Cydonia's thine;
Is there aught else? Has happy Phædra aught,
In the wide circle of her far-stretch'd empire?
Ask, take, my friend, secure of no repulse?
Let spacious Crete through all her hundred cities
Resound her Phædra's joy. Let altars smoke,
And richest gums, and spice, and incense, roll
Their fragrant wreaths to Heaven, to pitying Heaven,
Which gives Hippolitus to Phædra's arms.
Set all at large, and bid the loathsome dungeons
Give up the meagre slaves that pine in darkness,
And waste in grief, as did despairing Phædra:
Let them be cheer'd, let the starv'd prisoners riot,
And glow with generous wine.—Let sorrow cease.
Let none be wretched, none, since Phædra's happy.
But now he comes, and with an equal passion
Rewards my flame, and springs into my arms!

Enter Messenger.

Say, where's the prince?

MESSENGER.

He's no where to be found,

PHÆDRA.

Perhaps he hunts.

MESSENGER.

He hunted not to-day.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Ha! Have you search'd the walks, the courts, the
temples?

MESSENGER.

Search'd all in vain.

PHÆDRA.

Did he not hunt to-day?

Alas! you told me once before he did not.

My heart misgives me.

LYCON.

So indeed doth mine.

PHÆDRA.

Could he deceive me? Could that god-like youth
Design the ruin of a queen that loves him?
Oh! he's all truth, his words, his looks, his eyes,
Open to view his inmost thoughts.—He comes!
Ha! Who art thou? Whence com'st thou? Where?
Hippolitus?

MESSENGER.

Madam, Hippolitus with fair Ismena
Drove toward the port—

PHÆDRA.

With fair Ismena!

Curs'd be her cruel beauty, curst her charms,
Curst all her soothing, fatal, false endearments.
That heavenly virgin, that exalted goodness
Could see me tortur'd with despairing love,
With artful tears could mourn my monstrous sufferings,
While her base malice plotted my destruction.

LYCON.

LYCON.

A thousand reasons croud upon my soul,
That evidence their love.

PHÆDRA.

Yes, yes, they love;
Why else should he refuse my proffer'd bed?
Why should one warm'd with youth, and thirst of
glory,
Disdain a soul, a form, a crown like mine?

LYCON.

Where, Lycon, where was then thy boasted cunning?
Dull, thoughtless wretch!

PHÆDRA.

O pains unfelt before!
The grief, despair, the agonies, and pangs,
All the wild fury of distracted love,
Are nought to this.—Say, famous politician,
Where, when, and how, did their first passion rise?
Where did they breathe their sighs? What shady groves?
What gloomy woods, conceal'd their hidden loves?
Alas! they hid it not, the well-pleas'd sun
With all his beams survey'd their guiltless flame;
Glad Zephyrs wafted their untainted sighs,
And Ida echo'd their endearing accents.
While I, the shame of nature, hid in darkness,
Far from the balmy air and cheering light,
Prest down my sighs, and dry'd my falling tears;
Searcht a retreat to mourn, and watcht to grieve.

LYCON.

Now cease that grief, and let your injur'd love

Contrive due vengeance; let majestic Phædra,
 That lov'd the hero, sacrifice the villain.
 Then haste, send forth your ministers of vengeance,
 To snatch the traitor from your rival's arms,
 And force him trembling to your awful presence,

PHÆDRA.

O rightly thought! — Dispatch th' attending guards,
 Bid them bring forth their instruments of death;
 Darts, engines, flames, and launch into the deep,
 And hurl swift vengeance on the perjurd slave.
 Where am I, gods? What is't my rage commands?
 Ev'n now he's gone? Ev'n now the well-tim'd oars
 With sounding strokes divide the sparkling waves,
 And happy gales assist their speedy flight.
 Now they embrace, and ardent love enflames
 Their flushing cheeks, and trembles in their eyes.
 Now they expose my weakness and my crimes:
 Now to the sporting crowd they tell my follies!

Enter CRATANDER.

CRATANDER.

Sir, as I went to seize the persons order'd
 I met the prince, and with him fair Ismena;
 I seiz'd the prince, who now attends without.

PHÆDRA.

Haste, bring him in.

LYCON.

Be quick, and seize Ismena.

Enter

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS. 135

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

PHÆDRA.

Couldst thou deceive me? Could a son of Theseus
Stoop to so mean, so base a vice as fraud?
Nay, act such monstrous perfidy, yet start
From promis'd love?

HIPPOLITUS.

My soul disdain'd a promise.

PHÆDRA.

But yet your false equivocating tongue,
Your looks, your eyes, your every motion promis'd.
But you are ripe in frauds, and learn'd in falsehoods.
Look down, O Theseus, and behold thy son,
As Sciron faithless, as Procrustes cruel.
Behold the crimes, the tyrants, all the monsters,
From which thy valour purg'd the groaning earth:
Behold them all in thy own son reviv'd.

HIPPOLITUS.

Touch not my glory, lest you stain your own;
I still have strove to make my glorious father
Blush, yet rejoice to see himself outdone;
To mix my parents in my lineal virtues,
As Theseus just, and as Camilla chaste.

PHÆDRA.

The godlike Theseus never was thy parent.
No, 'twas some monthly Cappadocian drudge,
Obedient to the scourge, and beaten to her arms,
Begot thee, traitor, on the chaste Camilla.
Camilla chaste! An Amazon and chaste!

K 4

That

That quits her sex, and yet retains her virtue.
 See the chaste matron mount the neighing steed;
 In strict embraces lock the struggling warrior,
 And choose the lover in the sturdy foe.

*Enter MESSENGER, and seems to talk earnestly with
 LYCON.*

HIPPOLITUS.

No; she refus'd the vows of godlike Theseus,
 And chose to stand his arms, not meet his love;
 And doubtful was the fight. The wide Thermodoon
 Heard the huge strokes resound, its frightened waves
 Convey'd the rattling din to distant shores,
 Whilst she alone supported all his war:
 Nor till she sunk beneath his thundering arm,
 Beneath which, warlike nations bow'd, would yield
 To honest wish'd for love.

PHÆDRA.

Not so her son;
 Who boldly ventures on forbidden flames,
 On one descended from the cruel Pallas,
 Foe to thy father's person and his blood;
 Hated by him, of kindred yet more hated,
 The last of all the wicked race he ruin'd.
 In vain a fierce successive hatred reign'd
 Between your sires: in vain, like Cadmus' race,
 With mingled blood they dy'd the blushing earth.

HIPPOLITUS.

In vain indeed, since now the war is o'er;
 We, like the Theban race, agree to love,

And

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS. 137

And by our mutual flames and future offspring,
Atone for slaughter past.

PHÆDRA.

Your future offspring.

Heavens ! What a medley's this ? What dark confusion,
Of blood and death, of murder and relation ?

What joy t' had been to old disabled Theseus,
When he should take thy offspring in his arms ?

Ev'n in his arms to hold an infant Pallas,

And he upbraided with his grandfire's fate.

Oh barbarous youth !

LYCON.

Too barbarous I fear.

Perhaps even now his faction's up in arms,

Since waving crowds roll onwards tow'rd's the palace,

And rend the city with tumultuous clamours !

Perhaps to murder Phædra and her son,

And give the crown to him and his Ismena :

But I'll prevent it. [Exit Lycon.

ISMENA brought in.

PHÆDRA.

What ! the kind Ismena

That nurs'd me, watch'd my sickness ! Oh she watch'd
me,

As ravenous vultures watch the dying lion,

To tear his heart, and riot in his blood.

Hark ! Hark, my little infant cries for justice !

Oh ! be pleas'd my babe, thou shalt have justice.

Now all the spirits of my god-like race

Enflame

Enflame my soul, and urge me on to vengeance;
 Arsamnes, Minos, Jove, th' avenging sun,
 Inspire my fury, and demand my justice.
 Oh! ye shall have it; thou, Minos, shalt applaud it;
 Yes thou shalt copy it in their pains below.
 Gods of revenge, arise.—He comes! He comes!
 And stoots himself through all my kindling blood.
 I have it here.—Now base perfidious wretch,
 Now sigh, and weep, and tremble in thy turn.
 Yes, your Ismena shall appease my vengeance.
 Ismena dies: And thou her pitying lover
 Doom'dst her to death.—Thou too shalt see her bleed;
 See her convulsive pangs, and hear her dying groans:
 Go, glut thy eyes with thy ador'd Ismena,
 And laugh at dying Phædra!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh Ismena!

ISMENA.

Alas! My tender soul would shrink at death,
 Shake with its fears, and sink beneath its pains,
 In any cause but this.—But now I'm steel'd,
 And the near danger lessens to my fight.
 Now, if I live, 'tis only for Hippolitus,
 And with an equal joy I'll die to save him.
 Yes, for his sake I'll go a willing shade,
 And wait his coming in th' Elysian fields,
 And there enquire of each descending ghost
 Of my lov'd hero's welfare, life, and honour.
 That dear remembrance will improve the bliss;
 Add to th' Elysian joys, and make that Heaven more
 happy.

HIPPO-

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh heavenly virgin! [*Aside.*]—O imperial Phædra,
Let your rage fall on this devoted head;
But spare, oh! spare a guiltless virgin's life:
Think of her youth, her innocence, her virtue;
Think, with what warm compassion she bemoan'd you;
Think, how she serv'd and watch'd you in your sickness!

How ev'ry rising and descending sun
Saw kind Ismena watching o'er the queen.
I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
And I, and only I, should feel your justice.

ISMENA.

Oh! by those powers, to whom I soon must answer
For all my faults, by that bright arch of Heaven
I now last see, I wrought him by my wiles,
By tears, by threats, by every female art,
Wrought his disdainful soul to false compliance.
The son of Theseus could not think of fraud,
'Twas woman all.

PHÆDRA.

I see 'twas woman all.
And woman's fraud should meet with woman's vengeance.

But yet thy courage, truth, and virtue shock me;
A love so warm, so firm, so like my own.
Oh! had the gods so pleas'd; had bounteous Heaven
Bestow'd Hippolitus on Phædra's arms,
So had I stood the shock of angry fate;
So had I given my life with joy to save him.

HIPPO.

HIPPOLITUS.

And can you doom her death? Can Minos' daughter
 Condemn the virtue which her soul admires?
 Are not you Phædra? Once the boast of fame,
 Shame of our sex, and pattern of your own.

PHÆDRA.

Am I that Phædra? No. — Another soul
 Informs my alter'd frame. Could else Ismena
 Provoke my hatred, yet deserve my love?
 Aid me, ye gods, support my sinking glory,
 Restore my reason, and confirm my virtue.
 Yet, is my rage unjust? Then, why was Phædra
 Rescued for torment, and preserv'd for pain?
 Why did you raise me to the height of joy,
 Above the wreck of clouds and storms below,
 To dash and break me on the ground for ever?

ISMENA.

Was it not time to urge him to compliance?
 At least to feign it, when perfidious Lycon
 Confin'd his person, and conspir'd his death.

PHÆDRA.

Confin'd and doom'd to death — O cruel Lycon!
 Could I have doom'd thy death? — Could these fall
 eyes

That lov'd thee living e'er behold thee dead?
 Yet thou could'st see me die without concern,
 Rather than save a wretched queen from ruin.
 Else could you chuse to trust the warring winds,
 The swelling waves, the rocks, the faithless sands,
 And all the raging monsters of the deep

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

Oh ! think you see me on the naked shore.
Thick how I scream and tear my scatter'd hair ;
Break from the embraces of my shrieking maids,
And harrow on the sand my bleeding bosom :
Then catch with wide-stretch'd arms the empty billows,
And headlong plunge into the gaping deep ;

HIPPOLITUS.

O, dismal state ! My bleeding heart relents,
And all my thoughts dissolve in tenderest pity.

PHÆDRA.

If you can pity, O ! refuse not love ;
But stoop to rule in Crete, the seat of heroes,
And nursery of gods——A hundred cities
Court thee for lord, where the rich busy crouds
Struggle for passage through the spacious streets ;
Where thousand ships o'ershade the lessening main,
And tire the labouring wind. The suppliant nations
Bow to its ensigns, and with lower'd sails
Confess the ocean's queen. For thee alone
The winds shall blow, and the vast ocean roll.
For thee alone the fam'd Cydonian warriors
From twanging yews shall send their fatal shafts.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me march their leader, not their prince ;
And at the head of your renown'd Cydonians,
Brandish this far-fam'd sword of conquering Theseus ;
That I may shake th' Egyptian tyrant's yoke
From Asia's neck, and fix it on his own ;
That willing nations may obey your laws,
And your bright ancestor the sun may shine.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

On nought but Phædra's empire.

PHÆDRA.

Why not thine ?

Dost thou so far detest my proffer'd bed,

As to refuse my crown ?——O, cruel youth !

By all the pain that wrings my tortur'd soul !

By all the dear deceitful hopes you gave me ;

O ! ease, at least once more delude, my sorrows.

For your dear sake I 've lost my darling honour ;

For you, but now I gave my soul to death :

For you I 'd quit my crown, and stoop beneath

The happy bondage of an humble wife.

With thee I 'd climb the steepy Ida's summit,

And in the scorching heat and chilling dews,

O'er hills, o'er vales, pursue the shaggy lion ;

Careless of danger and of wasting toil ;

Of pinching hunger and impatient thirst ;

I 'd find all joys in thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why stoops the queen

To ask, intreat, to supplicate and pray,

To prostitute her crown and sex's honour,

To one whose humble thoughts can only rise

To be your slave, not lord ?

PHÆDRA.

And is that all :

Gods ! Does he deign to force an artful groan ?

Or call a tear from his unwilling eyes,

Hard as his native rocks, cold as his sword,

Fierce as the wolves that howl'd around his birth ?

He hates the tyrant, and the suppliant scorns.

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

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O Heaven! O Minos! O imperial Jove!
Do ye not blush at my degenerate weakness!
Hence lazy, mean, ignoble passion, fly;
Hence from my soul—'Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever,
And Heaven inspires my thoughts with righteous
vengeance.

Thou shalt no more despise my offer'd love;
No more Hymena shall upbraid my weakness.

[Catches Hip. sword to stab herself.]

Now all ye kindred gods look down and see,
How I 'll revenge you, and myself, on Phædra.

Enter LYCON, and snatches away the sword.

LYCON.

Horror on horror! Theseus is return'd.

PHÆDRA.

Theseus! Then what have I to do with life?

May I be snatch'd with winds, by earth o'erwhelm'd,
Rather than view the face of injur'd Theseus.

Now wider still my growing horrors spread,
My fame, my virtue, nay, my frenzy 's fled:
Then view thy wretched blood, imperial Jove,
If crimes enrage you, or misfortunes move;
On me your flames, on me your bolts employ,
Me if your anger spares, your pity should destroy.

[Runs off.]

LYCON.

This may do service yet.

[Exit LYCON, carries off the sword.]

HIPPOLITUS,

HIPPOLITUS.

Is he return'd? Thanks to the pitying gods.
 Shall I again behold his awful eyes?
 Again be folded in his loving arms?
 Yet in the midst of joy I fear for Phædra;
 I fear his warmth and unrelenting justice.
 O! should her raging passion reach his ears,
 His tender love, by anger fir'd, would turn
 To burning rage; as soft Cydonian oil,
 Whose balmy juice glides o'er th' untasting tongue,
 Yet touch'd with fire, with hottest flames will blare.
 But oh ye powers! I see his godlike form.
 O extasy of joy! He comes, he comes!
 Is it my lord? My father? Oh! 'tis he:
 I see him, touch him, feel his known embraces,
 See all the father in his joyful eyes.

Enter THESEUS, with others.

Where have you been, my lord? What angry demon
 Hid you from Crete? From me?—What god has sav'd
 you?
 Did not Philotas see you fall? O answer me!
 And then I'll ask a thousand questions more.

THESEUS.

No: But to save my life I feign'd my death;
 My horse and well-known arms confirm'd the tale,
 And hinder'd farther search. This honest Greek
 Conceal'd me in his house, and cur'd my wounds;
 Procur'd a vessel, and, to bless me more,
 Accompany'd my flight.—

But

But this at leisure. Let me now indulge
A father's fondness ; let me snatch thee thus ;
Thus fold thee in my arms. Such, such, was I
[Embraces Hippolitus,

When first I saw thy mother, chaste Camilla ;
And much she lov'd me.—Oh ! Did Phædra view me
With half that fondness !——But she 's still unkind ;
Else hasty joy had brought her to these arms.
To welcome me to liberty, to life ;
And make that life a blessing. Come, my son,
Let us to Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

Pardon me, my lord.

THESEUS.

Forget her former treatment ; she 's too good
Still to persist in hatred to my son.

HIPPOLITUS.

O ! Let me fly from Crete,——from you, [Aside.
and Phædra.

THESEUS.

My son, what means this turn ? this sudden start ?
Why would you fly from Crete, and from your father ?

HIPPOLITUS.

Not from my father, but from lazy Crete ;
To follow danger, and acquire renown :
To quell the monsters that escap'd your sword,
And make the world confess me Theseus' son.

THESEUS.

What can this coldness mean ? Retire, my son,
[Exit Hippolitus.

L

While

While I attend the queen. — What shock is this?
 Why tremble thus my limbs? why faints my heart?
 Why am I thrill'd with fear, till now unknown?
 Where 's now the joy, the extasy, and transport,
 That warm'd my soul, and urg'd me on to Phædra?
 O! had I never lov'd her, I 'd been blest.

Sorrow and joy, in love, alternate reign;
 Sweet is the bliss, distracting is the pain.
 So when the Nile its fruitful deluge spreads,
 And genial heat informs its slimy beds;
 Here yellow harvests crown the fertile plain,
 There monstrous serpents fright the labouring swain:
 A various product fills the fatten'd sand,
 And the same floods enrich and curse the land.

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

Enter LYCON solus.

LYCON.

THIS may gain time till all my wealth 's embark'd,
 To ward my foes revenge, and finish mine,
 And shake that empire which I can't possess.
 But then the queen — She dies — Why let her die;
 Let wide destruction seize on all together,
 So Lycon live. — A safe triumphant exile,

Great

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

Great in disgrace, and envy'd in his fall.
The queen!—then try thy art, and work her passions.

Enter Phædra and Attendants.

Draw her to act what most her soul abhors,
Possess her whole, and speak thyself in Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Off, let me loose; why, cruel barbarous maids,
Why am I barr'd from death, the common refuge
That spreads its hospitable arms for all?
Why must I drag th' insufferable load
Of foul dishonour, and despairing love?
Oh! length of pain! Am I so often dying,
And yet not dead? Feel I so oft death's pangs,
Nor once can find its ease?

LYCON.

Would you now die?

Now quit the field to your insulting foe?
Then shall he triumph o'er your blasted name:
Ages to come, the universe, shall learn
The wide immortal infamy of Phædra:
And the poor babe, the idol of your soul,
The lovely image of your dear dead lord,
Shall be upbraided with his mother's crimes;
Shall bear your shame, shall sink beneath your faults;
Inherit your disgrace, but not your crown.

PHÆDRA.

Must he too fall, involv'd in my destruction,
And only live to curse the name of Phædra?

Oh dear, unhappy babe! must I bequeath thee
Only a sad inheritance of woe?

Gods! cruel gods! can't all my pains atone,
Unless they reach my infant's guiltless head?
Oh lost estate! when life 's so sharp a torment,
And death itself can't ease! Assist me, Lycon,
Advise, speak comfort to my troubled soul.

LYCON.

'Tis you must drive that trouble from your soul;
As streams, when dam'd, forget their ancient current,
And wondering at their banks, in other channels flow;
So must you bend your thoughts from hopeless love,
So turn their course to Theseus' happy bosom,
And crown his eager hopes with wish'd enjoyment:
Then with fresh charms adorn your troubled looks,
Display the beauties first inspir'd his soul,
Soothe with your voice, and woo him with your eyes.

PHÆDRA.

Impossible! What woo him with these eyes.
Still wet with tears that flow'd—but not for Theseus?
This tongue so us'd to sound another name;
What! take him to my arms! Oh awful Juno!
Touch, love, caress him! while my wandering fancy
On other objects strays? A lewd adulteress
In the chaste bed? And in the father's arms,
(Oh horrid thought! Oh execrable incest!)
Ev'n in the father's arms embrace the son?

LYCON.

Yet you must see him, lest impatient love

Should

Should urge his temper to too nice a search,
And ill-tim'd absence should disclose your crime.

PHÆDRA.

Could I, when present to his awful eyes,
Conceal the wild disorders of my soul?
Would not my groans, my looks, my speech, betray
me?

Betray thee, Phædra! then thou 'rt not betray'd!
Live, live secure, adoring Crete conceals thee:
Thy pious love, and most endearing goodness,
Will charm the kind Hippolitus to silence.
Oh wretched Phædra! oh ill-guarded secret!
To foes alone disclos'd!

LYCON.

I needs must fear them.
Spight of their oaths, their vows, their imprecations.

PHÆDRA.

Do imprecations, oaths, or vows avail!
I too have sworn, ev'n at the altar sworn
Eternal love and endless faith to Theseus;
And yet am false, forsworn: The hallow'd shrine,
That heard me swear, is witness to my falsehood.
The youth, the very author of my crimes,
Ev'n he shall tell the fault himself inspir'd;
The fatal eloquence, that charm'd my soul,
Shall lavish all its art to my destruction.

LYCON.

Oh he will tell it all!—Destruction seize him!—
With seeming grief, and aggravating pity,
And more to blacken, will excuse your folly;

False tears shall wet his unrelenting eyes,
 And his glad heart with artful sighs shall heave;
 Then Theseus—How will indignation swell
 His mighty heart! How his majestic frame
 Will shake with rage too fierce, too swift for vent!
 How he'll expose you to the public scorn,
 And loathing crowds shall murmur out their horror!
 Then the fierce Scythian—Now methinks I see
 His fiery eyes with sullen pleasures glow,
 Survey your tortures, and insult your pangs;
 I see him, smiling on the pleas'd Ismena,
 Point out with scorn the once proud tyrant Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Curst be his name! May infamy attend him!
 May swift destruction fall upon his head,
 Hurl'd by the hand of those he most adores!

LYCON.

By Heaven, prophetic truth inspires your tongue!
 He shall endure the shame he means to give;
 And all the torments which he heaps on you,
 With just revenge, shall Theseus turn on him.

PHÆDRA.

Is 't possible? Oh Lycon! Oh my refuge!
 Oh good old man! Thou oracle of wisdom!
 Declare the means, that Phædra may adore thee.

LYCON.

Accuse him first.

PHÆDRA.

Oh Heavens! Accuse the guiltless!

LYCON.

LYCON.

Then be accus'd; let Theseus know your crime;
Let lasting infamy o'erwhelm your glory;
Let your foe triumph, and your infant fall—
Shake off this idle lethargy of pity,
With ready war prevent th' invading foe,
Preserve your glory, and secure your vengeance;
Be yours the fruit, security, and ease;
The guilt, the danger, and the labour, mine.

PHÆDRA.

Heavens! Theseus comes!

Enter THESEUS.

LYCON.

Declare your last resolves.

PHÆDRA.

Do you resolve, for Phædra can do nothing.

[Exit Phædra.]

LYCON.

Now, Lycon, heighen his impatient love,
Now raise his pity, now enflame his rage,
Quicken his hopes, then quash them with despair;
Work his tumultuous passions into frenzy;
Unite them all, then turn them on the foe.

THESEUS.

Was that my queen, my wife, my idol, Phædra?
Does she still shun me? Oh injurious Heaven!
Why did you give me back again to life?
Why did you save me from the rage of battle,
To let me fall by her more fatal hatred?

L. 4.

LYCON.

LYCON.

Her hatred ! No, she loves you with such fondness,
 As none but that of Theseus e'er could equal ;
 Yet so the gods have doom'd, so Heaven will have it,
 She ne'er must view her much-lov'd Theseus more.

THESEUS.

Not see her ! By my sufferings but I will,
 Though troops embattled should oppose my passage,
 And ready death should guard the fatal way.
 Not see her ! Oh I'll clasp her in these arms,
 Break through the idle bands that yet have held me,
 And seize the joys my honest love may claim.

LYCON.

Is this a time for joy ? when Phædra's grief —

THESEUS.

Is this a time for grief ? Is this my welcome
 To air, to life, to liberty, and Crète ?
 Not this I hop'd, when, urg'd by ardent love,
 I wing'd my eager way to Phædra's arms ;
 Then to my thoughts relenting Phædra flew,
 With open arms, to welcome my return,
 With kind endearing blame condemn'd my rashness,
 And made me swear to venture out no more.
 Oh ! my warm soul, my boiling fancy glow'd
 With charming hopes of yet untasted joys ;
 New pleasures fill'd my mind, all dangers, pains,
 Wars, wounds, defeats, in that dear hope were lost.
 And does she now avoid my eager love,
 Pursue me still with unrelenting hatred,

Invent

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

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Invent new pains, detest, loath, shun my sight,
Fly my return, and sorrow for my safety?

LYCON.

O think not so! for, by th' unerring gods,
When first I told her of your wish'd return,
When the lov'd name of Theseus reach'd her ears,
At that dear name she rear'd her drooping head,
Her feeble hands, and watery eyes, to Heaven,
To bless the bounteous gods: at that dear name
The raging tempest of her grief was calm'd;
Her sighs were hush'd, and tears forgot to flow.

THESEUS.

Did my return bring comfort to her sorrow?
Then haste, conduct me to the lovely mourner:
O I will kiss the pearly drops away;
Suck from her rosy lips the fragrant sighs;
With other sighs her panting breast shall heave,
With other dews her swimming eyes shall melt,
With other pangs her throbbing heart shall beat,
And all her sorrows shall be lost in love.

LYCON.

Does Theseus burn with such unheard-of passion?
And must not she with out-stretch'd arms receive him,
And with an equal ardour meet his vows,
The vows of one so dear! O righteous gods!
Why must the bleeding heart of Theseus bear
Such torturing pangs? while Phædra, dead to love,
Now with accusing eyes on angry Heaven
Stedfastly gazes, and upbraids the gods;
Now with dumb piercing grief, and humble shame,

Fixes

Fixes her gloomy watry orbs to earth;
Now burst with swelling anguish, rends the skies
With loud complaints of her outrageous wrongs?

THESEUS.

Wrong'd! Is she wrong'd? and lives he yet who
wrong'd her?

LYCON.

He lives, so great, so happy, so belov'd,
That Phædra scarce can hope, scarce wish revenge.

THESEUS.

Shall Theseus live, and not revenge his Phædra?
Gods! shall this arm, renown'd for righteous ven-
geance,

For quelling tyrants, and redressing wrongs,
Now fail? now first, when Phædra's injur'd, fail?
Speak, Lycon, haste, declare the secret villain,
The wretch so meanly base to injure Phædra,
So rashly brave to dare the sword of Theseus.

LYCON.

I dare not speak; but sure her wrongs are mighty:
The pale cold hue that deadens all her charms,
Her sighs, her hollow groans, her flowing tears,
Make me suspect her monstrous grief will end her.

THESEUS.

End her? end Theseus first, and all mankind;
But most that villain, that detested slave,
That brutal coward, that dark lurking wretch!

LYCON.

O noble heat of unexampled love!
This Phædra hop'd, when in the midst of grief,

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In the wild torrent of o'erwhelming sorrows,
She, groaning, still invok'd, still call'd on Theseus.

THESEUS.

Did she then name me! Did the weeping charmer
Invoke my name, and call for aid on Theseus?

Oh that lov'd voice upbraided my delay.

Why then this stay? I come, I fly, oh Phædra!

Lead on—Now, dark disturber of my peace,

If now thou 'rt known, what luxury of vengeance—

Haste, lead, conduct me.

LYCON.

Oh! I beg you stay.

THESEUS.

What! stay when Phædra calls?

LYCON.

Oh! on my knees,

By all the gods, my lord, I beg you stay;

As you respect your peace, your life, your glory;

As Phædra's days are precious to your soul;

By all your love, by all her sorrows, stay.

THESEUS.

Where lies the danger? wherefore should I stay?

LYCON.

Your sudden presence would surprize her soul,

Renew the galling image of her wrongs,

Revive her sorrow, indignation, shame;

And all your son would strike her from your eyes.

THESEUS.

My son!—But he's too good, too brave to wrong
her.

—Whence then that shocking change, that strong
surprize ;

That fright that seiz'd him at the name of Phædra !

LYCON.

Was he surpriz'd ? that shew'd at least remorse.

THESEUS.

Remorse ! for what ? By Heavens, my troubled
thoughts

Prefage some dire attempt. — Say, what remorse !

LYCON.

I would not — yet I must. — This you com-
mand ;

This Phædra orders ; thrice her faltering tongue
Bad me unfold the guilty scene to Theseus ;

Thrice with loud cries recall'd me on my way,

And blam'd my speed, and chid my rash obedience,

Lest the unwelcome tale should wound your peace.

At last, with looks serenely sad, she cry'd,

Go, tell it all ; but in such artful words,

Such tender accents, and such melting sounds,

As may appease his rage, and move his pity ;

As may incline him to forgive his son

A grievous fault, but still a fault of love.

THESEUS.

Of love ! what strange suspicions rack my soul ?

As you regard my peace, declare, what love !

LYCON.

So urg'd, I must declare ; yet, pitying Heaven,

Why must I speak ? Why must unwilling Lycon

Accuse the prince of impious love to Phædra ?

Love

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

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THESEUS.

Love to his mother! to the wife of Theseus!

LYCON.

Yes, at the moment first he view'd her eyes,
Ev'n at the altar, when you join'd your hands,
His easy heart receiv'd the guilty flame,
And from that time he prest her with his passion.

THESEUS.

Then 't was for this she banish'd him from Crete;
I thought it hatred all: O righteous hatred!
Forgive me, Heaven; forgive me, injur'd Phædra,
That I in secret have condemn'd thy justice.
Oh! 't was all just, and Theseus shall revenge,
Ev'n on his son, revenge his Phædra's wrongs.

LYCON.

What easy tools are these blunt honest heroes,
Who with keen hunger gorge the naked hook,
Prevent the bait the statesman's art prepares,
And post to ruin! — Go, believing fool,
Go act thy far-fam'd justice on thy son,
Next on thyself, and both make way for Lycon. [*Aside.*]

THESEUS.

Ha! am I sure she 's wrong'd? perhaps 't is malice.
Slave, make it clear, make good your accusation,
Or treble fury shall revenge my son.

LYCON.

Am I then doubted! and can faithful Lycon
Be thought to forge such execrable falsehoods?
Gods! when the queen unwillingly complains,
Can you suspect her truth? O godlike Theseus!

Is.

Love

Is this the love you bear unhappy Phædra !
 Is this her hop'd-for aid ! Go, wretched matron,
 Sigh to the winds, and rend th' unpitied heavens
 With thy vain sorrows ; since relentless Theseus,
 Thy hope, thy refuge, Theseus, will not hear thee !

THESEUS.

Not hear my Phædra ! Not revenge her wrongs !
 Speak, make thy proofs, and then his doom 's as fix'd
 As when Jove speaks, and high Olympus shakes,
 And Fate his voice obeys.

LYCON.

Bear witness, Heaven !
 With what reluctance I produce this sword,
 This fatal proof against th' unhappy prince,
 Left it should work your justice to his ruin,
 And prove he aim'd at force, as well as incest.

THESEUS.

Gods ! 't is illusion all ! Is this the sword
 By which Procrustes, Scyron, Pallas fell ?
 Is this the weapon which my darling son
 Swore to employ in nought but acts of honour ?
 Now, faithful youth, thou nobly hast fulfill'd
 Thy generous promise. O most injur'd Phædra !
 Why did I trust to his deceitful form ?
 Why blame thy justice, or suspect thy truth ?

LYCON.

Had you this morn beheld his ardent eyes,
 Seen his arm lock'd in her dishevel'd hair,
 That weapon glittering o'er her trembling bosom,
 Whilst she with screams refus'd his impious love,

Entreating

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS. 15

Entreating death, and rising to the wound.

Oh! had you seen her, when the frighted youth
Retir'd at your approach: had you then seen her,
In the chaste transports of becoming fury,
Seize on the sword to pierce her guiltless bosom,
Had you seen this, you could not doubt her truth.

THESEUS.

Oh impious monster! Oh forgive me, Phædra!
And may the gods inspire my injur'd soul
With equal vengeance that may suit his crimes.

LYCON.

For Phædra's sake, forbear to talk of vengeance;
That with new pains would wound her tender breast;
Send him away from Crete, and by his absence
Give Phædra quiet; and afford him mercy.

THESEUS.

Mercy! for what! Oh! well has he rewarded
Poor Phædra's mercy.—Oh most barbarous traitor!
To wrong such beauty, and insult such goodness.
Mercy! what 's that? a virtue coin'd by villains;
Who praise the weakness which supports their crimes.
Be mute, and fly, lest when my rage is rous'd,
Thou for thyself in vain implore my mercy.

LYCON.

Dull fool, I laugh at mercy more than thou dost,
More than I do the justice thou 'rt so fond of.
Now come, young hero, to thy father's arms,
Receive the due reward of haughty virtue;
Now boast thy race, and laugh at earth-born Lycon.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

THESEUS.

Yet can it be?—Is this th' incestuous villain?
How great his presence, how erect his look,
How every grace, how all his virtuous mother
Shines in his face, and charms me from his eyes!
Oh Neptune! Oh, great founder of our race!
Why was he fram'd with such a godlike look?
Why wears he not some most detested form,
Baleful to sight, as horrible to thought;
That I might act my justice without grief,
Punish the villain, nor regret the son?

HIPPOLITUS.

May I presume to ask, what secret care
Broods in your breast, and clouds your royal brow?
Why dart your awful eyes those angry beams,
And fright Hippolitus, they us'd to cheer?

THESEUS.

Answer me first: when call'd to wait on Phædra,
What sudden fear surpriz'd your troubled soul?
Why did your ebbing blood forsake your cheeks?
Why did you hasten from your father's arms,
To shun the queen your duty bids you please?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, to please the queen, I'm forc'd to shun her,
And keep this hated object from her sight.

THESEUS.

Say, what's the cause of her inveterate hatred?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, as yet I never gave her cause.

THESEUS.

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THESEUS.

Oh were it so! [*Aside:*] When last did you attend her?

HIPPOLITUS.

When last attend her?—Oh unhappy queen! Your error 's known, yet I disdain to wrong you, Or to betray a fault myself have caus'd. [*Aside.*]
When last attend her?—

THESEUS.

Answer me directly;
Nor dare to trifle with your father's rage.

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, this very morn I saw the queen.

THESEUS.

What pass'd?

HIPPOLITUS.

I ask'd permission to retire.

THESEUS.

And was that all?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, I humbly beg
With the most low submissions, ask no more.

THESEUS.

Yet you don't answer with your low submissions.
Answer, or never hope to see me more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling;
And the poor queen's betray'd and lost for ever. [*Aside.*]

THESEUS.

He changes, gods! and falters at the question:

M.

His.

His fears, his words, his looks declare him guilty.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why do you frown, my lord? Why turn away,
As from some loathsome monster, not your son?

THESEUS.

Thou art that monster, and no more my son.
Not one of those of the most horrid form,
Of which my hand has eas'd the burthen'd earth,
Was half so shocking to my sight as thou.

HIPPOLITUS.

Where am I, gods? Is that my father Theseus?
Am I awake? Am I Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Thou art that fiend. — Thou art Hippolitus.
Thou art! — Oh fall! Oh fatal stain to honour!
How had my vain imagination form'd thee!
Brave as Alcides, and as Minos just!
Sometimes it led me through the maze of war;
There it survey'd thee ranging through the field,
Mowing down troops, and dealing out destruction:
Sometimes with wholesome laws reforming states,
Crowning their happy joys with peace and plenty;
While you —

HIPPOLITUS.

With all my father's soul inspir'd,
Burnt with impatient thirst of early honour,
To hunt through bloody fields the chase of glory,
And bless your age with trophies like your own.
Gods! How that warm'd me! How my throbbing
heart

Leapt

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

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Leapt to the image of my father's joy,
When you should strain me in your folding arms,
And with kind raptures, and with sobbing joys,
Commend my valour, and confess your son!
How did I think my glorious toil o'er-paid?
Then great indeed, and in my father's love,
With more than conquest crown'd? Go on, Hippolitus,
Go tread the rugged paths of daring honour;
Practise the strictest and austereſt virtue,
And all the rigid laws of righteous Minos;
Theſeus, thy father Theſeus, will reward thee.

THESEUS.

Reward thee?—Yes, as Minos would reward thee.
Was Minos then thy pattern? And did Minos,
The great, the good, the juſt, the righteous Minos,
The judge of hell, and oracle of earth,
Did he inſpire adultery, force, and inceſt?

ISMENA appears.

ISMENA.

Ha! What's this?

[*Aſide.*]

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazeſt! Inceſt?—

THESEUS.

Inceſt with Phædra, with thy mother Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

This charge ſo unexpected, ſo amazing,
So new, ſo ſtrange, impoſſible to thoughts,
Stuns my aſtoniſh'd ſoul, and ties my voice.

M 2

THESEUS.

THESEUS. To examine you of late.

Then let this wake thee, this once glorious sword,
 With which thy father arm'd thy infant hand,
 Not for this purpose. Oh abandon'd slave!
 Oh early villain! Most detested coward! Did I bid woe
 With this my instrument of youthful glory hang and
 With this?—Oh noble entrance into arms!
 With this to invade the spotless Phædra's honour?
 Phædra! My life! My better half, my queen!
 That very Phædra, for whose just defence
 The gods would claim thy sword.

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Death!
 Heavens! Durst I raise the far-fam'd sword of Theseus
 Against his queen, against my mother's bosom?

THESEUS. To hold the sword.

If not, declare when, where, and how you lost it?
 How Phædra gain'd it? Oh all the gods! He's silent.
 Why was it bar'd? Whose bosom was it aim'd at?
 What meant thy arm advanc'd, thy glowing cheeks,
 Thy hand, heart, eyes? Oh villain! Monstrous villain!

HIPPOLITUS.

Is there no way, no thought, no beam of light?
 No clue to guide me through this gloomy maze,
 To clear my honour, yet preserve my faith?
 None! None, ye powers! And must I groan beneath
 This execrable load of foul dishonour?
 Must Theseus suffer such unheard-of torture!
 Theseus, my father! No, I'll break through all;
 All oaths, all vows, all idle imprecations,

I give

I give them to the winds. Hear me, my lord!
Hear your wrong'd son. The sword——Oh fatal vow!
Ensnaring oaths, and thou, rash thoughtless fool,
To bind thyself in voluntary chains;
Yet to thy fatal trust continue firm!
Beneath disgrace, though infamous yet honest.
Yet hear me, father, may the righteous gods
Shower all their curses on this wretched head.
Oh may they doom me!—

THESEUS.

Yes, the gods will doom thee.
The sword, the sword! Now swear, and call to witness
Heaven, hell, and earth. I mark it not from one,
That breathes beneath such complicated guilt.

HIPPOLITUS.

Was that like guilt, when with expanded arms
I sprang to meet you at your wish'd return?
Does this appear like guilt? When thus serene,
With eyes erect, and visage unapall'd,
Fixt on that awful face, I stand the charge;
Amaz'd, not fearing: Say, if I am guilty:
Where are the conscious looks, the face now pale,
Now flushing red, the down-cast haggard eyes,
Or fixt on earth, or slowly rais'd to catch
A fearful view, then sunk again with horror?

THESEUS.

This is for raw, untaught, unfinish'd villains.
Thou in thy bloom hast reach'd th'abhor'd perfection:
Thy even looks could wear a peaceful calm,
The beauteous stamp (oh Heavens!) of faultless virtue,

M 3

While

While thy foul heart contriv'd this horrid deed.
 Oh harden'd fiend, can't such transcending crimes
 Disturb thy soul, or ruffle thy smooth brow?
 What no remorse! No qualms! No pricking pangs!
 No feeble struggle of rebelling honour!
 O 'twas thy joy! thy secret hoard of bliss,
 To dream, to ponder, aft it o'er in thought;
 To doat, to dwell on; as rejoicing misers
 Brood o'er their precious stores of secret gold.

HIPPOLITUS.

Must I not speak? Then say, unerring Heaven,
 Why was I born with such a thirst of glory?
 Why did this morning dawn to my dishonour?
 Why did not pitying fate with ready death
 Prevent the guilty day?

THESEUS.

Guilt indeed.
 Ev'n at the time you heard your father's death,
 And such a father (Oh immortal gods!)
 As held thee dearer than his life and glory;
 When thou should'st rend the skies with clamorous
 grief,
 Beat thy sad breast, and tear thy starting hair;
 Then to my bed to force your impious way;
 With horrid lust t' insult my yet warm urn;
 Make me the scorn of hell, and sport for fiends!
 These are the funeral honours paid to Theseus;
 These are the sorrows, these the hallow'd rites,
 To which you'd call your father's hovering spirit.

Enter

Enter ISMENA.

ISMENA.

Hear me, my lord, ere yet you fix his doom:

[Turning to Theseus.]

Hear one that comes to shield his injur'd honour,
And guard his life with hazard of her own.

THESEUS.

Though thou 'rt the daughter of my hated foe,
Though ev'n thy beauty 's loathsome to my eyes,
Yet justice bids me hear thee.

ISMENA.

Thus I thank you. *[Kneels.]*

Then know, mistaken prince, his honest soul
Could ne'er be sway'd by impious love to Phædra,
Since I before engag'd his early vows;
With all my wiles subdued his struggling heart;
For long his duty struggled with his love.

THESEUS.

Speak, is this true? On thy obedience, speak.

HIPPOLITUS.

So charg'd, I own the dangerous truth; I own,
Against her will, I lov'd the fair Ismena.

THESEUS.

Canst thou be only clear'd by disobedience,
And justify'd by crimes?—What! love my foe?
Love one descended from a race of tyrants,
Whose blood yet reaks on my avenging sword!
I'm curst each moment I delay thy fate:

Haste to the shades, and tell the happy Pallas
 Ismena's flames, and let him taste such joys
 As thou giv'st me; go tell applauding Minos
 The pious love you bore his daughter Phædra;
 Tell it the chattering ghosts, and hissing furies,
 Tell it the grinning fiends, till hell found nothing
 To thy pleas'd ears but Phædra and Ismena.

Enter CRATANDER.

Seize him, Cratander; take this guilty sword,
 Let his own hand avenge the crimes it acted,
 And bid him die, at least, like Theseus' son.
 Take him away, and execute my orders.

HIPPOLITUS.

Heavens! How that strikes me! How it wounds my
 soul!

To think of your unutterable sorrows,
 When you shall find Hippolitus was guiltless!
 Yet when you know the innocence you doom'd,
 When you shall mourn your son's unhappy fate,
 Oh, I beseech you by the love you bore me,
 With my last words (my words will then prevail)
 Oh for my sake forbear to touch your life,
 Nor wound again Hippolitus in Theseus.
 Let all my virtues, all my joys, survive
 Fresh in your breast, but be my woes forgot;
 The woes which fate, and not my father, wrought.
 Oh! let me dwell for ever in your thoughts,
 Let me be honour'd still, but not deplor'd.

THESEUS.

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THESEUS. *Alone!*

Then thy chief care is for thy father's life.
Oh blooming hypocrite! Oh young dissembler!
Well hast thou shewn the care thou tak'st of Theseus.
Oh all ye gods! how this enflames my fury!
I scarce can hold my rage; my eager hands
Tremble to reach thee. No, dishonour'd Theseus!
Blot not thy fame with such a monster's blood.
Snatch him away.

HIPPOLITUS.

Lead on. Farewell, Ismena.

ISMENA.

Oh! take me with him, let me share his fate.
Oh awful Theseus! Yet revoke his doom:
See, see the very ministers of death,
Though bred to blood, yet shrink, and wish to save him.

THESEUS.

Slaves, villains, tear her from him, cut her arms off.

ISMENA.

Oh! tear me, cut me, till my sever'd limbs
Grow to my lord, and share the pains he suffers.

THESEUS.

Villains, away.

ISMENA.

O Theseus! Hear me, hear me.

THESEUS.

Away, nor taint me with thy loathsome touch,
Off, woman.

ISMENA.

Stay, oh stay! I'll tell you all.

[Exit Theseus.]

Already

Already gone!—Tell it, ye conscious walls;
 Bear it, ye winds, upon your pitying wings;
 Resound it, fame, with all your hundred tongues.
 Oh hapless youth! All Heaven conspires against you.
 The conscious walls conceal the fatal secret:
 Th' untainted winds refuse th' infecting load:
 And fame itself is mute.—Nay, ev'n Ismena,
 Thy own Ismena's sworn to thy destruction.

But still, whate'er the cruel gods design,
 In the same fate our equal stars combine,
 And he who dooms thy death pronounces mine. }

THE END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

Enter PHÆDRA and LYCON.

LYCON.

ACCUSE yourself? Oh! on my knees I beg you,
 By all the gods, recal the fatal message.
 Heavens! Will you stand the dreaded rage of Theseus?
 And brand your fame, and work your own destruction?

PHÆDRA.

By thee I 'm branded, and by thee destroy'd;
 Thou bosom serpent, thou alluring fiend!
 Yet shan't you boast the miseries you cause,
 Nor 'scape the ruin you have brought on all.

LYCON.

LYCON. Was it not your command? Has faithful Lycon
E'er spoke, e'er thought, design'd, contriv'd, or acted?
Has he done aught without the queen's consent?

PHÆDRA. Plead'st thou consent to what thou first inspir'dst?
Was that consent? O senseless politician!
When adverse passions struggled in my breast,
When anger, fear, love, sorrow, guilt, despair,
Drove out my reason, and usurp'd my soul,
Yet this consent you plead, O faithful Lycon!
Oh! only zealous for the fame of Phædra!
With this you blot my name, and clear your own;
And what's my frenzy, will be call'd my crime:
What then is thine? Thou cool deliberate villain,
Thou wise, fore-thinking, weighing politician!

LYCON. Oh! 'twas so black, my frighten'd tongue recoil'd
At its own sound, and horror shook my soul.
Yet still, though pierc'd with such amazing anguish,
Such was my zeal, so much I lov'd my queen,
I broke through all, to save the life of Phædra.

PHÆDRA. What's life? Oh all ye gods! Can life atone
For all the monstrous crimes by which 'tis bought?
Or can I live? When thou, oh soul of honour!
Oh early hero! by my crimes art ruin'd.
Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy youth
Falls by the sordid hands of butchering villains?

Now,

Now, now he bleeds, he dies—Oh perjur'd traitor!
 See, his rich blood in purple torrents flows,
 And nature sallies in unbidden groans;
 Now mortal pangs distort his lovely form;
 His rosy beauties fade, his starry eyes
 Now darkling swim, and fix their closing beams;
 Now in short gasps his labouring spirit heaves,
 And weakly flutters on his faltering tongue,
 And struggles into sound. Hear, monster, hear,
 With his last breath he curses perjur'd Phædra:
 He summons Phædra to the bar of Minos;
 Thou too shalt there appear; to torture thee,
 Whole hell shall be employ'd, and suffering Phædra
 Shall find some ease to see thee still more wretched.

LYCON. I cannot stand this sight.

Oh all ye powers! Oh Phædra! Hear me, hear me,
 By all my zeal, by all my anxious cares,
 By those unhappy crimes I wrought to serve you,
 By these old wither'd limbs and hoary hairs,
 By all my tears!—Oh Heavens! She minds me not,
 She hears not my complaints. Oh wretched Lycon!
 To what art thou reserv'd?

PHÆDRA.

Reserv'd to all
 The sharpest, slowest pains that earth can furnish,
 To all I wish—On Phædra—Guards, secure him.

LYCON *carried off.*

Ha! Theseus, gods! My freezing blood congeals,
 And all my thoughts, designs, and words are lost.

Enter

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Dost thou at last repent? Oh lovely Phædra!
At last with equal ardour meet my vows:
O dear-bought blessing! Yet I'll not complain,
Since now my sharpest grief is all o'erpaid,
And only heightens joy.—Then haste, my charmer,
Let's feast our famish'd souls with amorous riot,
With fiercest bliss atone for our delay,
And in a moment love the age we've lost.

PHÆDRA.

Stand off, approach me, touch me not; fly hence,
Far as the distant skies or deepest center.

THESEUS.

Amazement! Death! Ye gods who guide the world,
What can this mean? So fierce a detestation,
So strong abhorrence!—Speak, exquisite tormentor!
Was it for this your summons fill'd my soul
With eager raptures, and tumultuous transports?
Ev'n painful joys, and agonies of bliss.
Did I for this obey my Phædra's call,
And fly with trembling haste to meet her arms?
And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel Phædra!
Was it for this you rouz'd my drowsy soul,
From the dull lethargy of hopeless love?
And dost thou only shew those beauteous eyes
To wake despair, and blast me with their beams?

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Oh! were that all to which the gods have doom'd
me;

But angry Heaven has laid in store for Theseus
Such perfect mischief, such transcendent woe;
That the black image shocks my frightened soul,
And the words die on my reluctant tongue.

THESEUS.

Fear not to speak it; that harmonious voice
Will make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
And charm the grief it brings. — Thus let me hear it,
Thus in thy sight; thus gazing on those eyes,
I can support the utmost spite of fate,
And stand the rage of Heaven. — Approach, my
fair!

PHÆDRA.

Off, or I fly for ever from thy sight:
Shall I embrace the father of Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Forget the villain, drive him from your soul.

PHÆDRA.

Can I forget? O drive from my soul:
Oh! he will still be present to my eyes;
His words will ever echo in my ears;
Still will he be the torture of my days,
Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory.

THESEUS.

And mine and all. — Oh most abandon'd villain!
Oh lasting scandal to our godlike race!
That could contrive a crime so foul as incest.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

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PHÆDRA.

Incest! Oh name it not!—

The very mention shakes my inmost soul:
The gods are startled in their peaceful mansions,
And nature sickens at the shocking sound,
Thou brutal wretch! Thou execrable monster!
To break through all the laws that early flow
From untaught reason, and distinguish man;
Mix like the senseless herd with bestial lust,
Mother and son preposterously wicked;
To banish from thy soul the reverence due
To honour, nature, and the genial bed,
And injure one so great, so good as Theseus.

THESEUS.

To injure one so great, so good as Phædra;
Oh slave! to wrong such purity as thine,
Such dazzling brightness, such exalted virtue.

PHÆDRA.

Virtue! All-seeing gods, you know my virtue!
Must I support all this? O righteous Heaven!
Can't I yet speak? Reproach I could have borne,
Pointed his satyr's stings, and edg'd his rage,
But to be prais'd.—Now, Minos, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful magazines of pains,
Stones, furies, wheels, are slight to what I suffer,
And hell itself's relief.

THESEUS.

What's hell to thee?
What crimes could'st thou commit? Or what reproaches
Could innocence so pure as Phædra's fear,

Oh,

Oh, thou 'rt the chastest matron of thy sex,
 The fairest pattern of excelling virtue.
 Our latest annals shall record thy glory.
 The maid's example, and the matron's theme.
 Each skilful artist shall express thy form,
 In animated gold.—The threatening sword
 Shall hang for ever o'er thy snowy bosom;
 Such heavenly beauty on thy face shall bloom,
 As shall almost excuse the villain's crime;
 But yet that firmness, that unshaken virtue,
 As still shall make the monster more detested.
 Where-e'er you pass, the crouded way shall sound
 With joyful cries, and endless acclamations:
 And when aspiring bards, in daring strains,
 Shall raise some heavenly matron to the powers,
 They 'll say, she 's great, she 's true, she 's chaste as
 Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

This might have been.—But now, oh cruel stars!
 Now, as I pass, the crouded way shall sound
 With hissing scorn, and murmuring detestation:
 The latest annals shall record my shame;
 And when th' avenging Muse with pointed rage
 Would sink some impious woman down to hell,
 She 'll say, she 's false, she 's base, she 's foul as Phædra.

THESEUS:

Hadst thou been foul, had horrid violation
 Cast any stains on purity like thine,
 They 're wash'd already in the villain's blood:
 The very sword, his instrument of horror,

Etc

Ere this time drench'd in his incestuous heart,
Has done thee justice, and aveng'd the crimes.
He us'd it to perform.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Alas! my lord,
Ere this the prince is dead.—I saw Cratander
Give him a sword.—I saw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his breast,
With steady hands, and with disdainful looks,
As one that fear'd not death, but scorn'd to die,
And not in battle.—A loud clamour follow'd:
And the surrounding soldiers hid from sight,
But all pronounc'd him dead.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead?

THESEUS.

Yes, yes, he's dead; and dead by my command;
And in this dreadful act of mournful justice,
I'm more renown'd than in my dear-bought laurels.

PHÆDRA.

Thou'rt renown'd indeed.—Oh happy
Theseus!

Oh, only worthy of the love of Phædra!
Haste then, let's join our well-met hands together;
Unite for ever, and defy the gods
To shew a pair so eminently wretched.

N.

THESEUS..

THESEUS.

Wretched! For what? For what the world must
praise me.

For what the nations shall adore my justice,
A villain's death?

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus a villain!

Oh, he was all his godlike fire could wish,
The pride of Theseus, and the hopes of Crete;
Nor did the bravest of his godlike race
Tread with such early hopes the paths of honour.

THESEUS.

What can this mean? Declare, ambiguous Phædra;
Say, whence these shifting gusts of clashing rage?
Why are thy doubtful speeches dark and troubled,
As Cretan seas when vext by warring winds?
Why is a villain, with alternate passion,
Accus'd and prais'd, detested and deplor'd?

PHÆDRA.

Canst thou not guess? —
Canst thou not read it in my furious passions?
In all the wild disorders of my soul?
Could'st thou not see it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the daring youth to acts of honour?
Could'st thou not find it in the generous truth,
Which sparkled in his eyes, and open'd in his face?
Could'st not perceive it in the chaste reserve?
In every word and look, each godlike act,
Could'st thou not see Hippolitus was guiltless?

THESEUS.

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

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THESEUS.

Guiltless! Oh all ye gods! What can this mean?

PHÆDRA.

Mean! That the guilt is mine, that virtuous Phædra,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme
With bestial passion woo'd your loathing son;
And when deny'd, with impious accusation
Sully'd the lustre of his shining honour;
Of my own crimes accus'd the faultless youth,
And, with ensnaring wiles destroy'd that virtue
I try'd in vain to shake.

THESEUS.

Is he then guiltless?

Guiltless! Then what art thou? And oh just Heaven!
What a detested parricide is Theseus!

PHÆDRA.

What am I? What indeed, but one more black
Than earth or hell e'er bore! O horrid mixture
Of crimes and woes, of parricide and incest,
Perjury, murder; to arm the erring father
Against the guiltless son. O impious Lycon!
In what a hell of woes thy arts have plung'd me.

THESEUS.

Lycon! Here, guards! — Oh most abandon'd villain!

Secure him, seize him, drag him piece-meal hither.

Enter GUARDS.

GUARDS.

Who has, my lord, incurr'd your high displeasure?

N 2

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Who can it be, ye gods, but perjur'd Lycon?
 Who can inspire such storms of rage, but Lycon?
 Where has my sword left one so black, but Lycon?
 Where! Wretched Theseus! in thy bed and heart,
 The very darling of my soul and eyes!
 Oh beauteous fiend! But trust not to thy form.
 You too, my son, was fair; your manly beauties
 Charm'd every heart (O heavens!) to your destruction.
 You too were good, your virtuous soul abhorr'd
 The crimes for which you dy'd. Oh impious Phædra!
 Incestuous fury! Execrable murth'ress!
 Is there revenge on earth, or pain in hell,
 Can art invent, or boiling rage suggest,
 Ev'n endless torture which thou shalt not suffer?

PHÆDRA.

And is there aught on earth I would not suffer?
 Oh, were there vengeance equal to my crimes,
 Thou need'st not claim it, most unhappy youth,
 From any hands but mine: T' avenge thy fate,
 I'd court the fiercest pains, and sue for tortures;
 And Phædra's sufferings should atone for thine:
 Ev'n now I fall a victim to thy wrongs;
 Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my soul;
 Ev'n now it curdles in my shrinking veins
 The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

LYCON *brought in.*

THESEUS.

Hast thou escap'd my wrath? Yet, impious Lycon,
 On

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

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On thee I'll empty all my hoard of vengeance,
And glut my boundless rage.

LYCON.

O! mercy, mercy!

THESEUS.

Such thou shalt find as thy best deeds deserve,
Such as thy guilty soul can hope from Theseus;
Such as thou shew'dst to poor Hippolitus.

LYCON.

Oh chain me! whip me! Let me be the scorn
Of sordid rabbles, and insulting crowds!
Give me but life, and make that life most wretched.

PHÆDRA.

Art thou so base, so spiritless a slave?
Not so the lovely youth thy arts have ruin'd,
Not so he bore the fate to which you doom'd him.

THESEUS.

Oh abject villain! Yet it gives me joy
To see the fears that shake thy guilty soul,
Enhance thy crimes, and antedate thy woes.
Oh, how thou'lt howl thy fearful soul away;
While laughing crowds shall echo to thy cries,
And make thy pains their sport! Haste, hence, away
with him,

Drag him to all the torments earth can furnish;
Let him be rack'd and gash'd, impal'd alive;
Then let the mangled monster, fix'd on high;
Grin o'er the shouting crowds, and glut their vengeance.
And is this all? And art thou now appeas'd?
Will this atone for poor Hippolitus!

N 3

Oh

Oh ungorg'd appetite ! Oh ravenous thirst !
Of a son's blood ! What not a day, a moment !

PHÆDRA.

A day ! A moment ! Oh ! thou should'st have staid
Years, ages, all the round of circling time,
Ere touch'd the life of that consummate youth.

THESEUS.

And yet with joy I flew to his destruction,
Boasted his fate, and triumph'd in his ruin.
Not this I promis'd to his dying mother,
When in her mortal pangs she sighing gave me
The last cold kisses from her trembling lips,
And reach'd her feeble wandering hands to mine ;
When her last breath, now quivering at her mouth,
Implor'd my goodness to her lovely son ;
To her Hippolitus. He, alas ! descends
An early victim to the lazy shades,
(Oh heaven and earth !) by Theseus doom'd, descends.

PHÆDRA.

He 's doom'd by Theseus, but accus'd by Phædra,
By Phædra's madness, and by Lycon's hatred.
Yet with my life I expiate my frenzy,
And dye for thee, my headlong rage destroy'd :
Thee I pursue, (oh great ill-fated youth !)
Pursue thee still, but now with chaste desires ;
Thee through the dismal waste of gloomy death ;
Thee through the glimmering dawn, and purer day,
Through all th' Elysian plains : O righteous Minos !
Elysian plains ! There he and his Ismena

Shall

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

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Shall sport for ever, shall for ever drink
Immortal love ; while I far off shall howl
In lonely plains ; while all the blackest ghosts
Shrink from the baleful sight of one more monstrous,
And more accurs'd than they.

THESEUS.

I too must go ;
I too must once more see the burning shore
Of livid Acheron and black Cocytus,
Whence no Alcides will release me now.

PHÆDRA.

Then why this stay ? Come on, let's plunge to-
gether :

See hell sets wide its adamantine gates,
See through the fable gates the black Cocytus
In smoky circles rows its fiery waves :
Hear, hear the stunning harmonies of woe,
The din of rattling chains, of clashing whips,
Of groans, of loud complaints, of piercing shrieks,
That wide through all its gloomy world resound.
How huge Mægara stalks ! what streaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes ! what serpents curl
In horrid wreaths, and hiss around her head !
Now, now she drags me to the bar of Minos.
See how the awful judges of the dead
Look stedfast hate, and horrible dismay !
See Minos turns away his loathing eyes,
Rage choaks his struggling words : the fatal urn
Drops from his trembling hand : O all ye gods !
What, Lycon here ! Oh execrable villain !

N. 4.

The.

Then am I still on earth? By hell I am,
 A fury now, a scourge preserv'd for Lycon!
 See, the just beings offer to my vengeance
 That impious slave. Now, Lycon, for revenge;
 Thanks, Heaven, 'tis here.—I'll steal it to his heart.
[Mistaking Theseus for Lycon, offers to stab him.]

GUARDS.

Heavens! 'tis your lord.

PHÆDRA.

My lord! O equal Heaven!
 Must each portentous moment rise in crimes,
 And falling life go off in parricide?
 Then trust not thy slow drugs. Thus sure of death
[Stabs herself.]

Compleat thy horrors—And if this suffice not,
 Thou, Minos, do the rest.

THESEUS.

At length she's quiet,
 And earth now bears not such a wretch as Theseus;
 Yet I'll obey Hippolitus, and live:
 Then to the wars; and as the Corybantines,
 With clashing shields, and braying trumpets, drown'd
 The cries of infant Jove.—I'll stifle conscience,
 And nature's murmurs in the din of arms.
 But what are arms to me? Is he not dead
 For whom I fought? For whom my hoary age
 Glow'd with the boiling heat of youth in battle?
 How then to drag a wretched life beneath,
 An endless round of still returning woes,
 And all the gnawing pangs of vain remorse?

What

What torment's this?—Therefore, O greatly thought
Therefore do justice on thyself—and live;
Live above all most infinitely wretched.

Ismena too—Nay, then, avenging Heaven

ISMENA enters.

Has vented all its rage.—O wretched maid!

Why dost thou come to swell my raging grief?

Why add to sorrows, and embitter woes?

Why do thy mournful eyes upbraid my guilt?

Why thus recal to my afflicted soul

The sad remembrance of my god-like son,

Of that dear youth my cruelty has ruin'd?

ISMENA.

Ruin'd!—O all ye Powers! O awful Theseus!

Say, where 's my lord? say, where has fate dispos'd
him?

Oh speak! the fear distracts me.

THESEUS.

Gods! Can I speak?

Can I declare his fate to his Ismena?

Oh lovely maid! Could'st thou admit of comfort,

Thou should'st for ever be my only care,

Work of my life, and labour of my soul.

For thee alone, my sorrows, lull'd, shall cease;

Cease for a while to mourn my murder'd son:

For thee alone my sword once more shall rage,

Restore the crown of which it robb'd your race:

Then let your grief give way to thoughts of empire;

At thy own Athens reign. The happy crowd

Beneath

Beneath thy easy yoke with pleasure bow,
And think in thee their own Minerva reigns.

ISMENA.

Must I then reign? Nay, must I live without him?
Not so, oh godlike youth! you lov'd Ismena;
You for her sake refus'd the Cretan empire,
And yet a nobler gift, the royal Phædra.
Shall I then take a crown, a guilty crown,
From the relentless hand that doom'd thy death?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have ease.
And thus I find it. *[Offers to stab herself.]*

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

O forbear, Ismena!
Forbear, chaste maid, to wound thy tender bosom;
Oh heaven and earth! should she resolve to die,
And snatch all beauty from the widow'd earth?
Was it for me, ye gods! she 'd fall a victim?
Was it for me she 'd die? O heavenly virgin!
See, see thy own Hippolitus, who lives,
And hopes to live for thee.

ISMENA.

Hippolitus!
Am I alive or dead! is this Elysium!
'Tis he, 'tis all Hippolitus—Ar 't well?
Ar 't thou not wounded?

THESEUS.

Oh unhop'd-for joy!
Stand off, and let me fly into his arms.
Speak, say, what god, what miracle preserv'd thee?

Didst

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

Didst thou not strike thy father's cruel present,
My sword, into thy breast?

HIPPOLITUS.

I aim'd it there,

But turn'd it from myself, and slew Cratander;
The guards, not trusted with his fatal orders,
Granted my wish, and brought me to the king:
I fear'd not death, but could not bear the thought
Of Theseus' sorrow, and Ismena's loss;
Therefore I hasten'd to your royal presence,
Here to receive my doom.

THESEUS.

Be this thy doom,

To live for ever in Ismena's arms.
Go, heavenly pair, and with your dazling virtues,
Your courage, truth, your innocence, and love,
Amaze and charm mankind; and rule that empire,
For which in vain your rival fathers fought.

ISMENA.

Oh killing joy!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh extasy of bliss!

Am I possess'd at last of my Ismena?
Of that celestial maid, oh pitying gods!
How shall I thank your bounties for my sufferings,
For all my pains, and all the pangs I've born?
Since 't was to them I owe divine Ismena,
To them I owe the dear consent of Theseus.
Yet there 's a pain lies heavy on my heart,
For the disastrous fate of hapless Phædra.

THESEUS,

THESEUS.

Deep was her anguish ; for the wrongs she did you
 She chose to die, and in her death deplor'd
 Your fate, and not her own.

HIPPOLITUS.

I've heard it all.

O ! had not passion fully'd her renown,
 None e'er on earth had shone with equal lustre ;
 So glorious liv'd, or so lamented dy'd.
 Her faults were only faults of raging love,
 Her virtues all her own.

ISMENA.

Unhappy Phædra !

'Was there no other way, ye pitying Powers,
 No other way to crown Ismena's love ?
 Then must I ever mourn her cruel fate,
 And in the midst of my triumphant joy,
 Ev'n in my hero's arms, confess some sorrow.

THESEUS.

O tender maid ! forbear, with ill-tim'd grief,
 To damp our blessings, and incense the gods :
 But let's away, and pay kind Heaven our thanks
 For all the wonders in our favour wrought ;
 That Heaven, whose mercy rescued erring Theseus
 From execrable crimes, and endless woes.
 Then learn from me, ye kings that rule the world,
 With equal poize let steady justice sway,
 And flagrant crimes, with certain vengeance pay,
 But, till the proofs are clear, the stroke delay.

HIPPO.

HIPPOLITUS.

The righteous gods, that innocence require,
Protect the goodness which themselves inspire,
Unguarded virtue human arts defies,
Th' accus'd is happy, while th' accuser dies.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S

4 AP 54

A POEM

P O E M

TO THE MEMORY OF

M R. J O H N P H I L I P S.

TO A FRIEND.

S I R,

SINCE our Isis silently deplores
The Bard who spread her fame to distant shores;
Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspend,
My honest zeal, if not my verse, commend,
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend.
Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd,
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd;
For his dear sake long restless nights you bore,
While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore,
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no summons from the noisy gown
Call'd thee, unwilling, to the nauseous town,
Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd,
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled physic fail'd;
But since the will of Heaven his fate decreed,
To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed;
Fruitless our hopes, though pious our essays,
Yours to preserve a friend, and mine to praise.

Oh! might I paint him in Miltonian verse,
With strains like those he sung on Glo'ster's herse;

IN MEMORY OF MR. J. PHILIPS. 191

But with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
And, wanting strength to rise, descend to rhyme.

With other fire his glorious Blenheim shines,
And all the battle thunders in his lines ;
His nervous verse great Boileau's strength transcends,
And France to Philips, as to Churchill, bends.

S. Oh ! various bard, you all our powers control,
You now disturb, and now divert the soul :
Milton and Butler in thy muse combine,
Above the last thy manly beauties shine ;
For as I've seen, when rival wits contend,
One gayly charge, one gravely wife defend ;
This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
This with a look demure, and steady eyes,
With dry rebukes, or sneering praise, replies. }
So thy grave lines extort a jutting smile,
Reach Butler's fancy, but surpass his style ;
He speaks Scarron's low phrase in humble strains,
In thee the solemn air of great Cervantes reigns. }

What sounding lines his abject themes express !
What shining words the pompons Shilling dress !
There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins rise.
In her best light the Comic Muse appears,
When she, with borrow'd pride, the buskin wears.

So when nurse Nokes, to act young Ammon tries,
With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes ;
With dangling hands he strokes th' Imperial robe,
And, with a cuckold's air, commands the globe ;

The pomp and sound the whole buffoon display'd,
And Ammon's son more mirth than Gomez made.

Forgive, dear shade, the scene my folly draws,
Thy strains divert the grief thy ashes cause:
When Orpheus sings, the ghosts no more complain,
But, in his lulling music, lose their pain:
So charm the fallies of thy Georgic Muse,
So calm our sorrows, and our joys infuse,
Here rural notes a gentle mirth inspire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire,
Like that fair tree you praise, the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.

Blest clime, which Vaga's fruitful streams improve,
Etruria's envy, and her Cosmo's love;
Redstreak he quaffs beneath the Chiant vine,
Gives Tuscan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine,
And ev'n his Tasso would exchange for thine. }
Rise, rise, Roscommon, see the Blenheim Muse,
The dull constraint of monkish rhyme refuse;
See, o'er the Alps his towering pinions soar,
Where never English poet reach'd before:
See mighty Cosmo's counsellor and friend,
By turns on Cosmo and the Bard attend;
Rich in the coins and busts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler treasure home;
In them he views her gods, and domes design'd,
In him the soul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty mind:
To him for ease retires from toils of state,
Not half so proud to govern, as translate.

IN MEMORY OF MR. J. PHILIPS. 193

Our Spenser, first by Pisan poets taught,
To us their tales, their style, and numbers brought.
To follow ours, now Tuscan bards descend,
From Philips borrow, though to Spenser lend,
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme disdain;
They first on English bards impos'd the chain,
First by an English bard from rhyme their freedom }
gain.

Tyrannic rhyme, that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the soft, the florid, and sublime;
Some say this chain the doubtful sense decides,
Confines the fancy, and the judgement guides;
I'm sure in needless bonds it poets ties,
Procrustes like, the ax or wheel applies, }
To lop the mangled sense, or stretch it into size:
At best a crutch, that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble, but retards the strong;
And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the close,
Oft rise to fustian, or descend to prose.
Your judgement, Philips, rul'd with steady sway, }
You us'd no curbing rhyme, the Muse to stay,
To stop her fury, or direct her way.
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigor bore,
To wanton freely, or securely soar.

So the stretch'd cord the shackle-dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to rise;
When freed he moves, the sturdy cable bends
He mounts with pleasure, and secure descends;

O

Now

Now dropping seems to strike the distant ground,
Now high in air his quivering feet rebound.

Rail on, ye triflers, who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modish air;
Rail on at Milton's son, who wisely bold
Rejects new phrases, and resumes the old:
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenser's strains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns;
The ancient words the majesty compleat,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the queen in royal habit's drest,
Old mystic emblems grace th' imperial vest,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna stands confest.

A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's, and Batson's, and through Smithfield,
 prais'd,

Cries out aloud—Bold Oxford bard, forbear
With rugged numbers to torment my ear;
Yet not like thee the heavy critic soars,
But paints in fustian, or in turn deplores;
With Bunyan's style prophanes heroic songs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs;
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels strain,
And in low prose dull Lucifer complain;
His envious Muse, by native dulness curst,
Damns the best poems, and contrives the worst.

Beyond his praise or blame thy works prevail
Compleat where Dryden and thy Milton fail;

Great

IN MEMORY OF MR. J. PHILIPS. 195

Great Milton's wing on lower themes subsides,
 And Dryden oft in rhyme his weakness hides;
 You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
 And yet, on humble subjects, great appear.
 Thrice happy youth, whom noble Isis crowns,
 Whom Blackmore censures, and Godolphin owns:
 So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
 The listening nymphs and ravish'd heroes hung;
 But cits and fops the Heaven-born music blame,
 And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into fame;
 Like her sweet voice, is thy harmonious song,
 As high, as sweet, as easy, and as strong.

Oh! had relenting Heaven prolong'd his days,
 The towering bard had sung in nobler lays,
 How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
 How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread;
 How opening Heavens their happy regions show;
 And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow;
 And saints rejoice above, and sinners howl below:
 Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
 And paint the glories he was sure to wear.

Oh best of friends, will ne'er the silent urn
 To our just vows the hapless youth return?
 Must he no more divert the tedious day?
 Nor sparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
 No more to harmless irony descend,
 To noisy fools a grave attention lend,
 Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?

No more in false pathetic phrase complain
 Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her disdain?
 Who now shall godlike Anna's fame diffuse?
 Must she, when most she merits, want a Muse?
 Who now our Twysden's glorious fate shall tell;
 How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?
 How, while the troubled elements around,
 Earth, water, air, the stunning din resound;
 Through streams of smoke, and adverse fire, he rides,
 While every shot is level'd at his sides?
 How, while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
 And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
 In the first front, amidst a slaughter'd pile,
 High on the mound he dy'd near great Argyle.

Whom shall I find unbiass'd in dispute,
 Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
 To whom the labours of my soul disclose,
 Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woes?
 Oh! in that heavenly youth for ever ends
 The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends.
 He sacred Friendship's strictest laws obey'd,
 Yet more by Conscience than by Friendship sway'd;
 Against himself his gratitude maintain'd,
 By favours past, not future prospects gain'd:
 Not nicely choosing, though by all desir'd,
 Though learn'd, not vain; and humble, though admir'd:
 Candid to all, but to himself severe,
 In humour pliant, as in life austere.

A wife

IN MEMORY OF MR. J. PHILIPS. 197

A wise content his even soul secur'd,
 By want not shaken, nor by wealth allur'd,
 To all sincere, though earnest to commend,
 Could praise a rival, or condemn a friend.
 To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
 Their tongues, their spirits, and their styles, his own:
 Pleas'd the least steps of famous men to view,
 Our authors' works, and lives, and souls, he knew;
 Paid to the learn'd and great the same esteem,
 The one his pattern, and the one his theme:
 With equal judgment his capacious mind
 Warm Pindar's rage, and Euclid's reason join'd.
 Judicious physic's noble art to gain
 All drugs and plants explor'd, alas, in vain!
 The drugs and plants their drooping master fail'd,
 Nor goodness now, nor learning aught avail'd;
 Yet to the bard his Churchill's soul they gave,
 And made him scorn the life they could not save:

Else could he bear unmov'd, the fatal guest,
 The weight that all his fainting limbs oppress'd,
 The coughs that struggled from his weary breast?
 Could he unmov'd approaching death sustain?
 Its slow advances, and its racking pain?
 Could he serene his weeping friends survey,
 In his last hours his easy wit display,
 Like the rich fruit he sings, delicious in decay?

Once on thy friends look down, lamented shade,
 And view the honours to thy ashes paid;

Some thy lov'd dust in Parian stones enshrine,
 Others immortal epitaphs design,
 With wit, and strength, that only yields to thine:
 Ev'n I, though slow to touch the painful string,
 Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.
 Thee, Philips, thee despairing Vaga mourns,
 And gentle His soft complaints returns;
 Dornier laments amidst the war's alarms,
 And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tuston's arms:
 Thee, on the Po, kind Somerset deplores,
 And ev'n that charming scene his grief restores:
 He to thy loss each mournful air applies,
 Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
 But most at Virgil's tomb his swelling sorrows rise.

But you, his darling friends, lament no more,
 Display his fame, and not his fate deplore;
 And let no tears from erring pity flow,
 For one that's blest above, immortaliz'd below.

CHARLETTUS

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO SUO.

CHARLETTUS

PERCIVALLO SUO.

Tu meo charis, Jean Perceval,
Utile dignus, tibi peris imper
Non minor nostro testis arbor
Tu propeque recipis.

Detuli ramor (mille melle dedit
Ramor) in tuis modo te richis.

Enipos peris, nequidquam belli
peris hanc.

Securus nam vult obduc Capillus

Anno? Ipse peris peris.

At, tu vult T. peris.

Stipra peris peris.

Qui legis peris, reliquus charis.

Qui nam latus peris peris.

Quem meo peris, peris peris.

Meo peris.

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO SUO.

HORA dum nondum sonuit secunda,
 Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
 Acer ad notos calamus labores

Sponte recurrit.

Quid prius nostris potiùsve chartis
 Illinam ? Cuiam vigil ante noctem
 Sole depulsam redeunte Scriptor

Mitto salutem ?

Tu meis chartis, *bone Percivalle*,
 Unicè dignus ; tibi pectus implet
 Non minor nostro novitatis ardor ;

Tu quoque Scriptor.

Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
 Rumor) in sylvis modo te dedisse
 Furibus prædam, mediumque belli im-
 pune stetisse.

Saucius num vivit adhuc Caballus.

Anne ? Ierneis potiora Gazis,

An, tua vitâ Tibi chariora,

Scripta supersunt ?

Cui legis nostras, relegisque chartas ?

Cui meam laudas generositatem ?

Quem meis verbis, mea nescientem,

Mane salutas.

Scribe

PERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO SUO.

QUALIS ambabus capiendus ulnis
Limen attingit tibi gratus hospes
Quum sacras primum subit aut relinquit

Isidis arces,

Qualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
Læva, quum cantu proprio strident
Missiles, & jam moneant adesse

Cornua, chartas,

Tale per nostrum jecur & medullas
Gaudium fluxit, simul ac reclusis
Vinculis vidi benè literati

Nomen amici.

Obvios fures, uti fama verax
Rettulit, sensi pavidus tremensque;
Sed fui, sumque, excipias timorem,

Cætera sospes.

Scire si sylvam cupias pericli
Consciam, & tristes nemoris tenebras,
Consulas lentè tabulas parantem.

Tēduce Colum.

Flebilis legi miseranda docti
Fata pictoris, sed & hęc iniqua
Damna consolor, superest perempto.

Rixone Wildgoose.

Quæ

Scribe Securus, quid agit Senatus
 Quid Caput stertit grave *Lambethanum*,
 Quid *Comer Guildford*, quid habent novorum
Dawksque Dyerque.

Me meus, quondam tuus, è popinis
Jenny jam visit, lacrimansque narrat,
 Dum molit fucos, subito peremptum
 Funere *Rixon*.

Narrat (avertat Deus inquit omen)
 Hospitem notæ periisse *Mitra*;
 Narrat immerfam prope limen urbis
 Flumine cymbam.

Narrat—at portis meus *Hinton* astat,
 Nuncius *Pricket* redit, advocat me
Sherwin, & scribendæ aliò requirunt
 Mille tabellæ.

Quæ tamen metram mulier labantem

Fulciet? munus vetulæ parentis,

Anna præstabit, nisi fors Ierni

Hospita Cygni.

Latus accepi celeres vigere

Pricketi plantas, simul ambulanti

Plaudo *Sherwino*, pueroque *Davo*

Mitto salutem.

Jenny, post *Hinton*, comitum tuorum

Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,

Qui tibi totus vacat, & vacabit,

Nec vetat *Uxor*.

Hæc ego lusi properante Musâ

Lesbia vatis numeros secutus,

Si novi quid sit, melius docebit

Sermo pedestris.

P. S.

"Cœnitant mecum Comites Iernæ,

"Multa qui de te memorant culullos

"Inter, & pulli, vice literarum,

"Crus tibi mittunt."

P O C O C K I U S.

DUM cæde tellus luxuriat Ducum,
Meum POCOCCI barbiton exigit,

Manésque Musam fastuosam

Sollicitant pretiosiores.

Alter virentum prorurat agmina

Sonora Thracum, donâque Phillidi

Agat puellas, heu decoris

Virginibus nimis invidenti.

Te nuda Virtus, te Fidei pius

Ardor serendæ, sanctaque Veritas

Per saxa, per pontum, per hostes

Præcitant Asiæ misertum:

Cohors catenis quâ pia stridulis

Gemunt onusti, vel sude trans sinum

Luctantur actâ, pendulive

Sanguineis trepidant in uncis.

Sentis ut edunt, sibila, ut ardui

Micant dracones, tigris ut horridos.

Intorquet ungues, ejulâtque

In madido crocodilus antro.

Vides lacunæ sulphure lividos

Ardere fluctus, quâ stetit impiæ

Moles Gomorrhæ mox procellâ

Haustra rubrâ, pluviisque flammis:

Quòd ista tellus si similes tibi

Si fortè denos nutrierat Viros,

Adhuc

Adhuc stetit, nec vibrato
 Dextra Dei tonuisset igne.
 Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
 Nini ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
 Immane opus, crescentibusque
 Vertice sideribus propinquum.
 Nequicquam : Amici disparibus sonis
 Eludit aures nescius artifex,
 Linguasque miratur recentes
 In patriis peregrinis oris.
 Vestitur hinc tot sermo coloribus,
 Quot tu, Pococki, dissimilis tui
 Orator effers, quot vicissim
 Te memores celebrare gaudent.
 Hi non tacebunt quo Syriam senex
 Percurrit æstu raptus, ut arcibus
 Non jam superbis, & verendis
 Indoluit Solimæ ruinis.
 Quis corda pulsans tunc pavor hauserat
 Dolor quis arsit non sine gaudio,
 Cum busta Christi provolutus
 Ambiguus lacrymis rigaret!
 Sacratum arbor multa Pocockio,
 Locosque monstrans inquiet accola.
 Hæc quercus Hoseam supinum,
 Hæc Britonem recreavit ornus.
 Hic audierunt gens venerabilem
 Ebræa Mosen, inde Pocockium
 Non ore, non annis minorem,
 Atque suam didicere linguam.

Ac sicut albens perpetuâ nive
 Simul favillas, & cineres sinu
 Eructat ardenti, & pruinis
 Contiguas rotat *Ætna* flammæ;
 Sic te trementem, te nive candidum
 Mens intus urget, mens agit ignea
 Sequi reluctantem *Ioëlem*
 Per tonitru, aëreasque nubes
 Annon pavefcis, dum tuba pallidum
 Ciet *Sionem*, dum tremulum polo
 Caligat astrum, atque incubanti
 Terra nigrans tegitur sub umbrâ?
 Quod agmen! heu quæ turba sequacibus
 Tremenda flammis! quis strepitantium
 Flictus rotarum est! O *Pococki*
 Egregie, O animose *Vatis*
 Interpres abstrusi, O simili ferè
 Corrupte flammâ, te, quot imagine
 Crucis notantur, te, subacto
Christicolæ gravis *Ottomannos*
 Gemens requirit, te *Babylonii*
 Narrant poëtæ, te phœnecis *Arabi*
 Plorat revulsis, & fragorosos
 Jam gravior ferit horrip agros.
 Quæ Gesta nondum cognita *Cæsaris*,
 Quæ nec *Matronis* scripta, *Pocockrus*
 Ploratur ingens, & dolenda
 Nestoreæ brevisas senectæ.

O D E,
FOR THE YEAR 1705

I.

JANUS, did ever to thy wondering eyes,
So bright a scene of triumph rise?
Did ever Greece or Rome such laurels wear,
As crown'd the last auspicious year?
When first at Blenheim ANNE her ensigns spread,
And Malborough to the field the shouting squadrons led,
In vain the hills and streams oppose,
In vain the hollow ground in faithless hillocks rose.
To the rough Danube's winding shore,
His shatter'd foes the conquering hero bore.

II.

They see with staring haggard eyes
The rapid torrent roll, the foaming billows rise;
Amaz'd, aghast, they turn, but find,
In Malborough's arms, a surer fate behind.
Now his red sword aloft impends,
Now on their shrinking heads descends:
Wild and distracted with their fears,
They jostling plunge amidst the sounding deeps;
The flood away the struggling squadrons sweeps,
And men, and arms, and horses, whirling bears.
The frighted Danube to the sea retreats,
The Danube soon the flying ocean meets,
Flying the thunder of great ANNA's fleets.

III.

Rooke on the seas asserts her sway,
 Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,
 And clouds of smoke involve the day.
 Affrighted Europe hears the cannons roar,
 And Afric echoes from its distant shore.

The French, unequal in the fight,
 In force superior, take their flight.
 Factions in vain the hero's worth decry,
 In vain the vanquish'd triumph, while they fly.

IV.

Now, Janus, with a future view,
 The glories of her reign survey,
 Which shall o'er France her arms display,
 And kingdoms now her own subdue.

Lewis, for oppression born;
 Lewis in his turn, shall mourn,
 While his conquer'd happy swains,
 Shall hug their easy wish'd-for chains.

Others, enslav'd by victory,
 Their subjects, as their foes, oppress;
 ANNA conquers but to free,
 And governs but to bless.

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O F

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THE END OF SMITH'S POEMS.

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THE

P O M F S



M. R. P O M F R. T.

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

IT will be to little purpose, the Author presumes, to offer any reasons, why the following poems appear in public; for it is ten to one whether he gives the true; and if he does, it is much greater odds, whether the gentle reader is so courteous as to believe him. He could tell the world, according to the laudable custom of Prefaces, that it was through the irresistible importunity of friends, or some other excuse of ancient renown, that he ventured them to the press; but he thought it much better to leave every man to guess for himself, and then he would be sure to satisfy himself: for, let what will be pretended, people are grown so very apt to fancy they are always in the right, that, unless it hit their humour, it is immediately condemned for a sham and hypocrisy.

In short, that which wants an excuse for being in print, ought not to have been printed at all; but whether the ensuing poems deserve to stand in that class, the world must have leave to determine. What faults the true judgment of the Gentleman may find out, it is to be hoped his candour and good-humour will easily pardon; but those which the peevishness and ill-nature of the Critic may discover, must expect to be unmercifully used: Though, methinks, it is a very preposterous pleasure, to scratch other persons till the blood comes, and then laugh at and ridicule them.

Some persons, perhaps, may wonder, how Things of this Nature dare come into the world without the protection of some great name, as they call it, and a fulsome Epistle Dedicatory to his Grace, or Right Honourable: for, if a Poem struts out under my Lord's Patronage, the Author imagines it is no less than *scandalum magnatum* to dislike it; especially if he thinks fit to tell the world, that this same Lord is a person of wonderful Wit and Understanding, a notable judge of Poetry, and a very considerable poet himself. But if a Poem have no intrinsic excellencies, and real beauties, the greatest name in the world will never induce a man of sense to approve it; and if it has them, Tom Piper's is as good as my Lord Duke's; the only difference is, Tom claps half an ounce of snuff into the poet's hand, and his Grace twenty guineas: for, indeed there lies the strength of a great name, and the greatest protection an Author can receive from it.

To please every one, would be a new thing; and to write so as to please nobody, would be as new: for even Quarles and Withers have their admirers. The Author is not so fond of fame, to desire it from the injudicious Many; nor of so mortified a temper, not to wish it from the discerning Few. It is not the multitude of applauses, but the good sense of the applauders, which establishes a valuable reputation; and if a Rymer or a Congreve say it is well, he will not be at all solicitous how great the majority may be to the contrary.

LONDON, Anno 1699.

POEMS

P O E M S
BY MR. POMFRET,

THE CHOICE.

IF Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might choose my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious Fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend;
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain,
But what are useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous; and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture,
A little garden, grateful to the eye;
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by:
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes, or sycamores, should grow.
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit, and solid learning, shines;

Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too, /
 Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew :
 He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
 In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
 Must grant his fancy does the best excel ;
 His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well :
 With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
 Esteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.
 In some of these, as fancy should advise,
 I'd always take my morning exercise :

For sure no minutes bring us more content,
 Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,
 That I might live genteelly, but not great :
 As much as I could moderately spend ;
 A little more, sometimes to oblige a friend.

Nor should the sons of poverty repine

Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine ;

And all that objects of true pity were,

Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare ;

For that our Maker has too largely given,

Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.

A frugal plenty should my table spread ;

With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread :

Enough to satisfy, and something more,

To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.

Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food

Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.

But what 's sufficient to make nature strong,

And the bright lamp of life continue long,

I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty blest.

I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
With the best wines each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:
By making all our spirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
Does many mischievous effects produce.

My house should no such rude disorders know,
As from high drinking consequently flow;
Nor would I use what was so kindly given,
To the dishonour of indulgent Heaven.
If any neighbour came, he should be free,
Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,
In my retreat, or to himself or me,
What freedom, prudence, and right reason gave,
All men may, with impunity, receive:
But the least swerving from their rule 's too much;
For what 's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great;
I'd choose two friends, whose company would be
A great advance to my felicity:
Well-born, of humours suited to my own,
Discreet, and men as well as books have known:

Brave,

SIR POMFREY'S POEMS.

Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
 From loose behaviour, or formality:
 Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
 Quick in discerning, and in judging right:
 Secret they should be, faithful to their trust;
 In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just:
 Obliging, open, without huffing, brave;
 Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave:
 Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd
 By solid reason, and let that decide:
 Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;
 Nor busy medlers with intrigues of state:
 Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite;
 Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight;
 Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar; true,
 As dying martyrs, to their Maker too.
 In their society I could not miss
 A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.
 Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd
 (For who would so much satisfaction lose, [choose
 As witty nymphs, in conversation, give)
 Near some obliging modest fair to live:
 For there 's that sweetness in a female mind,
 Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;
 That, by a secret, but a powerful art,
 Winds up the spring of life, and does impart
 Fresh vital heat to the transported heart. }
 I'd have her reason all her passion sway;
 Easy in company, in private gay;
 Coy to a fop, to the deserving free;
 Still constant to herself, and just to me.

Still

A soul she should have for great actions fit;
 Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit;
 Courage to look bold danger in the face;
 No fear, but only to be proud, or base;
 Quick to advise, by an emergence prest;
 To give good counsel, or to take the best:
 I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,
 She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much;
 That shews a want of judgment, and of sense;
 More than enough is but impertinence.
 Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd;
 Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind;
 Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride;
 In all the methods of deceit untry'd;
 So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
 No censure might upon her actions fall:
 Then would ev'n envy be compell'd to say,
 She goes the least of womankind astray.

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire;
 Her conversation would new joys inspire;
 Give life an edge so keen, no surly care;
 Would venture to assault my soul, or dare,
 Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.
 But so divine, so noble a repast
 I'd seldom, and with moderation, taste:
 For highest cordials all their virtue lose,
 By a too frequent and too bold a use;
 And what would cheer the spirits in distress,
 Ruins our health, when taken to excess.

I 'd be concern'd in no litigious jar, I should not love
 Belov'd by all, not vainly popular,
 Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,
 T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,
 Whene'er they call, I 'd readily afford
 My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.
 Law-suits I 'd shun, with as much studious care,
 As I would dens where hungry lions are,
 And rather put up injuries, than be
 A plague to him, who 'd be a plague to me.
 I value quiet at a price too great,
 To give for my revenge so dear a rate:
 For what do we by all our bustle gain,
 But counterfeit delight for real pain?
 If Heaven a date of many years would give,
 Thus I 'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
 And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
 Some kind relation (for I 'd have no wife)
 Should take upon him all my worldly care,
 Whilst I did for a better state prepare.
 Then I 'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
 Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd,
 But by a silent and a peaceful death,
 Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.
 And when committed to the dust, I 'd have
 Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave,
 Then would my exit so propitious be,
 All men would wish to live and die like me.

LOVE

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

A VISION.

THO' gloomy thoughts disturb'd my anxious breast
All the long night, and drove away my rest;

Just as the dawning day began to rise,

A grateful slumber clos'd my waking eyes;

But active fancy to strange regions flew,

And brought surprizing objects to my view.

Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,

The soft retreat of gods, when gods make love.

Each beauteous object my charm'd soul amaz'd,

And I on each with equal wonder gaz'd;

Nor knew which most delighted: all was fine:

The noble product of some Power Divine.

But as I travers'd the obliging shade,

Which myrtle, jessamine, and roses, made.

I saw a person whose celestial face

At first declar'd her goddess of the place:

But I discover'd, when approaching near,

An aspect full of beauty, but severe.

Bold and majestic; every awful look

Into my soul a secret horror struck.

Advancing farther on, she made a stand,

And beckon'd me; I, kneeling, kiss'd her hand:

Then thus began——Bright Deity! (for so

You are, no mortals such perfections know)

I may

I may intrude; but how I was convey'd
 To this strange place, or by what powerful aid,
 I'm wholly ignorant; nor know I more,
 Or where I am, or whom I do adore.
 Instruct me then, that I no longer may
 In darkness serve the goddess I obey.

Youth! she reply'd, this place belongs to one,
 By whom you'll be, and thousands are undone.
 These pleasant walks, and all these shady bowers,
 Are in the government of dangerous powers.
 Love's the capricious master of this coast;
 This fatal labyrinth, where fools are lost.
 I dwell not here amidst these gaudy things,
 Whose short enjoyment no true pleasure brings;
 But have an empire of a nobler kind:
 My regal seat's in the celestial mind;
 Where, with a godlike and a peaceful hand,
 I rule, and make those happy I command.
 For, while I govern, all within's at rest;
 No stormy passion revels in my breast:
 But when my power is despicable grown,
 And rebel appetites usurp the throne,
 The soul no longer quiet thoughts enjoys;
 But all is tumult, and eternal noise.
 Know, youth! I'm Reason, which you've oft despis'd;
 I am that Reason, which you never priz'd:
 And though my argument successful prove,
 (For Reason seems impertinence in love)
 Yet I'll not see my charge (for all mankind
 Are to my guardianship by Heaven assign'd)

Into

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 223

Into the grasp of any ruin run,
That I can warn them of, and they may shun.
Fly, youth, these guilty shades; retreat in time,
Ere your mistake's converted to a crime:
For ignorance no longer can atone,
When once the error and the fault is known.
You thought perhaps, as giddy youth inclines,
Imprudently to value all that shines,
In these retirements freely to possess
True joy, and strong substantial happiness:
But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here,
In crowds, her tributary fops appear;
Who, blindly lavish of their golden days,
Consume them all in her fallacious ways.
Pert Love with her, by joint commission, rules
In this capacious realm of idle fools;
Who, by false hearts, and popular deceits,
The careless, fond, unthinking mortal cheats.
'Tis easy to descend into the snare,
By the pernicious conduct of the fair;
But safely to return from this abode,
Requires the wit, the prudence of a god:
Though you, who have not tasted that delight,
Which only at a distance charms your sight,
May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart:
Which lost is subject to eternal smart.
Bright Delia's beauty, I must needs confess,
Is truly great; nor would I make it less:
That were to wrong her, where she merits most;
But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coast.

And

And who would run, that's moderately wise,
 A certain danger, for a doubtful prize;
 If you miscarry, you are lost so far
 (For there's no erring twice in love and war)
 You'll ne'er recover, but must always wear
 Those chains you'll find it difficult to bear.
 Delia has charms, I own; such charms would move
 Old age, and frozen impotence to love:
 But do not venture, where such danger lies;
 Avoid the sight of those victorious eyes,
 Whose poisonous rays do to the soul impart
 Delicious ruin, and a pleasing smart.
 You draw, insensibly, destruction near;
 And love the danger, which you ought to fear.
 If the light pains you labour under now,
 Destroy your ease, and make your spirits bow;
 You'll find them much more grievous to be borne,
 When heavier made by an imperious scorn;
 Nor can you hope, she will your passion hear
 With softer notions, or a kinder ear,
 Than those of other swains; who always found,
 She rather widen'd than clos'd up the wound.
 But grant, she should indulge your flame, and give
 Whate'er you'd ask, nay, all you can receive;
 The short-liv'd pleasure would so quickly cloy,
 Bring such a weak, and such a feeble joy,
 You'd have but small encouragement to boast
 The tinsel rapture worth the pains it cost,
 Consider, Strephon, soberly of things,
 What strange inquietudes Love always brings!

The

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 235

The foolish fears, vain hopes, and jealousies,
Which still attend upon this fond disease;
How you must cringe and bow, submit and whine;
Call every feature, every look, divine:
Command each sentence with an humble smile,
Though nonsense, swear it is a heavenly style;
Servilely rail at all she disapproves;
And as ignobly flatter all she loves;
Renounce your very sense, and silent sit,
While she puts off impertinence for wit;
Like setting-dog, new whipp'd for springing game,
You must be made, by due correction, tame.
But if you can endure the nauseous rule
Of woman, do; love on, and be a fool.
You know the danger, your own methods use;
The good or evil 's in your power to choose:
But who 'd expect a short and dubious bliss
On the declining of a precipice;
Where if he slips, not fate itself can save
The falling wretch from an untimely grave?

Thou great directress of our minds, said I,
We safely on your dictates may rely;
And that which you have now so kindly prest,
Is true, and, without contradiction, best:
But with a steady sentence to control
The heat and vigour of a youthful soul,
While gay temptations hover in our sight,
And daily bring new objects of delight,
Which on us with surprizing beauty smile,
Is difficult; but is a noble toil.

Q

The

The best may slip, and the most cautious fall; still lost
 He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.
 And though fair Delia has my soul possess'd,
 I'll chace her bright idea from my breast;
 At least, I'll make one essay. If I fail,
 And Delia's charms o'er Reason do prevail,
 I may be, sure, from rigid censures free,
 Love was my foe; and Love's a deity.

Then she rejoin'd; may you successful prove
 In your attempt to curb impetuous Love:
 Then, will proud passion on her rightful lord,
 You to yourself, I to my throne restor'd
 But to confirm your courage, and inspire
 Your resolution with a bolder fire
 Follow me, youth: I'll shew you that shall move
 Your soul to curse the tyranny of Love.

Then she convey'd me to a dismal shade,
 Which melancholy yew and cypress made;
 Where I beheld an antiquated pile
 Of rugged building in a narrow isle;
 The water round it gave a nauseous smell,
 Like vapours steaming from a sulphurous cell.
 The ruin'd wall, compos'd of stinking mud;
 O'er-grown with hemlock, on supporters stood;
 As did the roof, ungrateful to the view;
 'T was both an hospital and bedlam too.
 Before the entrance, mouldering bones were spread,
 Some skeletons entire, some lately dead;
 A little rubbish loosely scatter'd o'er
 Their bodies uninterr'd, lay round the door.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 227

No funeral rites to any here were paid,
 But dead like dogs into the dust convey'd.
 From hence, by Reason's conduct, I was brought,
 Through various turnings to a spacious vault,
 Where I beheld, and 't was a mournful sight,
 Vast crowds of wretches all debarr'd from light,
 But what a few dim lamps, expiring, had;
 Which made the prospect more amazing sad.
 Some wept, some rav'd, some musically mad;
 Some swearing loud, and others laughing: Some
 Were always talking; others always dumb.
 Here one, a dagger in his breast, expires,
 And quenches with his blood his amorous fires:
 There hangs a second; and, not far remov'd,
 A third lies poison'd, who false Celia lov'd.
 All sorts of madness, every kind of death,
 By which unhappy mortals lose their breath,
 Were here expos'd before my wandering eyes,
 The sad effects of female treacheries;
 Others I saw, who were not quite bereft
 Of sense, though very small remains were left,
 Cursing the fatal folly of their youth,
 For trusting to perjurious woman's truth.
 These on the left.—Upon the right a view
 Of equal horror, equal misery too;
 Amazing! all employ'd my troubled thoughts,
 And, with new wonder, new aversion brought.
 There I beheld a wretched, numerous throng
 Of pale, lean mortals; some lay stretch'd along

On beds of straw, disconsolate and poor;
 Others extended naked on the floor;
 Exil'd from human pity, here they lie,
 And know no end of misery till they die,
 But death, which comes in gay and prosperous days,
 Too soon, in time of misery delays.

These dreadful spectacles had so much power,
 I vow'd, and solemnly, to love no more:
 For sure that flame is kindled from below,
 Which breeds such sad variety of woe.

Then we descended, by some few degrees,
 From this stupendous scene of miseries;
 Bold Reason brought me to another cave,
 Dark as the inmost chambers of the grave.
 Here, youth, she cry'd, in the acutest pain,
 Those villains lie, who have their fathers slain,
 Stabb'd their own brothers, nay, their friends, to
 please

Ambitious, proud, revengeful mistresses;
 Who, after all their services, preferr'd
 Some rugged fellow of the brawny herd
 Before those wretches; who, despairing, dwell
 In agonies no human tongue can tell.
 Darkness prevents the too amazing sight;
 And you may bless the happy want of light,
 But my tormented ears were fill'd with sighs,
 Expiring groans, and lamentable cries,
 So very sad I could endure no more;
 Methought I felt the miseries they bore.

Then

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 229

Then to my guide said I, For pity now
Conduct me back ; here I confirm my vow.
Which, if I dare infringe, be this my fate,
To die thus wretched, and repent too late.
The charms of beauty I 'll no more pursue ;
Delia, farewell, farewell for ever too.

Then we return'd to the delightful grove ;
Where Reason still dissuaded me from Love.
You see, she cry'd, what misery attends
On Love, and where too frequently it ends ;
And let not that unweildy passion sway
Your soul, which none but whining fools obey.
The masculine, brave spirit scorns to own
The proud usurper of my sacred throne ;
Nor with idolatrous devotion pays
To the false god, or sacrifice, or praise.
The Syren's music charms the sailor's ear ;
But he is ruin'd if he stops to hear :
And, if you listen, Love's harmonious voice
As much delights, as certainly destroys.
Ambrosia mix'd with Aconite may have
A pleasant taste, but sends you to the grave :
For though the latent poison may be still
A while, it very seldom fails to kill.
But who 'd partake the food of gods, to die
Within a day, or live in misery ?
Who 'd eat with emperors, if o'er his head
A poniard hung but by a single thread *
* The feast of Democles.

Love's banquets are extravagantly sweet,
 And either kill, or surfeit, all that eat;
 Who, when the sated appetite is tir'd,
 E'en loath the thoughts of what they once admir'd.
 You've promis'd, Strephon, to forsake the charms
 Of Delia, though she courts you to her arms:
 And sure I may your resolution trust;
 You'll never want temptation, but be just.
 Vows of this nature, youth, must not be broke;
 You're always bound, though 't is a gentle yoke.
 Would men be wise, and my advice pursue,
 Love's conquests would be small, his triumphs few:
 For nothing can oppose his tyranny,
 With such a prospect of success as I.
 Me he detests, and from my presence flies,
 Who knows his arts, and stratagems despise,
 By which he cancels mighty Wisdom's rules,
 To make himself the deity of fools:
 Him dully they adore, him blindly serve,
 Some while they're sots, and others while they starve;
 For those who under his wild conduct go,
 Either come coxcombs, or he makes them so;
 His charms deprive, by their strange influence,
 The brave of courage, and the wise of sense:
 In vain philosophy would set the mind
 At liberty, if once by him confin'd:
 The scholar's learning, and the poet's wit,
 A while may struggle, but at last submit:
 Well-weigh'd results and wise conclusions seem
 But empty chat, impertinence to him:

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 231

His opiates seize so strongly on the brain,
 They make all prudent application vain;
 If, therefore, you resolve to live at ease,
 To taste the sweetness of internal peace;
 Would not for safety to a battle fly,
 Or choose a shipwreck, if afraid to die;
 Far from these pleasurable shades remove,
 And leave the fond, inglorious toil of Love.

This said, she vanish'd, and methought I found
 Myself transported to a rising ground;
 From whence I did a pleasant vale survey,
 Large was the prospect, beautiful, and gay,
 There I beheld th' apartments of delight,
 Whose curious forms oblig'd the wondering sight;
 Some in full view upon the champain plac'd,
 With lofty walls and cooling streams embrac'd;
 Others, in shady groves, retir'd from noise,
 The seat of private and exalted joys.
 At a great distance I perceiv'd there stood
 A stately building in a spacious wood,
 Whose gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads
 High in the air, to view the neighbouring meads,
 Where vulgar lovers spend their happy days,
 In rustic dancing, and delightful plays.
 But while I gaz'd with admiration round,
 I heard from far celestial music sound:
 So soft, so moving, so harmonious, all
 The artful charming notes did rise and fall;
 My soul, transported with the graceful airs,
 Shook off the pressures of its former fears:

I felt afresh the little god begin
 To stir himself, and gentle move within;
 Then I repented I had vow'd no more
 To love, or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.
 Why am I now condemn'd to banishment,
 And made an exile, by my own consent?
 I sighing cry'd, why should I live in pain
 Those fleeting hours which ne'er return again?
 O Delia! what can wretched Strephon do!
 Inhuman to himself, and false to you!
 'T is true, I've promis'd Reason to remove
 From these retreats, and quit bright Delia's love:
 But is not Reason partially unkind?
 Are all her votaries, like me, confin'd?
 Must none, that under her dominion live,
 To Love and Beauty veneration give?
 Why then did Nature youthful Delia grace
 With a majestic mien, and charming face?
 Why did she give her that surprizing air;
 Make her so gay, so witty, and so fair;
 Mistress of all that can affection move,
 If Reason will not suffer us to love?
 But, since it must be so, I'll haste away;
 'T is fatal to return, and death to stay.
 From you, blest shades! (if I may call you so
 Inculpable) with mighty pain I go:
 Compell'd from hence, I leave my quiet here;
 I may find safety, but I buy it dear.

Then turning round, I saw a beauteous boy,
 Such as of old were messengers of joy:

Who

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 233

Who art thou, or from whence? if sent, said I,
To me, my haste requires a quick reply.

I come, he cry'd, from yon cœlestial grove,
Where stands the temple of the God of Love;
With whose important favour you are grac'd,
And justly in his high protection plac'd:
Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that god,
Whose sceptre ne'er is chang'd into a rod:
That god, to whom the haughty and the proud,
The bold, the bravest, nay, the best, have bow'd;
That god, whom all the lesser gods adore;
First in existence, and the first in power.
From him I come, on embassy divine,
To tell thee, Delia, Delia may be thine;
To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay;
Delia, the young, the lovely, and the gay.
If you dare push your fortune, if you dare
But be resolv'd, and press the yielding fair,
Success and glory will your labours crown;
For Fate does rarely on the valiant frown.
But, were you sure to be unkindly us'd,
Boldly receiv'd, and scornfully refus'd;
He greater glory and more fame obtains,
Who loses Delia, than who Phyllis gains.
But, to prevent all fears that may arise,
(Though fears ne'er move the daring and the wise)
In the dark volumes of eternal doom,
Where all things past, and present, and to come,
Are writ, I saw these words—"It is decreed,
"That Strephon's love to Delia shall succeed."

What

What would you more? While youth and vigour last,
 Love, and be happy; they decline too fast.
 In youth alone you're capable to prove
 The mighty transports of a generous love:
 For dull old-age, with fumbling labour, cloy
 Before the bliss, or gives but wither'd joys.
 Youth 's the best time for action mortals have;
 That past, they touch the confines of the grave.
 Now, if you hope to lie in Delia's arms,
 To die in raptures, or dissolve in charms,
 Quick to the blissful, happy mansion fly,
 Where all is one continu'd extasy.
 Delia impatiently expects you there;
 And sure you will not disappoint the fair.
 None but the impotent or old would stay,
 When Love invites, and Beauty calls away.

Oh! you convey, said I, dear charming boy,
 Into my soul a strange disorder'd joy.
 I would, but dare not, your advice pursue;
 I've promis'd Reason, and I must be true;
 Reason 's the rightful empress of the soul;
 Does all exorbitant desires control;
 Checks every wild excursion of the mind,
 By her wise dictates happily confin'd:
 And he that will not her commands obey,
 Leaves a safe convoy in a dangerous sea.
 True, I love Delia to a vast excess,
 But I must try to make my passion less:
 Try if I can, if possible, I will,
 For I have vow'd, and must that vow fulfil.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 245

Oh ! had I not, with what a vigorous flight
 Could I pursue the quarries of delight !
 How could I press fair Delia in these arms,
 Till I dissolv'd in love, and she in charms !
 But now no more must I her beauties view ;
 Yet tremble at her thoughts to leave her too.
 What would I give, I might my flame allow !
 But 't is forbid by Reason, and a vow ;
 Two mighty obstacles : though Love of old
 Has broke through greater, stronger powers control'd,
 Should I offend, by high example taught,
 'T would not be an inexpressible fault,
 The crimes of malice have found grace above,
 And sure kind Heaven will spare the crimes of Love.
 Could'st thou, my angel, but instruct me how
 I might be happy, and not break my vow ;
 Or, by some subtle art, dissolve the chain ;
 You 'd soon revive my dying hopes again.
 Reason and Love, I know, could ne'er agree ;
 Both would command, and both superior be.
 Reason 's supported by the sinewy force
 Of solid argument, and wise discourse :
 But Love pretends to use no other arms
 Than soft impressions, and persuasive charms.
 One must be disobey'd ; and shall I prove
 A rebel to my Reason, or to Love ?
 But then, suppose I should my flame pursue,
 Delia may be unkind, and faithless too ;
 Reject my passion with a proud disdain,
 And scorn the love of such an humble swain :

Than

Then should I labour under mighty grief,
Beyond all hopes or prospect of relief.
So that, methinks, 't is safer to obey
Right Reason, though she bears a rugged sway,
Than Love's soft rule, whose subjects undergo,
Early or late, too sad a share of woe.
Can I so soon forget that wretched crew,
Reason just now expos'd before my view?
If Delia should be cruel, I must be
A sad partaker of their misery.

But your encouragements so strongly move,
I'm almost tempted to pursue my love:
For sure no treacherous designs should dwell
In one that argues and persuades so well;
For what could Love by my destruction gain?
Love's an immortal god, and I a swain;
And sure I may without suspicion trust
A god, for gods can never be unjust.

Right you conclude, reply'd the smiling boy;
Love ruins none, 't is men themselves destroy:
And those vile wretches which you lately saw,
Transgress'd his rules, as well as Reason's law.
They're not Love's subjects, but the slaves of Lust;
Nor is their punishment so great as just.
For Love and Lust essentially divide,
Like day and night, Humility and Pride;
One darkness hides, t' other does always shine;
This of infernal make, and that divine.
Reason no generous passion does oppose;
'T is Lust (not Love) and Reason that are foes.

To

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 237

She bids you scorn a base inglorious flame,
 Black as the gloomy shade from whence it came
 In this her precepts, should obedience find;
 But yours is not of that ignoble kind;
 You err in thinking she would disapprove
 The brave pursuit of honourable love;
 And therefore judge what 's harmless an offence;
 Invert her meaning, and mistake her sense.
 She could not such insipid counsel give,
 As not to love at all; 'tis not to live;
 But, where bright virtue and true beauty lies,
 And that in Delia, charming Delia's eyes,
 Could you contented see th' angelic maid
 In old Alexis' dull embraces laid?
 Or rough-hewn Tityrus possess those charms;
 Which are in heaven, the heaven of Delia's arms?
 Consider, youth, what transport you forego,
 The most intire felicity below;
 Which is by fate alone reserv'd for you;
 Monarchs have been deny'd; for monarchs sue.
 I own 't is difficult to gain the prize;
 Or 't would be cheap and low in noble eyes.
 But there is one soft minute, when the mind
 Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind;
 Which the wise, lover understanding right,
 Steals in like day upon the wings of light.
 You urge your vow, but can those vows prevail,
 Whose first foundation and whose reason fail?
 You vow'd to leave fair Delia; but you thought
 Your passion was a crime, your flame a fault.

But

But since your judgment err'd, it has no force
 To bind at all, but is dissolv'd of course;
 And therefore hesitate no longer here,
 But banish all the dill remains of fear.
 Dare you be happy, youth? but dare, and be;
 I'll be your convoy to the charming she.
 What! still irresolute? debating still?

View her, and then forsake her if you will.

I'll go, said I; once more I'll venture all;

'T is brave to perish by a noble fall.

Beauty no mortal can resist; and Jove

Laid by his grandeur, to indulge his love.

Reason, if I do err, my crime forgive.

Angels alone without offending live.

I go astray but as the wise have done;

And act a folly which they did not shun.

Then we, descending to a spacious plain,

Were soon saluted by a numerous train.

Of happy lovers, who consum'd their hours,

With constant jollity, in shady bowers.

There I beheld the blest variety

Of joy, from all corroding troubles free.

Each follow'd his own fancy to delight;

Though all went different ways, yet all went right.

None err'd, or miss'd the happiness he sought;

Love to one centre every twining brought.

We pass'd through numerous pleasant fields and glades,

By murmuring fountains, and by peaceful shades;

Till we approach'd the confines of the wood,

Where mighty Love's immortal temple stood;

Round.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 239

Round the cœlestial fane, in goodly rows,
And beauteous order, amorous myrtle grows;
Beneath whose shade expecting lovers wait
For the kind minute of indulgent fate:
Each had his guardian Cupid, whose chief care,
By secret motions, was to warm the fair;
To kindle eager longings for the joy;
To move the slow, and to incline the coy.

The glorious fabric charm'd my wondering sight;
Of vast extent, and of prodigious height:
The case was marble, but the polish'd stone
With such an admirable lustre shone,
As if some architect divine had strove
T' outdo the palace of imperial Jove;
The ponderous gates of massy gold were made,
With di'monds of a mighty size inlaid;
Here stood the winged guards, in order plac'd,
With shining darts and golden quivers grac'd:
As we approach'd, they clapp'd their joyful wings,
And cry'd aloud, Tune, tune your warbling strings;
The grateful youth is come, to sacrifice
At Delia's altar to bright Delia's eyes:
With harmony divine his soul inspire,
That he may boldly touch the sacred fire;
And ye that wait upon the blushing fair,
Cœlestial incense and perfumes prepare;
While our great god her panting bosom warms,
Refines her beauties, and improves her charms.

Entering the spacious dome, my ravish'd eyes
A wondrous scene of glory did surprize:

The

The riches, symmetry, and brightness, all
 Did equally for admiration call;
 But the description is a labour fit,
 For none beneath a laureat angel's wit.

Amidst the temple was an altar made
 Of solid gold, where adoration's paid;
 Here I perform'd the usual rites with fear,
 Not daring boldly to approach too near;
 Till from the god a smiling Cupid came,
 And bid me touch the consecrated flame;
 Which done, my guide my eager steps convey'd
 To the apartment of the beauteous maid.
 Before the entrance was her altar rais'd,
 On pedestals of polish'd marble plac'd,
 By it her guardian Cupid always stands,
 Who troops of missionary Loves commands:
 To him, with soft addresses all repair,
 Each for his captive humbly begs the fair;
 Though still in vain they importun'd; for he
 Would give encouragement to none but me.
 There stands the youth, he cry'd, must take a bliss,
 The lovely Delia can be none but his;
 Fate has selected him; and mighty Love
 Confirms below what that decrees above.
 Then press no more; there's not another swain
 On earth, but Strephon, can bright Delia gain.
 Kneel, youth, and with a grateful mind renew
 Your vows; swear you'll eternally be true.
 But if you dare be false, dare perjur'd prove,
 You'll find, in sure revenge, affronted Love.
 As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as Jove.

Hear

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON. 241

Hear me, ye gods, said I, now hear me swear,

By all that 's sacred, and by all that 's fair!

If I prove false to Delia, let me fall

The common obloquy, condemn'd by all!

Let me the utmost of your vengeance try;

Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die!

Then he expos'd the lovely sleeping maid,

Upon a couch of new-blown roses laid.

The blushing colour in her cheeks express'd

What tender thoughts inspir'd her heaving breast.

Sometimes a sigh half-smother'd stole away;

Then she would Strephon, charming Strephon, say;

Sometimes she, smiling, cry'd, You love 'tis true;

But will you always, and be faithful too?

Ten thousand graces play'd about her face;

Ten thousand charms attending every grace:

Each admirable feature did impart

A secret rapture to my throbbing heart.

The nymph * imprison'd in the brazen tower,

When Jove descended in a golden shower,

Less beautiful appear'd, and yet her eyes

Brought down that god from the neglected skies.

So moving, so transporting was the sight;

So much a goddess Delia seem'd, so bright;

My ravish'd soul, with secret wonder fraught,

Lay all dissolv'd in extasy of thought.

Long time I gaz'd : but, as I trembling drew

Nearer, to make a more obliging view,

It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful noise

Wak'd me, and put an end to all my joys.

* Danae.

R

THE

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

AS Strephon, in a wither'd cypress shade,
 For anxious thought and sighing lovers made,
 Revolving lay upon his wretched state,
 And the hard usage of too partial Fate;
 Thus the sad youth complain'd : Once happy swain,
 Now the most abject shepherd of the plain !
 Where 's that harmonious concert of delights,
 Those peaceful days, and pleasurable nights,
 That generous mirth and noble jollity,
 Which gaily made the dancing minutes flee ?
 Dispers'd and banish'd from my troubled breast ;
 Nor leave me one short interval of rest.

Why do I prosecute a hopeless flame,
 And play in torment such a losing game ?
 All things conspire to make my ruin sure :
 When wounds are mortal, they admit no cure.
 But Heaven sometimes does a miraculous thing,
 When our last hope is just upon the wing ;
 And in a moment drives those clouds away,
 Whose sullen darkness hid a glorious day.

Why was I born, or why do I survive ;
 To be made wretched only, kept alive ?
 Fate is too cruel in the harsh decree,
 That I must live, yet live in misery.
 Are all its pleasing happy moments gone ?
 Must Strephon be unfortunate alone ?

On

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT. 243

On other swains it lavishly bestows ;
 On them each nymph neglected favour throws :
 They meet compliance still in every face,
 And lodge their passions in a kind embrace ;
 Obtaining from the soft incurious maid
 True love for counterfeit, and gold for lead.
 Success on Mævius always does attend ;
 Inconstant fortune is his constant friend :
 He levels blindly, yet the mark does hit ;
 And owes the victory to chance, not wit.
 But, let him conquer ere one blow he struck ;
 I'd not be Mævius, to have Mævius's luck.
 Proud of my fate, I would not change my chains
 For all the trophies purring Mævius gains ;
 But rather still live Delia's slave, than be
 Like Mævius silly, and like Mævius free.
 But he is happy loves the common road ;
 And, pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his load.
 If Phillis peevish or unkind does prove,
 It ne'er disturbs his grave mechanic love.
 A little joy his languid flame contents,
 And makes him easy under all events.
 But when a passion's noble and sublime,
 And higher still would every moment climb ;
 If 't is accepted with a just return,
 The fire's immortal, will for ever burn ;
 And with such raptures fills the lover's breast,
 That saints in paradise are scarce more blest.

But I lament my miseries in vain ;
 For Delia hears me, pitiless, complain,

Suppose she pities, and believes me true,
What satisfaction can from thence accrue,
Unless her pity makes her love me too?
Perhaps she loves ('t is but perhaps, I fear,
For that's a blessing can't be bought too dear)
If she has scruples that oppose her will,
I must, alas! be miserable still.
Though, if she loves, those scruples soon will fly
Before the reasoning of the Deity:
For, where Love enters, he will rule alone,
And suffer no copartner in his throne;
And those false arguments that would repel
His high injunctions, teach us to rebel.

What method can poor Strephon then propound,
To cure the bleeding of his fatal wound,
If she, who guided the vexatious dart,
Resolves to cherish and increase the smart?
Go, youth, from these unhappy plains remove,
Leave the pursuit of unsuccessful love:
Go, and to foreign swains thy griefs relate,
Tell them the cruelty of frowning Fate;
Tell them the noble charms of Delia's mind,
Tell them how fair, but tell them how unkind.
And when few years thou hast in sorrow spent
(For sure they cannot be of large extent);
In prayers for her thou lov'st, resign thy breath,
And bless the minute gives thee ease and death.

Here paus'd the swain—when Delia driving by
Her bleating flock to some fresh pasture nigh,

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT. 245

By Love directed, did her steps convey
Where Strephon, wrapp'd in silent sorrow, lay,
As soon as he perceiv'd the beauteous maid,
He rose to meet her, and thus, trembling, said :

When humble suppliants would the gods appease,
And in severe afflictions beg for ease,
With constant importunity they sue,
And their petitions every day renew ;
Grow still more earnest as they are deny'd,
Nor one well-weigh'd expedient leave untry'd,
Till Heaven those blessings they enjoy'd before,
Not only does return, but gives them more.

O, do not blame me, Delia ! if I press
So much, and with impatience, for redress.
My ponderous griefs no ease my soul allow ;
For they are next t' intolerable now :
How shall I then support them, when they grow
To an excess, to a distracting woe ?
Since you 're endow'd with a celestial mind,
Relieve like Heaven, and like the gods be kind.
Did you perceive the torments I endure,
Which you first caus'd, and you alone can cure,
They would your virgin soul to pity move,
And pity may at last be chang'd to love.
Some swains, I own, impose upon the fair,
And lead th' incautious maid into a snare ;
But let them suffer for their perjury,
And do not punish others crimes with me.
If there 's so many of our sex untrue,
Yours should more kindly use the faithful few ;

Though innocence too oft incurs the fate
Of guilt, and clears itself sometimes too late.

Your nature is to tenderness inclin'd ;
And why to me, to me alone unkind ?
A common love, by other persons shewn,
Meets with a full return ; but mine has none :
Nay, scarce believ'd, though from deceit as free
As angels flames can for archangels be.
A passion feign'd, at no repulse is griev'd,
And values little if it ben't receiv'd :
But, love sincere resents the smallest scorn,
And the unkindness does in secret mourn.

Sometimes I please myself, and think you are
Too good to make me wretched by despair :
That tenderness, which in your soul is plac'd,
Will move you to compassion sure at last.
But, when I come to take a second view
Of my own merits, I despond of you :
For what can Delia, beauteous Delia, see,
To raise in her the least esteem for me :
I've nought that can encourage my address ;
My fortune 's little, and my worth is less :
But, if a love of the sublimest kind,
Can make impression on a generous mind ;
If all has real value that 's divine,
There cannot be a nobler flame than mine.

Perhaps you pity me ; I know you must,
And my affection can no more distrust :
But what, alas ! will helpless pity do ?
You pity, but you may despise me too.

Still

THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT. 247

Still I am wretched if no more you give,
The starving orphan can't on pity live :
He must receive the food for which he cries,
Or he consumes ; and, though much pity'd, dies.

My torments still do with my passion grow ;
The more I love, the more I undergo.
But suffer me no longer to remain
Beneath the pressure of so vast a pain,
My wound requires some speedy remedy :
Delays are fatal, when despair is nigh.
Much I've endur'd, much more than I can tell ;
Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well.
When will the end of all my sorrows be ?
Can you not love ? I'm sure you pity me.
But, if I must new miseries sustain,
And be condemn'd to more and stronger pain,
I'll not accuse you, since my fate is such,
I please too little, and I love too much.

Strephon, no more ; the blushing Delia said,
Excuse the conduct of a timorous maid :
Now I'm convinc'd your love's sublime and true,
Such as I always wish'd to find in you.
Each kind expression, every tender thought,
A mighty transport in my bosom wrought :
And though in secret I your flame approv'd,
I sigh'd, and griev'd, but durst not own I lov'd.
Though now—O Strephon ! be so kind to guess,
What shame will not allow me confess.

The youth, encompass'd with a joy so bright,
Had hardly strength to bear the vast delight.

By too sublime an extasy possest,
 He trembled, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his breast;
 Ador'd the nymph that did his pain remove,
 Vow'd endless truth, and everlasting love.

STREPHON'S LOVE FOR DELIA JUSTIFIED.

IN AN EPISTLE TO CELADON.

ALL men have follies which they blindly trace
 Through the dark turnings of a dubious maze.
 But happy those, who, by a prudent care,
 Retreat betimes from the fallacious snare.

The eldest sons of Wisdom were not free
 From the same failure you condemn in me:
 They lov'd, and, by that glorious passion led,
 Forgot what Plato and themselves had said.
 Love triumph'd o'er those dull, pedantic rules,
 They had collected from the wrangling schools,
 And made them to his noble sway submit,
 In spite of all their learning, art, and wit:
 Their grave, starch'd morals, then unuseful prov'd;
 These dusty characters he soon remov'd;
 For, when his shining squadrons came in view,
 Their boasted reason murmur'd, and withdrew;
 Unable to oppose their mighty force
 With phlegmatic resolves, and dry discourse.

If, as the wisest of the wise have err'd,
 I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard;
 My faults you too severely reprehend,
 More like a rigid censor than a friend.

Love

Love is the monarch passion of the mind,
Knows no superior, by no laws confin'd,
But triumphs still, impatient of control,
O'er all the proud endowments of the soul.

You own'd my Delia, friend, divinely fair,
When in the bud her native beauties were ;
Your praise did then her early charms confess,
Yet you 'd persuade me to adore her less.
You but the non-age of her beauty saw,
But might from thence sublime ideas draw,
And what she is, by what she was, conclude ;
For now she governs those she then subdued.

Her aspect noble and mature is grown,
And every charm in its full vigour known.
There we may wondering view, distinctly writ,
The lines of goodness, and the marks of wit :
Each feature, emulous of pleasing most,
Does justly some peculiar sweetness boast ;
And her composure 's of so fine a frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.

When the immortal Beauties of the skies
Contended naked for the golden prize,
The apple had not fall'n to Venus' share,
Had I been Paris, and my Delia there ;
In whom alone we all their graces find,
The moving gaiety of Venus, join'd
With Juno's aspect, and Minerva's mind.

View both those nymphs whom other swains adore,
You 'll value charming Delia still the more.

Dorinda's

Dorinda's mien 's majestic, but her mind
 Is to revenge and peevishness inclin'd :
 Myrtylla 's fair ; and yet Myrtylla 's proud :
 Chloe has wit ; but noisy, vain, and loud :
 Melania doats upon the sillyest things ;
 And yet Melania like an angel sings.
 But in my Delia all endowments meet,
 All that is just, agreeable, or sweet ;
 All that can praise and admiration move,
 All that the wisest and the bravest love.

In all discourse she 's apposite and gay,
 And ne'er wants something pertinent to say ;
 For, if the subject 's of a serious kind,
 Her thoughts are manly, and her sense refin'd ;
 But if divertive, her expression 's fit,
 Good language, join'd with inoffensive wit ;
 So cautious always, that she ne'er affords
 An idle thought the charity of words.

The vices common to her sex can find
 No room, ev'n in the suburbs of her mind ;
 Concluding wisely she 's in danger still,
 From the mere neighbourhood of industrious ill.
 Therefore at distance keeps the subtle foe,
 Whose near approach would formidable grow ;
 While the unwary virgin is undone,
 And meets the misery which she ought to shun.

Her wit is penetrating, clear, and gay ;
 But let true judgment and right reason sway ;
 Modestly bold, and quick to apprehend ;
 Prompt in replies, but cautious to offend.

STREPHON'S LOVE JUSTIFIED.

251

Her darts are keen, but level'd with such care,
They ne'er fall short, and seldom fly too far:
For when she raillies 't is with so much art,
We blush with pleasure, and with rapture smart.

O, Celadon! you would my flame approve,
Did you but hear her talk of love.
That tender passion to her fancy brings
The prettiest notions, and the softest things;
Which are by her so movingly express'd,
They fill with extasy my throbbing breast.
'Tis then the charms of eloquence impart
Their native glories unimprov'd by art:
By what she says I measure things above,
And guess the language of seraphic love.

To the cool bosom of a peaceful shade,
By some wild beech or lofty poplar made,
When evening comes, we secretly repair
To breathe in private, and unbend our care:
And while our flocks in fruitful pastures feed,
Some well-design'd, instructive poem read;
Where useful morals, with soft numbers join'd,
At once delight and cultivate the mind:
Which are by her to more perfection brought,
By wise remarks upon the poet's thought;
So well she knows the stamp of eloquence,
The empty sound of words from solid sense.
The florid fustian of a rhyming spark,
Whose random arrow ne'er comes near the mark,
Can't on her judgment be impos'd, and pass
For standard gold, when 't is but gilded brass.

Oft

Oft in the walks of an adjacent grove,
 Where first we mutually engag'd to love,
 She smiling ask'd me, Whether I 'd prefer
 An humble cottage on the plains with her,
 Before the pompous building of the great ;
 And find content in that inferior state ?
 Said I, The question you propose to me,
 Perhaps a matter of debate might be,
 Were the degrees of my affection less
 Than burning martyrs to the gods express.
 In you I 've all I can desire below,
 That earth can give me, or the gods bestow ;
 And, blest with you, I know not where to find
 A second choice, you take up all my mind.
 I 'd not forsake that dear, delightful plain,
 Where charming Delia, Love and Delia reign,
 For all the splendor that a court can give,
 Where gaudy fools and busy statesmen live.
 Though youthful Paris, when his birth was known
 (Too fatally related to a throne)
 Forsook Oenone, and his rural sports,
 For dangerous greatness, and tumultuous courts ;
 Yet Fate should still offer its power in vain ;
 For what is power to such an humble swain ?
 I would not leave my Delia, leave my fair,
 Though half the globe should be assign'd my share.

And would you have me, friend, reflect again,
 Become the basest and the worst of men ?
 O, do not urge me, Celadon ; forbear ;
 I cannot leave her, she 's too charming fair !

Should

STREPHON'S LOVE JUSTIFIED. 253

Should I your counsel in this case pursue;
You might suspect me for a villain too:
For sure that perjur'd wretch can never prove
Just to his friend, who 's faithless to his love.

EPISTLE TO DELIA.

AS those who hope hereafter heaven to share,
A rigorous exile here can calmly bear,
And, with collected spirits, undergo
The sad variety of pain below;
Yet, with intense reflections, antedate
The mighty raptures of a future state;
While the bright prospect of approaching joy
Creates a bliss no trouble can destroy:
So, though I 'm toss'd by giddy Fortune's hand,
Ev'n to the confines of my native land;
Where I can hear the stormy ocean roar,
And break its waves upon the foaming shore:
Though from my Delia banish'd; all that 's dear,
That 's good, or beautiful, or charming here:
Yet flattering hopes encourage me to live,
And tell me Fate will kinder minutes give;
That the dark treasury of times contains
A glorious day, will finish all my pains:
And, while I contemplate on joys to come,
My griefs are silent, and my sorrows dumb.
Believe me, nymph, believe me, charming fair,
(When truth 's conspicuous, we need not swear;

Oaths

Oaths will suppose a diffidence in you,
 That I am false, my flame fictitious too)
 Were I condemn'd by Fate's imperial power,
 Ne'er to return to your embraces more,
 I'd scorn what'er the busy world could give;
 'T would be the worst of miseries to live :
 For all my wishes and desires pursue,
 All I admire, or covet here, is you.
 Were I possess'd of your surprizing charms,
 And lodg'd again within my Delia's arms;
 Then would my joys ascend to that degree,
 Could angels envy, they would envy me.

Oft, as I wander in a silent shade,
 When bold vexations would my soul invade,
 I banish the rough thought, and none pursue,
 But what inclines my willing mind to you.
 The soft reflections on your sacred love,
 Like sovereign antidotes, all cares remove;
 Composing every faculty to rest,
 They leave a grateful flavour in my breast.

Retir'd sometimes into a lonely grove,
 I think o'er all the stories of our love.
 What mighty pleasure have I oft possess'd,
 When, in a masculine embrace, I prest
 The lovely Delia to my heaving breast!
 Then I remember, and with vast delight,
 The kind expressions of the parting night:
 Methought the sun too quick return'd again,
 And day seem'd ne'er impertinent till then.

Strong

Strong and contracted was our eager bliss;
An age of pleasure in each generous kiss:
Years of delight in moments we compriz'd;
And heaven itself was there epitomiz'd.

But, when the glories of the eastern light
O'erflow'd the twinkling tapers of the night;
Farewell, my Delia, O farewell! said I,
The utmost period of my time is nigh:
Too cruel Fate forbids my longer stay,
And wretched Strephon is compell'd away.
But, though I must my native plains forego,
Forsake these fields, forsake my Delia too;
No change of fortune shall for ever move
The settled base of my immortal love.

And must my Strephon, must my faithful swain,
Be forc'd, you cry'd, to a remoter plain!
The darling of my soul so soon remov'd!
The only valued, and the best belov'd!
Though other swains to me themselves address'd,
Strephon was still distinguish'd from the rest:
Flat and insipid all their courtship seem'd;
Little themselves, their passions less, esteem'd:
For my aversion with their flames increas'd,
And none but Strephon partial Delia pleas'd.
Though I 'm depriv'd of my kind shepherd's sight,
Joy of the day, and blessing of the night;
Yet will you, Strephon, will you love me still?
However, flatter me and say you will.
For, should you entertain a rival love;
Should you unkind to me, or faithless prove;

No

No mortal e'er could half so wretched be :
 For sure no mortal ever lov'd like me.

Your beauty, nymph, said I, my faith secures ;
 Those you once conquer, must be always yours :
 For, hearts subdued by your victorious eyes,
 No force can storm, no stratagem surprize ;
 Nor can I of captivity complain,
 While lovely Delia holds the glorious chain.
 The Cyprian queen, in young Adonis' arms,
 Might fear, at least, he would despise her charms ;
 But I can never such a monster prove,
 To slight the blessings of my Delia's love.
 Would those who at celestial tables sit,
 Blest with immortal wine, immortal wit ;
 Choose to descend to some inferior board,
 Which nought but scum and nonsense can afford ?
 Nor can I e'er to those gay nymphs address,
 Whose pride is greater, and whose charms are less :
 Their tinsel beauty may, perhaps, subdue
 A gaudy coxcomb, or a fulsome beau ;
 But seem at best indifferent to me,
 Who none but you with admiration see.

Now, would the rolling orbs obey my will,
 I'd make the sun a second time stand still,
 And to the lower world their light repay,
 When conquering Joshua robb'd them of a day :
 Though our two souls would different passions prove ;
 His was a thirst of glory, mine of love.
 It will not be ; the sun makes haste to rise,
 And take possession of the eastern skies ;

AN EPISTLE TO DELIA. 257

Yet one more kiss, though millions are too few;
And, Delia, since we must, must part, adieu.

As Adam, by an injur'd Maker driven
From Eden's groves, the vicinage of Heaven;
Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
The harsh impressions of a ruder air;
With mighty sorrow, and with weeping eyes,
Look'd back, and mourn'd the loss of paradise;
With a concern like his did I review
My native plains, my charming Delia too;
For I left paradise in leaving you.

If, as I walk, a pleasant shade I find,
It brings your fair idea to my mind:

Such was the happy place, I, sighing, say,
Where I and Delia, lovely Delia, lay;
When first I did my tender thoughts impart,

And made a grateful present of my heart.

Or, if my friend, in his apartment, shews

Some piece of Van Dyck's, or of Angelo's,

In which the artist has, with wondrous care,

Describ'd the face of one exceeding fair;

Though, at first sight, it may my passion raise,

And every feature I admire and praise;

Yet still, methinks, upon a second view,

'Tis not so beautiful, so fair as you.

If I converse with those whom most I prize

To have a ready, gay, vivacious wit;

They want some amiable, moving grace,

Some turn of fancy that my Delia has:

For

For ten good thoughts amongst the crowd they vent,
Methinks ten thousand are impertinent.

Let other shepherds, that are prone to range,
With each caprice, their giddy humours change:
They from variety less joys receive,
Than you alone are capable to give.
Nor will I envy those ill-judging swains
(What they enjoy's the refuse of the plains)
If, for my share of happiness below,
Kind Heaven upon me Delia would bestow;
Whatever blessings it can give beside,
Let all mankind among themselves divide.

A PASTORAL ESSAY ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY, ANNO 1694.

AS gentle Strephon to his fold convey'd
A wandering lamb, which from the flocks had
Beneath a mournful cypress shade he found
Cosmelia weeping on the dewy ground.
Amaz'd, with eager haste he ran to know
The fatal cause of her intemperate woe;
And, clasping her to his impatient breast,
In these soft words his tender care express'd.

STREPHON.

Why mourns my dear Cosmelia? Why appears
My life, my soul, dissolv'd in briny tears?
Has some fierce tiger thy lov'd heifer slain,
While I was wandering on the neighbouring plain?
Or, has some greedy wolf devour'd thy sheep?
What sad misfortune makes Cosmelia weep?

Speak,

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY. 259

Speak, that I may prevent thy grief's increase,
Partake thy sorrows, or restore thy peace.

COSMELIA.

Do you not hear from far that mournful bell?

'Tis for—I cannot the sad tidings tell.

Oh, whither are my fainting spirits fled;

'Tis for Cælestia—Strephon, Oh—She's dead!

The brightest nymph, the princeess of the plain,

By an untimely dart, untimely slain!

STREPHON.

Dead! 'Tis impossible! She cannot die:

She's too divine, too much a Deity:

'Tis a false rumour some ill swains have spread,

Who wish, perhaps, the good Cælestia dead.

COSMELIA.

Ah! No; the truth in every face appears;

For every face you meet 's o'erflow'd with tears.

Trembling, and pale, I ran through all the plain,

From flock to flock, and ask'd of every swain,

But each, scarce lifting his dejected head,

Cry'd, Oh, Cosmelia! Oh, Cælestia's dead?

STREPHON.

Something was meant by that ill-brooding croak

Of the prophetic raven from the oak,

Which strait by lightning was in shivers broke.

But we our mischief feel, before we see;

Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with misery.

COSMELIA.

Since then we have no trophies to bestow,

No pompous things to make a glorious shew

(For all the tribute a poor swain can bring,
In rural numbers, is to mourn and sing)
Let us, beneath the gloomy shade, rehearse
Celestia's sacred name in no less sacred verse.

STREPHON.

Celestia dead! Then 'tis in vain to live;
What's all the comfort that the plains can give,
Since she, by whose bright influence alone
Our flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd, is gone;
Since she, who round such beams of goodness spread
As gave new life to every swain, is dead?

COSMELIA.

In vain we wish for the delightful spring;
What joys can flowery May or April bring,
When she, for whom the spacious plains were spread
With early flowers and chearful greens, is dead?
In vain did courtly Damon warm the earth,
To give to summer fruits a winter birth;
In vain we autumn wait, which crowns the fields
With wealthy crops, and various plenty yields;
Since that fair nymph, for whom the boundless store
Of nature was preserv'd, is now no more.

STREPHON.

Farewell for ever then to all that's gay:
You will forget to sing, and I to play.
No more with chearful songs, in cooling bowers,
Shall we consume the pleasurable hours:
All joys are banish'd, all delights are fled,
Ne'er to return, now fair Celestia's dead.

COSMELIA,

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY. 161

COSMELIA.

If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful lays
Of great Cælestia's name, Cælestia's praise:
How good she was, how generous, how wise!
How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes!
How charming all; how much she was ador'd,
Alive; when dead, how much her loss deplor'd!
A noble theme, and able to inspire
The humblest Muse with the sublimest fire.
And since we do of such a princess sing,
Let ours ascend upon a stronger wing;
And, while we do the lofty numbers join,
Her name will make the harmony divine.
Raise then thy tuneful voice; and be the song
Sweet as her temper, as her virtue strong.

STREPHON.

When her great lord to foreign wars was gone,
And left Cælestia here to rule alone;
With how serene a brow, how void of fear,
When storms arose, did she the vessel steer!
And when the raging of the waves did cease,
How gentle was her sway in times of peace!
Justice and mercy did their beams unite,
And round her temples spread a glorious light;
So quick she eas'd the wrongs of every swain,
She hardly gave them leisure to complain:
Impatient to reward, but slow to draw
Th' avenging sword of necessary law:
Like Heaven, she took no pleasure to destroy;
With grief she punish'd, and she sav'd with joy.

COSMELIA.

When godlike Belliger, from war's alarms,
 Return'd in triumph to Cælestia's arms,
 She met her hero with a full desire;
 But chaste as light, and vigorous as fire:
 Such mutual flames, so equally divine,
 Did in each breast with such a lustre shine,
 His could not seem the greater, her's the leis;
 Both were immense, for both were in excess.

STREPHON.

Oh, godlike princefs! Oh, thrice happy swains!
 Whilst she presided o'er the fruitful plains!
 Whilst she, for ever ravish'd from our eyes,
 To mingle with the kindred of the skies,
 Did for your peace her constant thoughts employ;
 The nymph's good angel, and the shepherd's joy!

COSMELIA.

All that was noble beautify'd her mind;
 There wisdom sat, with solid reason join'd:
 There too did piety and greatness wait;
 Meekness on grandeur, modesty on state;
 Humble amidst the splendors of a throne;
 Plac'd above all, and yet despising none.
 And when a crown was forc'd on her by fate,
 She with some pains submitted to be great.

STREPHON.

Her pious soul with emulation strove
 To gain the mighty Pan's important love;
 To whose mysterious rites she always came,
 With such an active, so intense a flame;

The

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY. 263

The duties of religion seem'd to be
No more her care than her felicity.

COSMELIA.

Virtue unmix'd, without the least alloy,
Pure as the light of a celestial ray,
Commanded all the motions of the soul
With such a soft, but absolute control,
That, as she knew what best great Pan would please,
She still perform'd it with the greatest ease.
Him for her high exemplar she design'd,
Like him, benevolent to all mankind.
Her foes she pity'd, not desir'd their blood;
And, to revenge their crimes, she did them good:
Nay, all affronts so unconcern'd she bore,
(Maugre that violent temptation, Power)
As if she thought it vulgar to resent,
Or wish'd forgiveness their worst punishment.

STREPHON.

Next mighty Pan, was her illustrious lord,
His high vicegerent, sacredly ador'd:
Him with such piety and zeal she lov'd,
The noble passion every hour improv'd:
Till it ascended to that glorious height,
'Twas next (if only next) to infinite.
This made her so entire a duty pay,
She grew at last impatient to obey;
And met his wishes with as prompt a zeal
As an archangel his Creator's will.

S 4

COSMELIA.

COSMELIA.

Mature for Heaven, the fatal mandate came,
 With it a chariot of ethereal flame;
 In which, Elijah like, she pass'd the spheres;
 Brought joy to Heaven, but left the world in tears.

STREPHON.

Methinks I see her on the plains of light,
 All glorious, all incomparably bright!
 While the immortal minds around her gaze
 On the excessive splendor of her rays;
 And scarce believe a human soul could be
 Endow'd with such stupendous majesty.

COSMELIA.

Who can lament too much! O, who can mourn,
 Enough o'er beautiful Caeleſtia's urn!
 So great a loss as this deserves excess
 Of sorrows; all 's too little that is less.
 But, to supply the universal woe,
 Tears from all eyes, without cessation, flow:
 All that have power to weep, or voice to groan,
 With throbbing breasts, Caeleſtia's fate bemoan;
 While marble rocks the common griefs partake,
 And echo back those cries they cannot make.

STREPHON.

Weep then (once fruitful vales) and spring with yew!
 Ye thirsty, barren mountains, weep with dew!
 Let every flower on this extended plain
 Not droop, but shrink into its womb again,
 Ne'er to receive anew its yearly birth!
 Let every thing that 's grateful leave the earth!

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY. 263

Let mournful cypress, with each noxious weed,
And baneful venoms, in their place succeed?
Ye purling, querulous brooks, o'ercharg'd with grief,
Haste swiftly to the sea for more relief;
Then tiding back, each to his sacred head,
Tell your astonish'd springs, Cælestia's dead!

COSMELIA.

Well have you sung, in an exalted strain,
The fairest nymph e'er grac'd the British plain.
Who knows but some officious angel may
Your grateful numbers to her ears convey!
That she may smile upon us from above,
And bless our mournful pains with peace and love!

STREPHON.

But see, our flocks do to their fold repair;
For night with sable clouds obscures the air:
Cold damps descend from the unwholesome sky,
And safety bids us to our cottage fly.
Though with each morn our sorrows will return;
Each ev'n, like nightingales, we'll sing and mourn,
Till death conveys us to the peaceful urn.

TO HIS FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.

NONE lives in this tumultuous state of things,
Where every morning soon new troubles bring;
But bold inquietudes will break his rest,
And gloomy thoughts disturb his anxious breast.

Angelic

Angelic forms, and happy spirits, are
 Above the malice of perplexing care:
 But that's a blessing too sublime, too high,
 For those who bend beneath mortality.
 If in the body there was but one part
 Subject to pain, and sensible of smart,
 And but one passion could torment the mind;
 That part, that passion, busy fate would find:
 But, since infirmities in both abound,
 Since sorrow both so many ways can wound:
 'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve
 Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The happiest man that ever breath'd on earth,
 With all the glories of estate and birth,
 Had yet some anxious care, to make him know,
 No grandeur was above the reach of woe.
 To be from all things that disquiet, free,
 Is not consistent with humanity.
 Youth, wit, and beauty, are such charming things,
 O'er which, if affluence spreads her gaudy wings,
 We think the person who enjoys so much,
 No care can move, and no affliction touch;
 Yet could we but some secret method find
 To view the dark recesses of the mind,
 We there might see the hidden seed of strife,
 And woes in embryo ripening into life:
 How some fierce lust, or boisterous passion, fills
 The labouring spirit with prolific ills;
 Pride, envy, or revenge, distract the soul,
 And all right reason's godlike powers control;

But

TO HIS FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION. 267

But if she must not be allow'd to sway
Though all without appears serene and gay,
A cankerous venom on the vitals preys,
And poisons all the comforts of his days.

External pomp and visible success
Sometimes contribute to our happiness:
But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,
Is a good conscience and a soul resign'd.
Then, to whatever end affliction's sent,
To try our virtues, or for punishment,
We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow:
For, in misfortunes this advantage lies;
They make us humble, and they make us wise;
And he that can acquire such virtues, gains
An ample recompence for all his pains.

Too soft caresses of a prosperous fate
The pious fervours of the soul abate;
Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days
And gloomy vapour round the spirits raise.
Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dozing lie,
And find our ruin in security;
Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,
And breaks th' enchantment by a timely grief.
But as we are allow'd, to cheer our sight,
In blackest days, some glimmerings of light;
So, in the most dejected hours we may
The secret pleasure have to weep and pray:
And those requests the speediest passage find
To Heaven, which flow from an afflicted mind:

And

And while to him we open our distress,
Our pains grow lighter, and our sorrows less.
The finest music of the grove we owe
To mourning Philomel's harmonious woe;
And while her grief's in charming notes express'd,
A thorny bramble pricks her tender breast;
In warbling melody she spends the night,
And moves at once compassion and delight.

No choice had e'er so happy an event,
But he that made it did that choice repent.
So weak 's our judgment, and so short 's our sight,
We cannot level our own wishes right:
And if sometimes we make a wise advance,
T' ourselves we little owe, but much to chance.
So that when Providence, for secret ends,
Corroding cares, or sharp affliction, sends;
We must conclude it best it should be so,
And not desponding or impatient grow.
For he that will his confidence remove
From boundless wisdom and eternal love,
To place it on himself, or human aid,
Will meet those woes he labours to evade.
But, in the keenest agonies of grief,
Content 's a cordial that still gives relief:
Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes;
And, if with humble spirits they complain,
Relieves the anguish, or rewards the pain.

TO ANOTHER FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.

SINCE the first man by disobedience fell
An easy conquest to the powers of hell,
There 's none in every stage of life can be
From the insults of bold affliction free.
If a short respite gives us some relief,
And interrupts the series of our grief,
So quick the pangs of misery return,
We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.

Reason refin'd, and to perfection brought,
By wise philosophy, and serious thought,
Support the soul beneath the ponderous weight
Of angry stars, and unpropitious fate;
Then is the time she should exert her power,
And make us practice what she taught before.
For why are such voluminous authors read,
The learned labours of the famous dead,
But to prepare the mind for its defence,
By sage results, and well-digested sense;
That, when the storm of misery appears,
With all its real or fantastic fears,
We either may the rolling danger fly,
Or stem the tide before it swells too high.

But though the theory of wisdom 's known
With ease, what should, and what should not be done;

Yet

Yet all the labour in the practice lies,
To be, in more than words and notion, wise ;
The sacred truth of sound philosophy
We study early, but we late apply.
When stubborn anguish seizes on the soul,
Right reason would its haughty rage control ;
But, if it may n't be suffer'd to endure,
The pain is just, when we reject the cure.
For many men, close observation finds,
Of copious learning, and exalted minds,
Who tremble at the sight of daring woes,
And stoop ignobly to the vilest foes ;
As if they understood not how to be
Or wise, or brave, but in felicity ;
And by some action, servile or unjust,
Lay all their former glories in the dust.
For wisdom first the wretched mortal flies,
And leaves him naked to his enemies ;
So that, when most his prudence should be shewn,
The most imprudent, giddy things are done.
For when the mind 's surrounded with distress,
Fear or inconstancy the judgment press,
And render it incapable to make
Wise resolutions, or good counsels take.
Yet there 's a steadiness of soul and thought,
By reason bred, and by religion taught,
Which, like a rock amidst the stormy waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.

In sharp misfortunes, some will search too deep
What Heaven prohibits, and would secret keep :

But

TO ANOTHER UNDER AFFLICTION. 371

But those events 'tis better not to know,
Which known, serve only to increase our woe.
Knowledge forbid ('tis dangerous to pursue)
With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too.
For, had our earliest parents been content
Not to know more than to be innocent,
Their ignorance of evil had preserv'd
Their joys entire; for then they had not swerv'd.
But they imagin'd (their desires were such)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.

E'er since my folly most to wisdom rise;
And few are, but by sad experience, wise.

Consider, Friend! who all your blessings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have;

And do not murmur when you are bereft
Of little, if you have abundance left:

Consider too, how many thousands are
Under the worst of miseries, despair;

And do n't repine at what you now endure;
Custom will give you ease, or time will cure:

Once more consider, that the present ill,
Though it be great, may yet be greater still;

And be not anxious; for, to undergo
One grief, is nothing to a numerous woe.

But since it is impossible to be
Human, and not expos'd to misery,

Bear it, my friend, as bravely as you can:
You are not more, and be not less than man!

Afflictions past can no existence find,
But in the wild ideas of the mind:

And

And why should we for those misfortunes mourn,
Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return;
Those that have weather'd a tempestuous night,
And find a calm approaching with the light,
Will not, unless their reason they disown,
Still make those dangers present that are gone.
What is behind the curtain none can see;
It may be joy: suppose it misery;
'T is future still; and that which is not here,
May never come, or we may never bear.
Therefore the present ill alone we ought
To view, in reason, with a troubled thought;
But, if we may the sacred pages trust,
He's always happy, that is always just.

TO HIS FRIEND

INCLINED TO MARRY.

I Would not have you, Strephon, choose a mate,
From too exalted, or too mean a state;
For in both these we may expect to find
A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.
Who moves within the middle region, shares
The least disquiets, and the smallest cares.
Let her extraction with true lustre shine,
If something brighter, not too bright for thine:
Her education liberal, not great;
Neither inferior, nor above her state.
Let her have wit; but let that wit be free
From affectation, pride, and pedantry:

For

TO A FRIEND INCLINED TO MARRY. 273

For the effect of woman's wit is such,
Too little is as dangerous as too much.
But chiefly let her humour close with thine;
Unless where yours does to a fault incline;
The least disparity in this destroys,
Like sulphurous blasts, the very buds of joys.
Her person amiable, straight and free
From natural, or chance, deformity.
Let not her years exceed, if equal thine;
For women past their vigor, soon decline,
Her fortune competent; and, if thy sight
Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.
If thine's enough, then hers may be the less:
Do not aspire to riches in excess.
For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
Is a genteel sufficiency and love.

TO A PAINTER DRAWING DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAinter, the utmost of thy judgment shew;
Exceed ev'n Titian, and great Angelo:
With all the liveliness of thought express
The moving features of Dorinda's face.
Thou canst not flatter, where such beauty dwells;
Her charms thy colours, and thy art, excells.
Others less fair, may from thy pencil have
Graces, which sparing Nature never gave;
But in Dorinda's aspect thou wilt see
Such as will pose thy famous art, and thee;

T

So

So great, so many in her face unite,
So well proportion'd, and so wondrous bright,
No human skill can e'er express them all,
But must do wrong to th' fair original.
An angel's hand alone the pencil fits,
To mix the colours when an angel sits.

Thy picture may as like Dorinda be
As art of man can paint a deity;
And justly may perhaps, when she withdraws,
Excite our wonder, and deserve applause:
But when compar'd, you 'll be oblig'd to own,
No art can equal what 's by Nature done.
Great LELY's noble hand, excell'd by few,
The picture fairer than the person drew:
He took the best that Nature could impart,
And made it better by his powerful art.
But had he seen that bright, surprizing grace,
Which spreads itself o'er all Dorinda's face,
Vain had been all the essays of his skill;
She must have been confest the fairest still.

Heaven in a landscape may be wondrous fine,
And look as bright as painted light can shine;
But still the real glories of the place
All art, by infinite degrees, surpass.

TO THE PAINTER, AFTER HE HAD
FINISHED DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, thou hast perform'd what man can do ;
Only Dorinda's self more charms can shew.

Bold are thy strokes, and delicate each touch ;
But still the beauties of her face are such
As cannot justly be describ'd ; though all
Confess 't is like the bright original.
In her, and in thy picture, we may view
The utmost Nature, or that Art, can do ;
Each is a master-piece, design'd so well,
That future times may strive to parallel ;
But neither Art nor Nature 's able to excel.

CRUELTY AND LUST.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY.*

WHERE can the wretched fit of all creatures fly,
To tell the story of her misery ?

Where, but to faithful Celia, in whose mind

A manly bravery 's with soft pity join'd.

I fear, these lines will scarce be understood,

Blurr'd with incessant tears, and writ in blood ;

* This piece was occasioned by the barbarity of Kirke, a commander in the Western Rebellion, 1685, who debauched a young lady with a promise to save her husband's life, but hanged him the next morning.

But if you can the mournful pages read,
 The sad relation shews you such a deed,
 As all the annals of th' infernal reign
 Shall strive to equal, or exceed in vain.

Neronior's fame, no doubt, has reach'd your ears,
 Whose cruelty has caus'd a sea of tears;
 Fill'd each lamenting town with funeral sighs,
 Deploring widows shrieks, and orphans cries.

At every health the horrid monster quaff'd,
 Ten wretches dy'd, and as they dy'd he laugh'd:
 Till, tir'd with acting devil, he was led,
 Drunk with excess of blood and wine, to bed.

Oh, cursed place!—I can no more command
 My pen: shame and confusion shake my hand:
 But I must on, and let my Celia know

How barbarous are my wrongs, how vast my woe.

Amongst the crowds of Western youths who ran
 To meet the brave, betray'd unhappy man*,
 My husband, fatally uniting, went;
 Unus'd to arms, and thoughtless of th' event.
 But when the battle was by treachery won,
 The chief, and all but his false friend, undone;
 Though, in the tumult of that desperate night,
 He 'scap'd the dreadful slaughter of the fight;
 Yet the sagacious bloodhounds, skill'd too well
 In all the murdering qualities of hell,
 Each secret place so regularly beat,
 They soon discover'd his unsafe retreat.

* The Duke of Monmouth.

As hungry wolves triumphing o'er their prey,
 To sure destruction hurry them away ;
 So the purveyors of fierce Moloc's son
 With Charion to the common butchery run ;
 Where proud Neronior by his gibbet stood,
 To glut himself with fresh supplies of blood,
 Our friends, by powerful intercession, gain'd
 A short reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,
 To try all ways might to compassion move
 The savage general ; but in vain they strove.
 When I perceiv'd that all addresses fail'd,
 And nothing o'er his stubborn soul prevail'd ;
 Distracted almost, to his tent I flew,
 To make the last effort, what tears could do.
 Low on my knees I fell ; then thus began :
 Great genius of success, thou more than man !
 Whose arms to every clime have terror hurl'd,
 And carry'd conquest round the trembling world !
 Still may the brightest glories Fame can lend,
 Your sword, your conduct, and your cause, attend.
 Here now the arbiter of fate you sit,
 While suppliant slaves their rebel heads submit.
 Oh, pity the unfortunate ! and give
 But this one thing : Oh, let but Charion live !
 And take the little all that we possess.
 I'll bear the meagre anguish of distress
 Content, nay, pleas'd, to beg or earn my bread :
 Let Charion live, no matter how I'm fed.

The fall of such a youth no lustre brings
To him whose sword performs such wondrous
things

As saving kingdoms, and supporting kings.

That triumph only with true grandeur shines,

Where godlike courage, godlike pity joins.

Cæsar, the eldest favourite of war,

Took not more pleasure to submit, than spare:

And since in battle you can greater be,

That over, be n't less merciful than he.

Ignoble spirits by revenge are known,

And cruel actions spoil the conqueror's crown?

In future histories fill each mournful page

With tales of blood, and monuments of rage:

And, while his annals are with horror read,

Men curse him living, and detest him dead.

Oh! do not sully with a sanguine dye

(The foulest stain) so fair a memory!

Then, as you 'll live the glory of our isle,

And Fate on all your expeditions smile!

So when a noble course you've bravely ran,

Die the best soldier, and the happiest man.

None can the turns of Providence foresee,

Or what their own catastrophe may be;

Therefore, to persons labouring under woe,

That mercy they may want, should always shew:

For in the chance of war the slightest thing

May lose the battle, or the victory bring.

And how would you that general's honour prize,

Should in cool blood his captive sacrifice?

He

He that with rebel arms to fight is led,
 To justice forfeits his opprobrious head :
 But 't is unhappy Charion's first offence,
 Seduc'd by some too plausible pretence,
 To take the injuring side by error brought ;
 He had no malice, though he has the fault.
 Let the old tempters find a shameful grave,
 But the half-innocent, the tempted, save ;
 Vengeance divine, though for the greatest crime,
 But rarely strikes the first or second time :
 And he that best follows th' Almighty's will,
 Who spares the guilty he has power to kill.
 When proud rebellions would unhinge a state,
 And wild disorders in a land create,
 'Tis requisite the first promoters should
 Put out the flames they kindled with their blood :
 But sure 't is a degree of murder all
 That draw their swords should undistinguish'd fall,
 And since a mercy must to some be shewn,
 Let Charion 'mongst the happy few be one :
 For as none guilty has less guilt than he,
 So none for pardon has a fairer plea.

When David's general had won the field,
 And Absalom, the lov'd ungrateful, kill'd.
 The trumpets sounding made all slaughter cease,
 And misled Israelites return'd in peace.
 The action past, where so much blood was spilt,
 We hear of none arraign'd for that day's guilt ;
 But all concludes with the desir'd event,
 The monarch pardons, and the Jews repent.

As great example your great courage warms,
And to illustrious deeds excites your arms ;
So when you instances of mercy view,
They should inspire you with compassion too :
For he that emulates the truly brave,
Would always conquer, and should always save.

Here, interrupting, stern Neronior cry'd,
(Swell'd with success, and blubber'd up with pride)
Madam, his life depends upon my will,
For every rebel I can spare or kill.
I'll think of what you've said : this night return
At ten, perhaps you'll have no cause to mourn.
Go, see your husband, bid him not despair ;
His crime is great, but you are wondrous fair.

When anxious miseries the soul amaze,
And dire confusion in the spirits raise,
Upon the least appearance of relief,
Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief ;
Impatience makes our wishes earnest grow,
Which through false optics our deliverance shew,
For while we fancy danger does appear
Most at a distance, it is oft too near,
And many times, secure from obvious foes,
We fall into an ambuscade of woes.

Pleas'd with the false Neronior's dark reply,
I thought the end of all my sorrows nigh,
And to the main-guard hasten'd, where the prey,
Of this blood-thirsty fiend, in durance lay.
When Charion saw me, from his turfy bed
With eagerness he rais'd his drooping head :

Oh!

Oh ! fly, my dear, this guilty place, he cry'd,
 And in some distant clime thy virtue hide !
 Here nothing but the foulest dæmons dwell,
 The refuge of the damn'd, and mob of hell.
 The air they breathe is every atom curst :
 There 's no degree of ills, for all are worst.
 In rapes and murders they alone delight,
 And villanies of less importance flight :
 A&t them indeed, but scorn they should be nam'd,
 For all their glory 's to be more than damn'd.
 Neronior 's chief of this infernal crew,
 And seems to merit that high station too :
 Nothing but rage and lust inspire his breast,
 By Asmodai and Moloc both possess'd,
 When told you went to intercede for me,
 It threw my soul into an agony,
 Not that I would not for my freedom give
 What 's requisite, or do not wish to live ;
 But for my safety I can ne'er be base,
 Or buy a few short years with long disgrace :
 Nor would I have your yet unspotted fame
 For me expos'd to an eternal shame.
 With ignominy to preserve my breath,
 Is worse, by infinite degrees, than death.
 But if I can't my life with honour save,
 With honour I 'll descend into the grave.
 For though revenge and malice both combine
 (As both to fix my ruin seem to join)
 Yet, maugre all their violence and skill,
 I can die just, and I 'm resolv'd I will.

But

But what is death we so unwisely fear?
 An end of all our busy tumults here:
 The equal lot of poverty and state,
 Which all partake of by a certain fate.
 Whoe'er the prospect of mankind surveys,
 At divers ages, and by divers ways,
 Will find them from this noisy scene retire;
 Some the first minute that they breathe, expire:
 Others, perhaps, survive to talk, and go;
 But die, before they good or evil know.
 Here one to puberty arrives; and then
 Returns lamented to the dust again:
 Another there maintains a longer strife
 With all the powerful enemies of life;
 Till, with vexation tir'd, and threescore years,
 He drops into the dark, and disappears.
 I'm young indeed, and might expect to see
 Times future, long and late posterity,
 'Tis what with reason I could wish to do,
 If to be old, were to be happy too.
 But since substantial grief so soon destroys
 The gust of all imaginary joys,
 Who would be too importunate to live,
 Or more for life, than it can merit, give!
 Beyond the grave stupendous regions lie,
 The boundless realms of vast eternity;
 Where minds, remov'd from earthly bodies, dwell;
 But who their government or laws can tell?
 What's their employment till the final doom:
 And time's eternal period shall come?

Thus

CRUELTY AND LUST. 283

Thus much the sacred oracles declare;
 That all are blest'd or miserable there;
 Though, if there's such variety of fate,
 None good expire too soon, nor bad too late.
 For my own part, with resignation, still
 I can submit to my Creator's will?
 Let him recall the breath from him I drew,
 When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too.
 The way of dying is my least concern;
 That will give no disturbance to my urn.
 If to the seats of happiness I go,
 There end all possible returns of woe;
 And when to those blest mansions I arrive,
 With pity I'll behold those that survive.
 Once more I beg, you 'd from these tents retreat;
 And leave me to my innocence and fate.

Charion, said I, Oh, do not urge my flight!
 I'll see the event of this important night:
 Some strange presages in my soul forebode,
 The worst of miseries, or the greatest good.
 Few hours will shew the utmost of my doom;
 A joyful safety, or a peaceful tomb.
 If you miscarry, I'm resolv'd to try
 If gracious Heaven will suffer me to die:
 For, when you are to endless raptures gone,
 If I survive, 'tis but to be undone.
 Who will support an injur'd widow's right,
 From sly injustice, or oppressive might?
 Protect her person, or her cause defend?
 She rarely wants a foe, or finds a friend:

I 've no distrust of Providence ; but still
 'Tis best to go beyond the reach of ill :
 And those can have no reason to repent,
 Who, though they die betimes, die innocent.
 But to a world of everlasting bliss
 Why would you go, and leave me here in this ?
 'Tis a dark passage ; but our foes shall view,
 I'll die as calm, though not so brave, as you :
 That my behaviour to the last may prove
 Your courage is not greater than my love.
 The hour approach'd ; as to Neronior's tent,
 With trembling, but impatient steps, I went,
 A thousand horrors, throng'd into my breast,
 By sad ideas and strong fears possess'd :
 Where'er I pass'd, the glaring lights would shew
 Fresh objects of despair, and scenes of woe.

Here, in a crowd of drunken soldiers, stood
 A wretched, poor, old man, besmear'd with blood ;
 And at his feet, just through the body run,
 Struggling for life, was laid his only son ;
 By whose hard labour he was daily fed,
 Dividing still, with pious care, his bread :
 And while he mourn'd, with floods of aged tears,
 The sole support of his decrepid years,
 The barbarous mob, whose rage no limit knows,
 With blasphemous derision, mock'd his woes,

There, under a wide oak, disconsolate,
 And drown'd in tears, a mournful widow sate.
 High in the boughs the murder'd father hung ;
 Beneath, the children round the mother clung :

CRUELTY AND LUST. 285

They cry'd for food, but 'twas without relief :
 For all they had to live upon, was grief.
 A sorrow so intense, such deep despair,
 No creature, merely human, long could bear.
 First in her arms her weeping babes she took,
 And, with a groan, did to her husband look :
 Then lean'd her head on theirs, and, sighing, cry'd,
 Pity me, Saviour of the world ! and dy'd.

From this sad spectacle my eyes I turn'd,
 Where sons their fathers, maids their lovers, mourn'd :
 Friends for their friends, sisters for brothers, wept,
 Prisoners of war, in chains, for slaughter kept :
 Each every hour did the black message dread,
 Which should declare the person lov'd was dead.
 Then I beheld, with brutal shouts of mirth,
 A comely youth, and of no common birth,
 To execution led ; who hardly bore
 The wounds in battle, he receiv'd before :
 And, as he pass'd, I heard him bravely cry,
 I neither wish to live, nor fear to die.

At the curs'd tent arriv'd, without delay,
 They did me to the general convey :
 Who thus began —————

Madam ! by fresh intelligence, I find,
 That Charion's treason 's of the blackest kind ;
 And my commission is express to spare
 None that so deeply in rebellion are :
 New measures therefore 'tis in vain to try ;
 No pardon can be granted ; he must die.

Must,

Must, or I hazard all: which yet I'd do
 To be oblig'd in one request by you:
 And, maugre all the dangers I foresee,
 Be mine this night, I'll set your husband free.
 Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope success
 By supple flattery, and by soft address;
 The pert, gay coxcomb, by these little arts,
 Gains an ascendant o'er the ladies hearts.
 But I can no such whining methods use:
 Consent, he lives; he dies, if you refuse.

Amaz'd at this demand; said I, The brave,
 Upon ignoble terms, disdain to save:
 They let their captives still with honour live,
 No more require, than what themselves would give;
 For, generous victors, as they scorn to do
 Dishonest things, scorn to propose them too.
 Mercy, the brightest virtue of the mind,
 Should with no devious appetite be join'd:
 For if, when exercis'd, a crime it cost,
 Th' intrinsic lustre of the deed is lost.
 Great men their actions of a piece should have;
 Heroic all, and each intirely brave:
 From the nice rules of honour none should swerve;
 Done, because good, without a mean reserve.

The crimes new charg'd upon the unhappy youth,
 May have revenge, and malice, but no truth.
 Suppose the accusation justly brought,
 And clearly prov'd to the minutest thought;
 Yet mercies next to infinite abate
 Offences next to infinitely great:

And

And 'tis the glory of a noble mind,
 In full forgiveness not to be confin'd.
 Your prince's frowns if you have cause to fear,
 This act will more illustrious appear;
 Though his excuse can never be withstood,
 Who disobeys, but only to be good.
 Perhaps the hazard 's more than you express;
 The glory would be, were the danger less.
 For he that, to his prejudice, will do
 A noble action, and a generous too,
 Deserves to wear a more resplendent crown
 Than he that has a thousand battles won.
 Do not invert divine compassion so,
 As to be cruel, and no mercy shew!
 Of what renown can such an action be,
 Which saves my husband's life, but ruins me?
 Though, if you finally resolve to stand
 Upon so vile, inglorious a demand,
 He must submit; if 'tis my fate to mourn
 His death, I'll bathe with virtuous tears his urn.
 Well, madam, haughtily, Neronior cry'd,
 Your courage and your virtue shall be try'd.
 But to prevent all prospect of a flight,
 Some of my * lambs shall be your guard to-night;
 By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd;
 They seldom ask a favour that 's refus'd:
 Perhaps you'll find them so genteely bred,
 They'll leave you but few virtuous tears to shed.

* Kirke used to call the most inhuman of his soldiers his lambs.

Surrounded

Surrounded with so innocent a throng,
 The night must pass delightfully along :
 And in the morning, since you will not give
 What I require, to let your husband live,
 You shall behold him sigh his latest breath,
 And gently swing into the arms of death.
 His fate he merits, as to rebels due :
 And yours will be as much deserv'd by you.

Oh Cælia, think ! so far as thought can shew,
 What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,
 At this dire resolution, seiz'd my breast !
 By all things sad and terrible possess'd.
 In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,
 For all my prayers were to a tiger made :
 A tiger ! worse ; for, 'tis beyond dispute,
 No fiend 's so cruel as a reasoning brute.
 Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of relief,
 With all the squadrons of despair and grief ?
 Ruin—it was not possible to shun :
 What could I do ? Oh ! what would you have done ?

The hours that pass'd, till the black morn return'd,
 With tears of blood should be for ever mourn'd.
 When, to involve me with consummate grief,
 Beyond expression, and above belief,
 Madam, the monster cry'd, that you may find
 I can be grateful to the fair that 's kind ;
 Step to the door, I'll shew you such a sight,
 Shall overwhelm your spirits with delight.
 Does not that wretch, who would dethrone his king,
 Become the gibbet, and adorn the string ?

You

You need not now an injur'd husband dread ;
 Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead.
 'Twas for your sake I seiz'd upon his life ;
 He would perhaps have scorn'd so chaste a wife,
 And, madam, you'll excuse the zeal I shew,
 To keep that secret none alive should know.

Curs'd of all creatures ! for, compar'd with thee,
 The devils, said I, are dull in cruelty.
 Oh, may that tongue eternal vipers breed,
 And wasteless their eternal hunger feed ;
 In fires too hot for salamanders dwell,
 The burning earnest of a hotter hell ;
 May that vile lump of execrable lust
 Corrupt alive, and rot into the dust !
 May'st thou, despairing at the point of death,
 With oaths and blasphemies resign thy breath ;
 And the worst torments that the damn'd should share,
 In thine own person all united bear !

Oh Cælia ! Oh my friend ! what age can shew
 Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a woe ?
 Indeed it does not infinite appear,
 Because it can't be everlasting here :
 But it's so vast, that it can ne'er increase :
 And so confirm'd, it never can be less.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF A—
WITH THE COUNTESS OF S—.

Triumphant beauty never looks so gay,
As on the morning of a nuptial day,
Love then within a larger circle moves,
New graces adds, and every charm improves:
While Hymen does his sacred rites prepare,
The busy nymphs attend the trembling fair;
Whose veins are swell'd with an unusual heat,
And eager pulses with strange motions beat:
Alternate passions various thoughts impart,
And painful joys distend her throbbing heart:
Her fears are great, and her desires are strong:
The minutes fly too fast—yet stay too long:
Now she is ready—the next moment not;
All things are done—then something is forgot:
She fears—yet wishes the strange work were done;
Delays—yet is impatient to be gone.
Disorders thus from every thought arise;
What love persuades, I know not what denies.

Achates' choice does his firm judgment prove,
And shews at once he can be wise and love;
Because it from no spurious passion came,
But was the product of a noble flame;
Bold, without rudeness; without blazing, bright;
Pure as fix'd stars, and uncorrupt as light:
By just degrees it to perfection grew;
An early ripeness, and a lasting too.

MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF A. 291

So the bright sun ascending to his noon,
Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soon.

But, though Achates was unkindly driven
From his own land, he 's banish'd into heaven :
For sure the raptures of Cosmelia's love,
Are next, if only next, to those above.

Thus Power Divine does with his foes engage ;
Rewards his virtues, and defeats their rage :

For first it did to fair Cosmelia give
All that a human creature could receive ;
Whate'er can raise our wonder or delight,
Transport the soul, or gratify the sight.
Then in the full perfection of her charms,
Lodg'd the bright virgin in Achates' arms.

What angels are, is in Cosmelia seen ;
Their awful glories, and their godlike mien :

For, in her aspect all the graces meet ;

All that is noble, beautiful, or sweet :

There every charm in lofty triumph sits,
Scorns poor defect, and to no fault submits :

There symmetry, complexion, air, unite,
Sublimely noble, and amazing bright.

So newly finish'd by the hand Divine,

Before her fall, did the first woman shine.

But Eve in one great point she does excel :

Cosmelia never err'd at all ; she fell.

From her temptation, in despair withdrew ;

Nor more assaults, whom it could ne'er subdue.

Virtue confirm'd, and regularly brought

To full maturity, by serious thought,

Her actions with a watchful eye surveys;
Each passion guides, and every moment sways;
Not the least failure in her conduct lies;
So gaily modest, and so freely wise.

Her judgment sure, impartial, and refin'd,
With wit, that 's clear and penetrating, join'd,
O'er all the efforts of her mind presides,
And to the noblest end her labours guides:
She knows the best, and does the best pursue,
And treads the maze of life without a clue.
That the weak only and the wavering lack,
When they 're mistaken, to conduct them back.
She does, amidst ten thousand ways, prefer
The right, as if not capable to err.

Her fancy, strong, vivacious, and sublime,
Seldom betrays her converse to a crime;
And though it moves with a luxuriant heat,
'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great:
For each expression, every teeming thought,
Is to the scanning of her judgment brought;
Which wisely separates the finest gold,
And casts the image in a beauteous mould.

No trifling words debase her eloquence,
But all 's pathetic, all is sterling sense;
Refin'd from drossy chat, and idle noise,
With which the female conversation cloy.
So well she knows, what 's understood by few,
To time her thoughts, and to express them too;
That what she speaks does to the soul transmit
The fair idea of delightful wit.

Illustrions

MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF A. 293

Illustrious born, and as illustrious bred,
By great example to wise actions led:
Much to the fame her lineal heroes bore
She owes, but to her own high genius more;
And, by a noble emulation mov'd,
Excell'd their virtues, and her own improv'd;
Till they arriv'd to that celestial height,
Scarce angels greater be, or saints so bright.

But, if Cosmelia could yet lovelier be,
Of nobler birth, or more a deity,
Achates merits her, though none but he:
Whose generous soul abhors a base disguise;
Resolv'd in action, and in counsel wise;
Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within,
For threats to force, or flattery to win.
Unmov'd amidst the hurricane he stood;
He dares be guiltless, and he will be good.

Since the first pair in paradise were join'd,
Two hearts were ne'er so happily combin'd.
Achates life to fair Cosmelia gives:
In fair Cosmelia great Achates lives.
Each is to other the divinest bliss;
He is her heaven, and she is more than his.
O may the kindest influence above
Protect their persons, and indulge their love!

AN INSCRIPTION

FOR THE

MONUMENT OF DIANA, COUNTESS OF
OXFORD AND ELGIN.

DIANA, OXONII & ELGINI Comitissa;

QUÆ

Illustri orta sanguine, sanguinem illustravit:

Ceciliorum meritis, clara, suis clarissima;

Ut quæ nesciret minor esse maximis;

Vitam incuntem innocentia;

Procedentem ampla virtutum cohors;

Exeuntem mors beatissima decoravit;

(Volente Numine)

Ut nusquam decesset aut virtus aut felicitas;

Duobus conjuncta maritis

Utrique charissima;

Primum

(Quem ad annum habuit)

Impense dilexit;

Secundum

(Quem ad annos viginti quatuor)

Tanta pietate & amore coluit;

Ut qui, vivens,

Obsequium, tanquam patri præstitit;

Moriens,

Patrimonium, tanquam filio, reliquit.

Noverca

ON THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD. 295

Noverca cum esset, Maternam pietatem facile superavit.
 Famulitii adeo, mitem prudentemque curam gessit,
 Ut non tam domina familie praeesse,
 Quam anima corpori inesse videretur.
 Denique,
 Cum pudice, humiliter, forti, sancto animo,
 Virginibus, conjugibus, viduis, omnibus,
 Exemplum consecrasset integerrimum,
 Terris anima major, ad similes evolavit superos.

THE FOREGOING INSCRIPTION
 ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

DIANA, Countess of OXFORD and ELGIN;

WHO from a race of noble heroes came,
 And added lustre to its ancient fame:
 Round her the virtues of the Cecils shone,
 But with inferior brightness to her own:
 Which she refin'd to that sublime degree,
 The greatest mortal could not greater be.
 Each stage of life peculiar splendor had;
 Her tender years with innocence were clad:
 Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good
 In the retinue of her virtues stood;
 And at the final period of her breath,
 She crown'd her life with a propitious death;
 That no occasion might be wanting here
 To make her virtues fam'd, or joys sincere.

Two noble lords her genial bed possess;
A wife to both, the dearest and the best.
Oxford submitted in one year to fate;
For whom her passion was exceeding great.
To Elgin full six Lustra were assign'd:
And him she lov'd with so intense a mind,
That, living like a father, she obey'd;
Dying, as to a son, left all she had.
When a step-mother, she soon soar'd above
The common height even of maternal love.
She did her numerous family command
With such a tender care, so wise a hand,
She seem'd no otherwise a mistress there,
Than godlike souls in human bodies are.
But when to all she had example shew'd,
How to be great and humble, chaste and good,
Her soul, for earth too excellent, too high,
Flew to its peers, the princes of the sky.

UPON

UPON
THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.
A PINDARIC ESSAY.

Εἰς τὴν Θεὸς
Ὅς ἔρανον τίτρυχι καὶ γαῖαν μακρὰν. SOPHOC.

UNITY. ETERNITY.

I.

WHence sprang this glorious frame? or when
began

Things to exist? They could not always be;

To what stupendous energy

Shall we ascribe the origin of man?

That Cause, from whence all beings else arose,

Must self-existent be alone;

Intirely perfect, and but one;

Nor equal nor superior knows:

Two firsts, in reason, we can ne'er suppose.

If that, in false opinion, we allow,

That once there absolutely nothing was,

Then nothing could be now.

For, by what instrument, or how,

Shall non-existence to existence pass?

Thus, something must from everlasting be;

Or matter, or a Deity.

If matter only uncreate we grant,
 We shall volition, wit, and reason, want;
 An agent infinite, and action free;
 Whence does volition, whence does reason, flow?
 How came we to reflect, design, and know?

This from a nobler nature springs,
 Distinct in essence from material things:
 For, thoughtless matter cannot thought bestow,
 But, if we own a God supreme,

And all perfection 's possible in him;
 In him does boundless excellence reside,
 Power to create, and providence to guide;
 Unmade himself, could no beginning have,
 But to all substance prime existence gave;
 Can what he will destroy, and what he pleases save.

P O W E R.

The undesigning hand of giddy Chance
 Could never fill the globes of light,
 So beautiful, and so amazing bright,
 The lofty concave of the vast expanse:
 These could proceed from no less power than infinite,
 There 's not one atom of this wondrous frame,
 Nor essence intellectual, but took
 Existence when the great Creator spoke,
 And from the common womb of empty nothing came,
 Let substance be, he cry'd; and straight arose
 Angelic, and corporeal too;
 All that material nature shews,

And

ON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

259

And what does things invifible compofe,
At the fame instant fprung, and into being flew :
Mount to the convex of the higheft fphere,
Which draws a mighty circle round
Th' inferior orbs, as their capacious bound ;
There millions of new miracles appear :
There dwell the eldeft fons of power immense,
Who firft were to perfection wrought
Firft to complete exiftence brought,
To whom their Maker did difpenfe
The largeft portions of created excellence,
Eternal now, not of neceffity,
As if they could not ceafe to be,
Or were from poffible deftruction free ;
But on the will of God depend :
For that which could begin, can end.
Who, when the lower worlds were made,
Without the leaft mifcarriage or defect,
By the almighty Architect,
United adoration paid,
And with extatic gratitude his laws obey'd.

III.

Philofophy of old in vain effay'd
To tell us how this mighty frame
Into fuch beauteous order came ;
But, by falfe reasonings, falfe foundations laid :
She labour'd hard ; but ftill the more ſhe wrought,
The more was wilder'd in the maze of thought.

Some

300 POMFRET'S POEMS.

Sometimes the fancy'd things to be
 Coeval with the Deity,
 And in the form which now they are
 From everlasting ages were.
 Sometimes the casual event,
 Of atoms floating in a space immense,
 Void of all wisdom, rule, and sense;
 But, by a lucky accident,
 Jumbled into this scheme of wondrous excellence.
 'Twas an establish'd article of old,
 Chief of the philosophic creed,
 And does in natural productions hold;
 That from mere nothing, nothing could proceed:
 Material substance never could have rose,
 If some existence had not been before,
 In wisdom infinite, immense in power.
 Whate'er is made, a maker must suppose,
 As an effect a cause that could produce it shews.
 Nature and art, indeed, have bounds assign'd,
 And only forms to things, not being, give;
 That from Omnipotence they must receive:
 But the eternal self-existent mind
 Can, with a single Fiat, cause to be
 All that the wondrous eye surveys,
 And all it cannot see.
 Nature may shape a beauteous tree,
 And art a noble palace raise,
 But must not to creative power aspire;
 But their God alone can claim,
 As pre-existing substance doth require:
 So, where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

WISDOM.

W I S D O M.

Matter produc'd, had still a chaos been :
For jarring elements engag'd,
Eternal battles would have wag'd,
And fill'd with endless horror the tumultuous scene ;
If wisdom infinite, for less
Could not the vast prodigious embryo wield,
Or strength complete to labouring Nature yield,
Had not, with actual address,
Compos'd the bellowing hurry, and establish'd peace.
Whate'er this visible creation shews
That 's lovely, uniform, and bright,
That gilds the morning, or adorns the night,
To her its eminence and beauty owes.
By her all creatures have their ends assign'd,
Proportion'd to their nature, and their kind ;
To which they steadily advance,
Mov'd by right Reason's high command,
Or guided by the secret hand
Of real instinct, or imaginary chance.
Nothing but men reject her sacred rules ;
Who from the end of their creation fly,
And deviate into misery :
As if the liberty to act like fools
Were the chief cause that Heaven made them free.

P R O V I D E N C E.

Bold is the wretch, and blasphemous the man,
 Who, finite, will attempt to scan
 The works of him that's infinitely wise,
 And those he cannot comprehend, denies ;
 As if a space immense were measurable by a span.
 Thus the proud sceptic will not own
 That Providence the world directs,
 Or its affairs inspects ;
 But leaves it to itself alone.
 How does it with almighty grandeur suit,
 To be concern'd with our impertinence ;
 Or interpose his power for the defence
 Of a poor mortal, or a senseless brute ?
 Villains could never so successful prove,
 And unmolested in those pleasures live,
 Which honour, ease, and affluence give ;
 While such as Heaven adore, and virtue love,
 And most the care of providence deserve,
 Oppress'd with pain and ignominy starve.
 What reason can the wisest shew,
 Why murder does unpunish'd go,
 If the Most High, that's just and good,
 Intends and governs all below,
 And yet regards not the loud cries of guiltless blood ?
 But shall we things unsearchable deny,
 Because our reason cannot tell us why
 They are allow'd, or acted by the Deity ?

ON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

303

'Tis equally above the reach of thought,
To comprehend how matter should be brought
From nothing, as existent he
From all eternity ;

And yet that matter is, we feel and see :

Nor is it easier to define,
What ligatures the soul and body join ;
Or, how the memory does th' impression take
Of things, and to the mind restores them back.

Did not th' Almighty, with immediate care,
Direct and govern this capacious all,
How soon would things into confusion fall !

Earthquakes the trembling ground would tear,
And blazing comets rule the troubled air ;
Wide inundations, with resistless force,
The lower provinces o'erflow,
In spite of all that human strength could do
To stop the raging sea's impetuous course :
Murder and rapine every place would fill,
'And sinking virtue stoop to prosperous ill ;
Devouring pestilence rave,
And all that part of nature which has breath
Deliver to the tyranny of death,
And hurry to the dungeons of the grave.

If watchful Providence were not concern'd to save,

Let the brave speak, who oft has been
In dreadful sieges, and fierce battles seen,
How he's preserv'd, when bombs and bullets fly
So thick, that scarce one inch of air is free ;
And though he does ten thousand see

Fall

Fall at his feet, and in a moment die,
Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the victory.

Let the poor shipwreck'd sailor shew,
To what invisible protecting power
He did his life and safety owe,
When the loud storm his well-built vessel tore,
And a half-shatter'd plank convey'd him to the shore.
Nay, let th' ungrateful sceptic tell us how
His tender infancy protection found,
And helpless childhood was with safety crown'd,
If he 'll no Providence allow ;
When he had nothing but his nurse's arms
To guard him from innumerable fatal harms :
From childhood how to youth he ran
Securely, and from thence to man ;
How, in the strength and vigour of his years,
The feeble bark of life he saves,
Amidst the fury of tempestuous waves,
From all the dangers he foresees, or fears ;
Yet every hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis steers,
If Providence, which can the seas command,
Held not the rudder with a steady hand.

OMNIPRESENCE.

VII.

'Tis happy for the sons of men, that he,
Who all existence out of nothing made,
Supports his creatures by immediate aid :
But then this all-intending Deity
Must Omnipresent be :

For

UPON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES. 395

For how shall we by demonstration shew
The Godhead is this moment here,
If he is not present every where,

And always so?

What 's not perceptible by sense, may be

Ten thousand miles remote from me,
Unless his nature is from limitation free.

In vain we for protection pray ;

For benefits receiv'd high altars raise,

And offer up our hymns and praise.

In vain his anger dread, or laws obey.

An absent god from ruin can defend

No more than can an absent friend ;

No more is capable to know

How gratefully we make returns,

When the loud music sounds, or victim burns,

Than a poor Indian slave of Mexico.

If so, 't is equally in vain

The prosperous sings, and wretched mourns ;

He cannot hear the praise, or mitigate the pain.

But by what Being is confin'd

The Godhead we adore?

He must have equal or superior power.

If equal only, they each other bind,

So neither 's God, if we define him right,

For neither 's infinite.

But if the other have superior might

Then he, we worship, can't pretend to be

Omnipotent, and free

From all restraint, and so no Deity.

If God is limited in space ; his view,
 His knowledge, power, and wisdom, is so too ;
 Unless we 'll own, that these perfections are
 At all times present every where,
 Yet he himself not actually there.
 Which to suppose, that strange conclusion brings,
 His essence and his attributes are different things.

IMMUTABILITY.

AS the supreme, omniscient mind,
 Is by no boundaries confin'd ;
 So Reason must acknowledge him to be
 From possible mutation free :
 For what He is, He was from all eternity.
 Change, whether the effect of force or will,
 Must argue imperfection still.
 But imperfection in a Deity,
 That's absolutely perfect, cannot be :
 Who can compel, without his own consent,
 A God to change that is omnipotent ?
 And every alteration without force,
 Is for the better or the worse.
 He that is infinitely wise,
 To alter for the worse will never choose,
 That a depravity of nature shews :
 And He, in whom all true perfection lies,
 Cannot by change to greater excellencies rise.

UPON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES. 307

If God be mutable, which way, or how,
Shall we demonstrate, that will please him now,
Which did a thousand years ago?

And 't is impossible to know,

What He forbids, or what He will allow.

Murder, enchantment, lust, and perjury,

Did in the foremost rank of vices stand,

Prohibited by an express command:

But whether such they still remain to be,

No argument will positively prove,

Without immediate notice from above;

If the Almighty Legislator can

Be chang'd, like his inconstant subject, man,

Uncertain thus what to perform or shun,

We all intolerable hazards run,

When an eternal stake is to be lost or won.

J U S T I C E.

REJOICE, ye sons of piety, and sing

Loud Hallelujah's to his glorious name,

Who was, and will for ever be the same:

Your grateful incense to his temples bring,

That from the smoking altars may arise

Clouds of perfumes to the imperial skies.

His promises stand firm to you,

And endless joys will be bestow'd,

As sure as that there is a God,

On all who virtue choose, and righteous paths pursue.

Nor should we more his menaces distrust,
 For while he is a Deity, he must
 (As infinitely good) be infinitely just:
 But does it with a gracious godhead suit,
 Whose Mercy is his darling attribute,
 To punish crimes that temporary be,
 And those but trivial offences too,
 Mere slips of human nature, small and few,
 With everlasting misery?
 This shocks the mind with deep reflections fraught,
 And Reason bends beneath the ponderous thought;
 Crimes take their estimate from guilt, and grow
 More heinous still, the more they do incense
 That God to whom all creatures owe
 Profoundest reverence:
 Though as to that degree they raise
 The anger of the merciful Most High,
 We have no standard to discern it by,
 But the infliction he on the offender lays.
 So that if endless punishment on all
 Our unrepented sins must fall,
 None, not the least, can be accounted small
 That God is in perfection just, must be
 Allow'd by all that own a Deity:
 If so, from equity he cannot swerve,
 Nor punish sinners more than they deserve.
 His will reveal'd, is both express and clear;
 "Ye cursed of my Father, go
 "To everlasting woe."
 If everlasting means eternal here,

Duration

UPON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES. 309

Duration absolutely without end ;
Against which sense some zealously contend,
That when applied to pains, it only means,
They shall ten thousand ages last :
Ten thousand more, perhaps, when they are past ;
But not eternal in a literal sense :
Yet own the pleasures of the just remain
So long as there 's a God exists to reign.
Though none can give a solid reason, why
The word Eternity,
To heaven and hell indifferent join'd,
Should carry sense of a different kind ;
And 't is a sad experiment to try.

GOODNESS.

But if there be one attribute divine
With greater lustre than the rest can shine,
'T is goodness which we every moment see
The godhead exercise with such delight,
It seems, it only seems, to be
The best-belov'd perfection of the Deity,
And more than infinite.

Without that, he could never prove
The proper objects of our praise or love,
Were he not good, he 'd be no more concern'd
To hear the wretched in affliction cry,
Or see the guiltless for the guilty die,
Than Nero, when the flaming city burn'd,
And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mourn'd,

Eternal justice then would be
 But everlasting cruelty;
 Power unrestrain'd, almighty violence;
 And wisdom unconfin'd, but craft immense.
 'Tis goodness constitutes him that he is;

And those

Who will deny him this,
 A god without a deity suppose.
 When the lewd atheist blasphemously swears,
 By his tremendous name
 There is no god, but all 's a sham;
 Insipid tattle, praise, and prayers,
 Virtue, pretence; and all the sacred rules
 Religion teaches, tricks to cully fools:

Justice would strike th' audacious villain dead,
 But mercy, boundless, saves his guilty head;
 Gives him protection, and allows him bread.
 Does not the sinner whom no danger awes,
 Without restraint, his infamy pursue,
 Rejoice, and glory in it too;
 Laugh at the power divine, and ridicule his laws;
 Labour in vice his rivals to excell,
 That, when he 's dead, they may their pupils tell,
 How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he fell?
 Yet this vile wretch in safety lives,
 Blessings in common with the best receives;
 Though he is proud t' affront the God those blessings
 gives.
 The chearful sun his influence sheds on all;
 Has no respect to good or ill:

And

UPON THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES. 311

And fruitful showers without distinction fall,
Which fields with corn, with grass the pastures, fill.
The bounteous hand of Heaven bestows
Success and honour many times on those
Who scorn his favourites, and caress his foes.

To this good God, whom my adventurous pen
Has dar'd to celebrate
In lofty Pindar's strain ;
Though with unequal strength to bear the weight
Of such a ponderous theme so infinitely great :
To this good God, celestial spirits pay,
With extacy divine, incessant praise :
While on the glories of his face they gaze,
In the bright regions of eternal day.
To him each rational existence here,
Whose breast one spark of gratitude contains,
In whom there are the least remains
Of piety or fear,
His tribute brings of joyful sacrifice,
For pardon prays, and for protection flies ;
Nay, the inanimate creation give,
By prompt obedience to his word,
Instinctive honour to their lord ;
And shame the thinking world, who in rebellion live,
With Heaven and earth then, O my soul, unite,
And the great God of both adore and bless,
Who gives thee competence, content, and peace ;
The only fountains of sincere delight ;

That from the transitory joys below,
 Thou by a happy exit may'st remove
 To those ineffable above;
 Which from the vision of the godhead flow,
 And neither end, decrease, nor interruption know.

ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION OVER JERUSALEM.

PARAPHRASED OUT OF JOSEPHUS.

ALAS, Jerusalem! alas! where's now
 Thy pristine glory, thy unmatch'd renown,
 To which the heathen monarchies did bow?
 Ah, hapless, miserable town!
 Where's all thy majesty, thy beauty gone,
 Thou once most noble, celebrated place,
 The joy and the delight of all the earth;
 Who gav'st to godlike princes birth,
 And bred up heroes, an immortal race?
 Where's now the vast magnificence, which made
 The souls of foreigners adore
 Thy wondrous brightness, which no more
 Shall shine, but lie in an eternal shade?
 Oh misery! where's all her mighty state,
 Her splendid train of numerous kings,
 Her noble edifices, noble things,
 Which made her seem so eminently great,
 That barbarous princes in her gates appear'd,

And

ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION.

313

And wealthy presents, as their tribute, brought,
To court her friendship? For her strength they fear'd,
And all her wide protection sought.

But now, ah! now they laugh and cry,

See how her lofty buildings lie!

See how her flaming turrets gild the sky!

Where 's all the young, the valiant, and the gay,
That on her festivals were us'd to play
Harmonious tunes, and beautify the day?

The glittering troops, which did from far
Bring home the trophies, and the spoils of war,
Whom all the nations round with terror view'd

Nor durst their godlike valour try?

Where'er they fought, they certainly subdued,
And every combat gain'd a victory.

Ah! where 's the house of the Eternal King;

The beauteous temple of the Lord of Hosts,

To whose large treasuries our fleet did bring

The gold and jewels of remotest coasts?

There had the infinite Creator plac'd

His terrible, amazing name,

And with his more peculiar presence grac'd

That heavenly sanctum, where no mortal came,

The high priest only; he but once a year

In that divine apartment might appear:

So full of glory, and so sacred then,

But now corrupted with the heaps of slain,

Which scatter'd round with blood, defile the mighty
fane.

Alas,

Alas, Jerusalem! each spacious street
Was once so fill'd, the numerous throng
Was forc'd to jostle as they pass'd along,
And thousands did with thousands meet;
The darling then of God, and man's belov'd retreat,
In thee was the bright throne of justice fix'd,
Justice impartial, and vain fraud unmix'd!
She scorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,
Despising the most wealthy bribes;
But did the sacred balance hold
With godlike faith to all our happy tribes.
Thy well-built streets, and every noble square,
Were once with polish'd marble laid,
And all his lofty bulwarks made
With wondrous labour, and with artful care.
Thy ponderous gates, surprizing to behold,
Were cover'd o'er with solid gold;
Whose splendor did so glorious appear,
It ravish'd and amaz'd the eye;
And strangers passing, to themselves would cry,
What mighty heaps of wealth are here!
How thick the bars of massy silver lie!
O happy people! and still happy be,
Celestial city! from destruction free,
May'st thou enjoy a long, entire prosperity!
But now, oh wretched, wretched place!
Thy streets and palaces are spread
With heaps of carcases, and mountains of the dead,
The bleeding relics of the Jewish race!

Each

ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION.

373

Each corner of the town, no vacant space,
But is with breathless bodies fill'd,
Some by the sword, and some by famine, kill'd,
Natives and strangers are together laid :

Death's arrows all at random flew
Amongst the crowd, and no distinction made,
But both the coward and the valiant flew.

All in one dismal ruin join'd,
(For swords and pestilence are blind)
The fair, the good, the brave, no mercy find :

Those that from far, with joyful haste,
Came to attend thy festival,

Of the same bitter poison taste,
And by the black, destructive poison fall ;
For the avenging sentence pass'd on all.
Oh ! see how the delight of human eyes

In horrid desolation lies !
See how the burning ruins flame !
Nothing now left, but a sad, empty name !

And the triumphant victor cries,
This was the fam'd Jerusalem !

The most obdurate creature must
Be griev'd to see thy palaces in dust,
Those ancient habitations of the just :

And could the marble rocks but know
The miseries of thy fatal overthrow,
They 'd strive to find some secret way unknown,
Maugre the senseless nature of the stone,

Their pity and concern to shew :
 For now, where lofty buildings stood,
 Thy sons corrupted carcases are laid :
 And all by this destruction made
 One common Golgotha, one field of blood.
 See ! how those ancient men, who rul'd thy state,
 And made thee happy, made thee great ;
 Who sat upon the awful chair
 Of mighty Moses, in long scarlet clad,
 The good to cherish, and chastise the bad ;
 Now sit in the corrupted air,
 In silent melancholy, and in sad despair !
 See how their murder'd children round them lie !
 Ah, dismal scene ! hark how they cry !
 Woe ! woe ! one beam of mercy give,
 Good Heaven ! alas, for we would live !
 Be pitiful, and suffer us to die !
 Thus they lament, thus beg for ease ;
 While in their feeble, aged arms they hold
 The bodies of their offspring, stiff and cold,
 To guard them from the ravenous savages :
 Till their increasing sorrows death persuade
 (For death must sure with pity see
 The horrid desolation he has made)
 To put a period to all their misery.
 Thy wretched daughters that survive,
 Are by the heathen kept alive,
 Only to gratify their lust,
 And then be mix'd with common dust.
 Oh ! insupportable, stupendous woe !

What

What shall we do? ah! whither shall we go?
 Down to the grave, down to those happy shades below,
 Where all our brave progenitors are blest
 With endless triumph, and eternal rest.

But who, without a flood of tears, can see

Thy mournful, sad catastrophe?
 Who can behold thy glorious temple lie
 In ashes, and not be in pain to die?
 Unhappy, dear Jerusalem! thy woes
 Have rais'd my griefs to such a vast excess,

Their mighty weight no mortal knows,
 Thought cannot comprehend, or words express;
 Nor can they possibly, while I survive, be less.

Good Heaven had been extremely kind,
 If it had struck me dead, or struck me blind,
 Before this cursed time, this worst of days.
 Is death quite tir'd? are all his arrows spent?
 If not, why then so many dull delays?
 Quick, quick, let the obliging dart be sent!
 Nay, at me only let ten thousand fly,
 Whoe'er shall wretchedly survive; that I

May, happily, be sure to die.

Yet still we live, live in excess of pain!

Our friends and relatives are slain!

Nothing but ruins round us see,

Nothing but desolation, woe, and misery!

Nay, while we thus, with bleeding hearts, complain,

Our enemies without prepare

Their direful engines to pursue the war;

And you may slavishly preserve your breath,
Or seek for freedom in the arms of death.

Thus then resolve : nor tremble at the thought :

Can glory be too dearly bought ?

Since the Almighty wisdom has decreed,

That we, and all our progeny, should bleed,

It shall be after such a noble way,

Succeeding ages will with wonder view

What brave despair compell'd us to !

No, we will ne'er survive another day !

Bring then your wives, your children, all

That 's valuable good or dear,

With ready hands, and place them here ;

They shall unite in one vast funeral.

I know your courages are truly brave,

And dare do any thing but ill :

Who would an aged father save,

That he may live in chains and be a slave,

Or for remorseless enemies to kill ?

Let your bold hands then give the fatal blow :

For, what at any other time would be

The dire effect of rage and cruelty,

Is mercy, tenderness, and pity, now !

This then perform'd, we'll to the battle fly,

And there, amidst our slaughter'd foes, expire.

If 't is revenge and glory you desire,

Now you may have them, if you dare but die !

Nay, more, ev'n freedom and eternity !

A PROS.

A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

“ — Sed omnes una manet nox,

“ Et calcanda semel via lethi.”

HORACE.

Since we can die but once, and after death

Our state no alteration knows ;

But, when we have resign'd our breath,

Th' immortal spirit goes

To endless joys, or everlasting woes :

Wise is the man who labours to secure

That mighty and important stake ;

And, by all methods, strives to make

His passage safe, and his reception sure.

Merely to die, no man of reason fears ;

For certainly we must,

As we are born, return to dust :

'T is the last point of many lingering years :

But whither then we go,

Whither, we fain would know ;

But human understanding cannot shew.

This makes us tremble, and creates

Strange apprehensions in the mind ;

Fills it with restless doubts, and wild debates,

Concerning what we, living, cannot find.

None

None know what death is, but the dead;
 Therefore we all, by nature, dying dread,
 As a strange, doubtful way, we know not how to tread.

When to the margin of the grave we come,
 And scarce have one black, painful hour to live;
 No hopes, no prospect, of a kind reprieve,
 To stop our speedy passage to the tomb;

How moving, and how mournful, is the sight!
 How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad!
 Where then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had
 In the dark minutes of the dreadful night,
 To cheer our drooping souls for their amazing flight?
 Feeble and languishing in bed we lie,
 Despairing to recover, void of rest;
 Wishing for death, and yet afraid to die:

Terrors and doubts distract our breast,
 With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppress.

Our face is moisten'd with a clammy sweat;
 Faint and irregular the pulses beat;
 The blood unactive grows,
 And thickens as it flows,
 Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat.

Our dying eyes roll heavily about,
 Their light just going out;
 And for some kind assistance call:
 But pity, useless pity's all

Our weeping friends can give,
 Or we receive;

Though

A PROSPECT OF DEATH. 321

Though their desires are great, their powers are small,
The tongue 's unable to declare
The pains and griefs, the miseries, we bear;
How insupportable our torments are.
Music no more delights our deafening ears,
Restores our joys, or dissipates our fears;
But all is melancholy, all is sad,
In robes of deepest mourning clad;
For, every faculty, and every sense,
Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

Then we are sensible too late,
'Tis no advantage to be rich or great:
For, all the fulsome pride and pageantry of state
No consolation brings.
Riches and honours then are useless things,
Tasteless, or bitter, all;
And, like the book which the apostle eat,
To the ill-judging palate sweet,
But turn at last to nauseousness and gall.
Nothing will then our drooping spirits cheer,
But the remembrance of good actions past.
Virtue 's a joy that will for ever last,
And makes pale death less terrible appear;
Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear.
In the dark antichamber of the grave
What would we give (ev'n all we have,
All that our care and industry have gain'd,
All that our policy, our fraud, our art, obtain'd)
Could

Could we recall those fatal hours again,
 Which we consum'd in senseless vanities,
 Ambitious follies, or luxurious ease!
 For then they urge our terrors, and increase our pain.
 Our friends and relatives stand weeping by,
 Dissolv'd in tears, to see us die;
 And plunge into the deep abyss of wide eternity.
 In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve:
 Their sorrows cannot ours relieve.
 They pity our deplorable estate:
 But what, alas, can pity do
 To soften the decrees of fate?
 Besides, the sentence is irrevocable too.
 All their endeavours to preserve our breath,
 Though they do unsuccessful prove,
 Shew us how much, how tenderly, they love?
 But cannot cut off the entail of death,
 Mournful they look, and crowd about our bed:
 One, with officious haste,
 Brings us a cordial we want sense to taste;
 Another softly raises up our head;
 This wipes away the sweat; that, sighing, cries
 See what convulsions, what strong agonies,
 Both soul and body undergo!
 His pains no intermission know;
 For every gasp of air he draws, returns in sighs,
 Each would his kind assistance lend,
 To save his dear relation, or his dearer friend;
 But still in vain with destiny they all contend.

Our

Our father, pale with grief and watching grown,
Takes our cold hand in his, and cries, adieu!
Adieu, my child! now I must follow you:

Then weeps, and gently lays it down.

Our sons, who, in their tender years,
Were objects of our cares, and of our fears,
Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling, cry,
Bless us, O father! now before you die;
Bless us, and be you bless'd to all eternity.

Our friend, whom equal to ourselves we love,
Compassionate and kind,

Cries, will you leave me here behind?

Without me fly to the bless'd seats above?

Without me, did I say? Ah, no!

Without thy friend thou canst not go:

For, though thou leav'st me groveling here below,

My soul with thee shall upward fly,

And bear thy spirit company,

Through the bright passage of the yielding sky.

Ev'n death, that parts thee from thyself, shall be
Incapable to separate

(For 'tis not in the power of fate)

My friend, my best, my dearest friend, and me:

But, since it must be so, farewell;

For ever! No; for we shall meet again,

And live like gods, though now we die like men,

In the eternal regions, where just spirits dwell.

The soul, unable longer to maintain
 The fruitless and unequal strife,
 Finding her weak endeavours vain,
 To keep the counterscarp of life,
 By slow degrees, retires towards the heart,
 And fortifies that little fort

With all its kind artilleries of art;
 Botanic legions guarding every port.
 But death, whose arms no mortal can repel,
 A formal siege disdains to lay;

Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,
 And in a minute storms the feeble citadel.

Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
 Pretends to make a solid peace;

But 'tis all sham, all artifice,
 That we may negligent and careless be:
 For, if his armies are withdrawn to-day,
 And we believe no danger near,

But all is peaceable, and all is clear;
 His troops return some unsuspected way;
 While in the soft embraces of sleep we lie,
 The secret murderers stab us, and we die.

Since our first parents' fall,
 Inevitable death descends on all;

A portion none of human race can miss
 But that which makes it sweet or bitter, is
 The fears of misery, or certain hopes of bliss.
 For, when th' impenitent and wicked die,
 Loaded with crimes and infamy;

If

A PROSPECT OF DEATH. 325

If any sense at that sad time remains,
They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains;
The earnest of that vast, stupendous woe,
Which they to all eternity must undergo,
Confin'd in hell with everlasting chains.

Infernal spirits hover in the air,
Like ravenous wolves, to seize upon the prey;
And hurry the departed souls away
To the dark receptacles of despair:
Where they must dwell till that tremendous day,
When the loud trump shall call them to appear
Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe;
By whose just sentence they must go
To everlasting pains, and endless woe.

But the good man, whose soul is pure,
Unspotted, regular, and free
From all the ugly stains of lust and villainy,
Of mercy and of pardon sure,
Looks through the darkness of the gloomy night;
And sees the dawning of a glorious day;
Sees crowds of angels ready to convey
His soul whene'er she takes her flight
To the surprizing mansions of immortal light.
Then the celestial guards around him stand;
Nor suffer the black dæmons of the air
T' oppose his passage to the promis'd land,
Or terrify his thoughts with wild despair;
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.

His prayers, his charity, his virtues, press
 To plead for mercy when he wants it most,
 Not one of all the happy number's lost:
 And those bright advocates ne'er want success,
 But when the soul's releas'd from dull mortality,
 She passes up in triumph through the sky;
 Where she's united to a glorious throng
 Of angels; who, with a celestial song,
 Congratulate her conquest as she flies along.
 If therefore all must quit the stage,
 When, or how soon, we cannot know;
 But, late or early, we are sure to go;
 In the fresh bloom of youth, or wither'd age;
 We cannot take too sedulous a care,
 In this important, grand affair:
 For, as we die, we must remain;
 Hereafter all our hopes are vain,
 To make our peace with Heaven, or to return again,
 The heathen, who no better understood
 Than what the light of nature taught, declar'd,
 No future misery could be prepar'd
 For the sincere, the merciful, the good;
 But, if there was a state of rest,
 They should with the same happiness be blest
 As the immortal gods, if gods there were, possess,
 We have the promise of th' eternal truth,
 Those who live well, and pious paths pursue,
 To man, and to their Maker, true,
 Let them expire in age, or youth,

Can

A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

327

Can never miss
Their way to everlasting bliss :
But from a world of misery and care
To mansions of eternal ease repair ;
Where joy in full perfection flows,
And in an endless circle moves,
Through the vast round of beatific love,
Which no cessation knows.

ON THE GENERAL CONFLAGRATION, AND ENSUING JUDGEMENT.

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

"Esse quoque in fatis, reminiscitur, affore tempus
"Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
"Ardeat, & mundi moles operosa laborat." OVID. Met.

NOW the black days of universal doom,
Which wondrous prophecies foretold, are come :
What strong convulsions, what stupendous woe,
Must sinking nature undergo ;
Amidst the dreadful wreck, and final overthrow !
Methinks I hear her, conscious of her fate,
With fearful groans, and hideous cries,
Fill the presaging skies ;

Y 4

Unable

Unable to support the weight
Or of the present, or approaching miseries.

Methinks I hear her summon all
Her guilty offspring raving with despair,
And trembling, cry aloud, Prepare,
Ye sublunary powers, t' attend my funeral!

See, see the tragical portents,
Those dismal harbingers of dire events!
Loud thunders roar, and darting lightnings fly
Through the dark concave of the troubled sky;
The fiery ravage is begun, the end is nigh.

See how the glaring meteors blaze!
Like baleful torches, O they come,
To light dissolving Nature to her tomb!

And, scattering round their pestilential rays,
Strike the affrighted nations with a wild amaze.

Vast sheets of flame, and globes of fire,
By an impetuous wind are driven
Through all the regions of the inferior heaven;
Till, hid in sulphurous smoke, they seemingly expire.

Sad and amazing 'tis to see,
What mad confusion rages over all
This scorching ball!

No country is exempt, no nation free,
But each partakes the epidemic misery.

What dismal havoc of mankind is made
By wars, and pestilence, and dearth,

Through the whole mournful earth?
Which with a murdering fury they invade,
Forsook by Providence, and all propitious aid!

Whilst

ON THE GENERAL CONFLAGRATION. 329

Whilst fiends, let loose, their utmost rage employ,
To ruin all things here below;
Their malice and revenge no limits know,
But, in the universal tumult, all destroy.

Distracted mortals from their cities fly,
For safety to their champain ground.
But there no safety can be found;
The vengeance of an angry Deity,
With unrelenting fury, does inclose them round:

And whilst for mercy some aloud implore
The God they ridicul'd before;
And others, raving with their woe,
(For hunger, thirst, despair, they undergo)

BlaspHEME and curse the Power they should adore:
The earth, parch'd up with drought, her jaws extends.
And opening wide a dreadful tomb,
The howling multitude at once descends
Together all into her burning womb.

The trembling Alps abscond their aged heads
In mighty pillars of infernal smoke,
Which from their bellowing caverns broke,
And suffocates whole nations where it spreads.

Sometimes the fire within divides
The massy rivers of those secret chains,
Which hold together their prodigious fides,
And hurls the shatter'd rocks o'er all the plains:
While towns and cities, every thing below,
Is overwhelm'd with the same burst of woe.

No showers descend from the malignant sky,
To cool the burning of the thirsty field;
The trees no leaves, no grass the meadows yield,
But all is barren, all is dry.

The little rivulets no more
To larger streams their tribute pay,
Nor to the ebbing ocean they;
Which, with a strange unusual roar,
Forsakes those ancient bounds it would have pass'd
before :

And to the monstrous deep in vain retire ;
For ev'n the deep itself is not secure,
But belching subterraneous fires,
Increases still the scalding calenture,
Which neither earth, nor air, nor water, can endure.

The sun, by sympathy, concern'd
At those convulsions, pangs, and agonies,
Which on the whole creation seize,
Is to substantial darkness turn'd.

The neighbouring moon, as if a purple flood
O'erflow'd her tottering orb, appears

Like a huge mass of black corrupted blood ;
For she herself a dissolution fears.

The larger planets, which once shone so bright,
With the reflected rays of borrow'd light,
Shook from their centre, without motion lie,
Unwieldy globes of solid night,
And ruinous lumber of the sky.

Amidst

ON THE GENERAL CONFLAGRATION. 331

Amidst this dreadful hurricane of woes,
(For fire, confusion, horror, and despair,
Fill every region of the tortur'd earth and air)

The great archangel his loud trumpet blows;
At whose amazing sound fresh agonies
Upon expiring nature seize:

For now she'll in few minutes know
The ultimate event and fate of all below.

Awake, ye dead, awake, he cries;
(For all must come)

All that had human breath, arise,
To hear your last, unalterable doom.

At this the ghastly tyrant, who had sway'd

So many thousand ages uncontroll'd,

No longer could his sceptre hold;

But gave up all, and was himself a captive made.

The scatter'd particles of human clay,

Which in the silent grave's dark chambers lay,

Resume their pristine forms again,

And now from mortal, grow immortal men.

Stupendous energy of sacred Power,

Which can collect wherever cast

The smallest atoms, and that shape restore

Which they had worn so many years before,

That through strange accidents and numerous changes
past!

See how the joyful angels fly

From every quarter of the sky,

To gather and to convoy all

The pious sons of human race,

To one capacious place,

Above the confines of this flaming ball.

See with what tenderness and love they bear

Those righteous souls through the tumultuous air;

Whilst the ungodly stand below,

Raging with shame, confusion, and despair,

Amidst the burning overthrow,

Expecting fiercer torment, and acuter woe,

Round them infernal spirits howling fly;

O horror, curses, tortures, chains! they cry

And roar aloud with execrable blasphemy.

Hark how the daring sons of infamy

Who once dissolv'd in pleasures lap,

And laugh'd at this tremendous day,

To rocks and mountains now to hide them cry,

But rocks and mountains all in ashes lie.

Their shame's so mighty, and so strong their fear,

That, rather than appear

Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd

Amongst the burning ruins of the world,

And lie conceal'd, if possible, for ever there.

Time was they would not own a Deity,

Nor after death a future state;

But now, by sad experience, find, too late,

There is, and terrible to that degree,

That rather than behold his face, they'd cease to be.

ON THE GENERAL CONFLAGRATION. 333

And sure 'tis better, if Heaven would give consent,
To have no being; but they must remain,
For ever, and for ever be in pain.

O inexpressible, stupendous punishment,
Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be underwent!

But now, the eastern skies expanding wide,
The glorious Judge omnipotent descends,
And to the sublunary world his passage bends;
Where, cloath'd with human nature, he did once reside.

Round him the bright ethereal armies fly,

And loud triumphant hallelujahs sing,

With songs of praise, and hymns of victory,

To their celestial king;

All glory, power, dominion, majesty,

Now, and for everlasting ages, be

To the Essential One, and Co-eternal Three.

Perish that world, as 'tis decreed,

Which saw the God incarnate bleed!

Perish by thy almighty vengeance those

Who durst thy person, or thy laws, expose;

The cursed refuge of mankind, and hell's proud seed.

Now to the unbelieving nations shew,

Thou art a God from all eternity;

Not titular, or but by office so;

And let them the mysterious union see

Of human nature with the Deity.

With mighty transports, yet with awful fears,

The good behold this glorious sight!

Their God in all his majesty appears,

Ineffable,

Ineffable, amazing bright,
 And seated on a throne of everlasting light,
 Round the tribunal, next to the Most High,
 In sacred discipline and order, stand
 The peers and princes of the sky,
 As they excel in glory or command.
 Upon the right hand that illustrious crowd,
 In the white bosom of a shining cloud,
 Whose souls abhorring all ignoble crimes,
 Did, with a steady course, pursue,
 His holy precepts in the worst of times,
 Maugre what earth or hell, what man or devils could do,
 And now that God they did to death adore,
 For whom such torments and such pains they bore
 Returns to place them on those thrones above,
 Where, undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they will possess
 Divine, substantial happiness,
 Unbounded as his power, and lasting as his love.

Go, bring, the Judge impartial, frowning, cries,
 Those rebel sons, who did my laws despise;
 Whom neither threats nor promises could move,
 Not all my sufferings, nor all my love,
 To save themselves from everlasting miseries.
 At this ten millions of archangels flew
 Swifter than lightning, or the swiftest thought.
 And less than in an instant brought
 The wretched, curs'd, infernal, crew;
 Who with distorted aspects come,
 To hear their sad, intolerable doom.
 Alas! they cry, one beam of mercy shew,

Thou

ON THE GENERAL CONFLAGRATION. 335

Thou all-forgiving Deity !
To pardon crimes, is natural to thee :
Crush us to nothing, or suspend our woe.

But if it cannot, cannot be,
And we must go into a gulph of fire,
(For who can with Omnipotence contend ?)
Grant, for thou art a God, it may at last expire,

And all our tortures have an end.
Eternal burnings, O, we cannot bear !
Though now our bodies too immortal are,
Let them be pungent to the last degree :
And let our pains innumerable be ;
But let them not extend to all eternity !

Lo, now there does no place remain
For penitence and tears, but all
Must by their actions stand or fall :
To hope for pity, is in vain ;
The dye is cast, and not to be recall'd again.

Two mighty books are by two angels brought :
In this, impartially recorded, stands
The law of nature, and divine commands :
In that, each action, word, and thought,
Whate'er was said in secret, or in secret wrought.

Then first the virtuous and the good,
Who all the fury of temptation stood,
And bravely pass'd thro' ignominy, chains, and blood.

Attended by their guardian angels come
To the tremendous bar of final doom.
In vain the grand accuser, railing, brings
A long indictment of enormous things,

Whose guilt wip'd off by penitential tears,
 And their Redeemer's blood and agonies,
 No more to their astonishment appears,
 But in the secret womb of dark oblivion lies.

Come, now, my friends, he cries, ye sons of grace,
 Partakers once of all my wrongs and shame,

Despis'd and hated for my name;

Come to your Saviour's and your God's embrace;

Ascend, and those bright diadems possess.

For you by my eternal Father made,

Ere the foundation of the world was laid;

And that surprizing happiness,

Immense as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be less.

For when I languishing in prison lay,

Naked, and starv'd almost for want of bread,

You did your kindly visits pay.

Both cloath'd my body, and my hunger fed.

Weary'd with sickness, or oppress'd with grief.

Your hand was always ready to supply:

Whene'er I wanted, you were always by,

To share my sorrows, or to give relief.

In all distress, so tender was your love,

I could no anxious trouble bear;

No black misfortune, or vexatious care,

But you were still impatient to remove,

And mourn'd, your charitable hand should unsuccessful
 prove:

All this you did, though not to me

In person, yet to mine in misery:

And

ON THE GENERAL CONFLAGRATION. 337

And shall for ever live

In all the glories that a God can give
Or a created being 's able to receive.

At this the architects divine on high
Innumerable thrones of glory raise,
On which they, in appointed order, place,
The human coheirs of eternity,
And with united hymns the God incarnate praise :

O holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Eternal God, Almighty One,
Be Thou for ever, and be Thou alone,
By all thy creatures, constantly adored !

Ineffable, co-equal Three,

Who from non-entity gave birth
To angels and to men, to Heaven and to earth,
Yet always wast Thyself, and wilt for ever be.

But for thy mercy, we had ne'er possess'd
These thrones, and this immense felicity ;
Could ne'er have been so infinitely blest !
Therefore all Glory, Power, Dominion, Majesty,
To Thee, O Lamb of God, to Thee,
For ever longer, than for ever, be !

Then the incarnate Godhead turns his face

To those upon the left, and cries,
(Almighty vengeance flashing in his eyes)
Ye impious, unbelieving race,
To those eternal torments go,

Z. Prepar'd

Prepar'd for those rebellious sons of light,
 In burning darkness and in flaming night,
 Which shall no limits or cessation know,
 But always are extreme, and always will be so.
 The final sentence past, a dreadful cloud
 Inclosing all the miserable crowd,
 A mighty hurricane of thunder rose,
 And hurl'd them all into a lake of fire,
 Which never, never, never can expire;
 The vast abyss of endless woes:
 Whilst with their God the righteous mount on high,
 In glorious triumph passing through the sky,
 To joys immense, and everlasting extasy.

R E A S O N : A P O E M.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1700.

UNhappy man! who, through successive years,
 From early youth to life's last childhood errs:
 No sooner born but proves a foe to truth;
 For infant Reason is o'erpower'd in youth.
 The cheats of sense will half our learning share;
 And pre-conceptions all our knowledge are,
 Reason, 't is true, should over sense preside:
 Correct our notions, and our judgments guide;
 But false opinions, rooted in the mind,
 Hoodwink the soul, and keep our Reason blind.
 Reason 's a taper, which but faintly burns;
 A languid flame, that glows, and dies by turns:

We

We see 't a little while, and but a little way;
We travel by its light, as men by day:
But quickly dying, it forsakes us soon,
Like morning-stars, that never stay till noon.

The soul can scarce above the body rise;
And all we see is with corporeal eyes.
Life now does scarce one glimpse of light display;
We mourn in darkness, and despair of day:
That natural night, once dress'd with orient beams,
Is now diminish'd, and a twilight seems;
A miscellaneous composition, made
Of night and day, of sunshine and of shade.
Through an uncertain medium now we look,
And find that falsehood, which for truth we took:
So rays projected from the eastern skies,
Shew the false day before the sun can rise.

That little knowledge now which man obtains,
From outward objects, and from sense he gains:
He, like a wretched slave must plod and sweat;
By day must toil, by night that toil repeat;
And yet, at last, what little fruit he gains!
A beggar's harvest, glean'd with mighty pains!

The passions, still predominant, will rule
Ungovern'd, rude, not bred in Reason's school;
Our understanding they with darkness fill,
Cause strong corruptions, and pervert the will.
On these the soul, as on some flowing tide,
Must sit, and on the raging billows ride,
Hurried away; for how can be withstood
Th' impetuous torrent of the boiling blood?

340 POMFRET'S POEMS.

Begone, false hopes, for all our learning 's vain;
 Can we be free where these the rule maintain?
 These are the tools of knowledge which we use;
 The spirits heated, will strange things produce.
 Tell me, whoe'er the passions could control,
 Or from the body disengage the soul:
 Till this is done, our best pursuits are vain,
 To conquer truth, and unmix'd knowledge gain:
 Through all the bulky volumes of the dead,
 And through those books that modern times have bred,
 With pain we travel, as through moorish ground,
 Where scarce one useful plant is ever found;
 O'er-run with errors, which so thick appear,
 Our search proves vain, no spark of truth is there.

What 's all the noisy jargon of the schools,
 But idle nonsense of laborious fools,
 Who fetter Reason with perplexing rules?
 What in Aquina's bulky works are found,
 Does not enlighten Reason, but confound:
 Who travels Scotus' swelling tomes, shall find
 A cloud of darkness rising on the mind;
 In controverted points can Reason sway,
 When passion, or conceit, still hurries us away!
 Thus his new notions Sherlock would instil,
 And clear the greatest mysteries at will;
 But, by unlucky wit, perplex'd them more,
 And made them darker than they were before.
 South soon oppos'd him, out of christian zeal;
 Shewing how well he could dispute and rail.

How

How shall we e'er discover which is right,
 When both so eagerly maintain the fight?
 Each does the other's arguments deride;
 Each has the church and scripture on his side,
 The sharp, ill-natur'd combat 's but a jest;
 Both may be wrong; one, perhaps, errs the least.
 How shall we know which articles are true,
 The old ones of the church, or Burnet's new?
 In paths uncertain and unsafe he treads,
 Who blindly follows other fertile heads:
 What sure, what certain mark have we to know,
 The right or wrong, 'twixt Burgeses, Wake, and Howe?

Should unturn'd nature crave the medic art,
 What health can that contentious tribe impart?
 Every physician writes a different bill,
 And gives no other Reason but his will.
 No longer boast your art, ye impious race;
 Let wars 'twixt Alcalies and Acids cease;
 And proud G—ll with Colbatch be at peace.
 Gibbons and Radcliffe do but rarely guess;
 To-day they 've good, to-morrow, no success.
 Ev'n Garth and * Maurus sometimes shall prevail,
 When Gibson, learned Hannes, and Tyson, fail.
 And, more than once we 've seen, that blundering Sloane,
 Missing the gout, by chance has hit the stone;
 The patient does the lucky error find:
 A cure he works, though not the cure design'd.

Custom, the world 's great idol, we adore;
 And knowing this, we seek to know no more.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

What education did at first receive,
Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe.
The careful nurse, and priest, are all we need,
To learn opinions, and our country's creed :
The parent's precepts early are instill'd,
And spoil the man, while they instruct the child.
To what hard fate is human-kind betray'd,
When thus implicit faith, a virtue made ;
When education more than truth prevails,
And nought is current but what custom seals ?
Thus, from the time we first began to know,
We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.

We seldom use our liberty aright,
Nor judge of things by universal light :
Our prepossessions and affections bind
The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind ;
And if self-interest be but in the case,
Our unexamin'd principles may pass !
Good Heavens ! that man should thus himself deceive,
To learn on credit, and on trust believe !
Better the mind no notions had retain'd,
But still a fair, unwritten blank remain'd :
For now, who truth from falsehood would discern,
Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn.
Errors, contracted in unmindful youth,
When once remov'd, will smooth the way to truth :
To dispossess the child, the mortal lives ;
But death approaches ere the man arrives.

Those who would learning's glorious kingdom find,
The dear-bought purchase of the trading mind,

From

From many dangers must themselves acquit,
And more than Scylla and Charybdis meet.
Oh! what an ocean must be voyag'd o'er,
To gain a prospect of the shining shore!
Resisting rocks oppose th' inquiring soul,
And adverse waves retard it as they roll.

Does not that foolish deference we pay
To men that liv'd long since, our passage stay?
What odd, preposterous paths at first we tread,
And learn to walk by stumbling on the dead!
First we a blessing from the grave implore,
Worship old urns, and monuments adore!
The reverend sage, with vast esteem, we prize:
He liv'd long since, and must be wondrous wise!
Thus are we debtors to the famous dead,
For all those errors which their fancies bred:
Errors indeed! for real knowledge stay'd
With those first times, not farther was convey'd:
While light opinions are much lower brought,
For on the waves of ignorance they float:
But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,
So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.

Suppose those many dreadful dangers past;
Will knowledge dawn, and bless the mind, at last?
Ah! no, 't is now environ'd, from our eyes,
Hides all its charms, and undiscover'd lies!
Truth, like a single point, escapes the sight,
And claims attention to perceive it right!
But what resembles truth is soon defory'd,
Spreads like a surface, and expanded wide!

The first man rarely, very rarely finds
 The tedious search of long enquiring minds :
 But yet what 's worse, we know not what we err ;
 What mark does truth, what bright distinction bear ?
 How do we know that what we know is true ?
 How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue ?
 Let none then here his certain knowledge boast ;
 'T is all but probability at most :
 This is the easy purchase of the mind ;
 The vulgar's treasure, which we soon may find !
 But truth lies hid, and ere we can explore
 The glittering gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

DIES NOVISSIMA:

OR, THE

LAST EPIPHANY.

A PINDARIC ODE, on CHRIST'S Second Appearance,
 to Judge the World.

A DIEU, ye toyish reeds, that once could please
 My softer lips, and lull my cares to ease :
 Be gone ; I'll waste no more vain hours with you :
 And, smiling Sylvia too, adieu.

A brighter power invokes my Muse,
 And loftier thoughts and raptures does infuse.

See, beckoning, from yon cloud, he stands,
 And promises assistance with his hands :

I feel

I feel the heavy-rolling God,
Incumbent, revel in his frail abode.

How my breast heaves, and pulses beat!
I sink, I sink, beneath the furious heat:

The weighty bliss o'erwhelms my breast,
And over-flowing joys profusely waste.

Some nobler bard, O sacred Power, inspire,
Or soul more large, th' elapses to receive:

And, brighter yet, to catch the fire,
And each gay following charm from death to save!
—In vain the suit—the God inflames my breast;

I rave, with extasies opprest:
I rise, the mountains lessen, and retire;
And now I mix, unsing'd, with elemental fire!

The leading deity I have in view;
Nor mortal knows, as yet, what wonders will ensue.

We pass'd through regions of unfullied light;

I gaz'd, and sicken'd at the blissful sight;
A shuddering paleness seiz'd my look:

At last the pest flew off, and thus I spoke;

“ Say, Sacred Guide, shall this bright clime

“ Survive the fatal test of time,

“ Or perish, with our mortal globe below,

“ When yon sun no longer shines ?”

Straight I finish'd—veiling low;

The visionary power rejoins;

“ 'T is not for you to ask, nor mine to say,

“ The niceties of that tremendous day.

“ Know

- " Know, when o'er-jaded Time his round has run,
 " And finish'd are the radiant journeys of the sun,
 " The great decisive morn shall rise,
 " And Heaven's bright Judge appear in opening skies!
 " Eternal grace and justice he 'll bestow
 " On all the trembling world below."

He said. I mus'd; and thus return'd:

- " What ensigns, courteous stranger, tell,
 " Shall the brooding day reveal?"

He answer'd mild——

- " Already, stupid with their crimes,
 " Blind mortals prostrate to their idols lie;
 " Such where the boding times,
 " Ere ruin blasted from the sluicy sky;
 " Dissolv'd they lay in fulsome ease,
 " And revel'd in luxuriant peace;
 " In bacchanals they did their hours consume,
 " And bacchanals led on their swift advancing doom."

Adulterate Christs already rise,

And dare t' assuage the angry skies;
 Erratic throngs their Saviour's blood deny,
 And from the Cross, alas! he does neglected sigh;
 The Anti-Christian Power has rais'd his Hydra head,
 And ruin, only less than Jesus' healh, does spread.

So long the gore through poison'd veins has flow'd,
 That scarcely ranker is a fury's blood;
 Yet specious artifice, and fair disguise,
 The monster's shape, and curst design, belies:

A fiend's

THE LAST EPIPHANY. 347

A fiend's black venom, in an angel's mien,
He quaffs, and scatters, the contagious spleen
Straight, when he finishes his lawless reign,
Nature shall paint the shining scene,
Quick as the lightning which inspires the train.

Forward confusion shall provoke the fray,
And nature from her ancient order stray;
Black tempests, gathering from the seas around,
In horrid ranges shall advance;

And, as they march, in thickest fables drown'd,
The rival thunder from the clouds shall sound,
And lightnings join the fearful dance:

The blustering armies o'er the skies shall spread,
And universal terror shed;

Loud issuing peals, and rising sheets of smoke,
Th' encumber'd region of the air shall choke;

The noisy main shall lash the suffering shore,
And from the rocks the breaking billows roar:

Black thunder bursts, blue lightning burns,
And melting worlds to heaps of ashes turns!

The forests shall beneath the tempest bend,
And rugged winds the nodding cedars rend.

Reverse all Nature's web shall run,
And spotless misrule all around,

Order, its flying foe, confound;

Whilst backward all the threads shall haste to be unspun.

Triumphant Chaos, with his oblique wand,

(The wand with which, ere time begun,

His

His wandering slaves he did command,
And made them scamper right, and in rude ranges run)
The hostile harmony shall chace;
And as the nymph resigns her place,
And panting to the neighbouring refuge flies,
The formless ruffian slaughters with his eyes,
And following storms the pearching dame's retreat,
Adding the terror of his threat;
The globe shall faintly tremble round,
And backward jolt, distorted with the wound.

Swath'd in substantial throwds of night,
The sickening sun shall from the world retire,
Stripp'd of his dazzling robes of fire;
Which dangling, once, shed round a lavish flood of light!
No frail eclipse, but all essential shade,
Not yielding to primæval gloom,
Whilst day was yet an embryo in the womb;
Nor glimmering in its source, with silver streamers
play'd,
A jetty mixture of the darkness spread
O'er murmuring Ægypt's head;
And that which angels drew
O'er Nature's face, when Jesus died;
Which sleeping ghosts for this mistook,
And, rising, off their hanging funerals shook,
And fleeting pass'd expos'd their bloodless breast to
view,
Yet find it not so dark, and to their dormitories glide.

Now

Now bolder fires appear,
And o'er the palpable obscurement sport,
Glaring and gay as falling Lucifer,
Yet mark'd with fate, as when he fled th' ætherial
court,

And plung'd into the opening gulph of night;
A sabre of immortal flame I bore,
And with this arm, his flourishing plume I tore,
And straight the fiend retreated from the fight.

Mean time the lambent prodigies on high
Take gamesome measures in the sky;
Joy'd with his future feast, the thunder roars
In chorus to th' enormous harmony;
And holloo's to his offspring from sulphureous stores:
Applauding how they tilt, and how they fly,
And their each nimble turn, and radiant embassy.

The moon turns paler at the sight,
And all the blazing orbs deny their light;
The lightning with its livid tail,
A train of glittering terrors draws behind,
Which o'er the trembling world prevail;
Wing'd and blown on by storms of wind,
They shew the hideous leaps on either hand,
Of Night, that spreads her ebon curtains round,
And there erects her royal stand,
In seven-fold winding jet her conscious temples bound.

The stars next, starting from their spheres,
In giddy revolutions leap and bound;

While

Whilst this with doubtful fury glares,
And meditate, new wars,
And wheels in sportive gyres around,
Its neighbour shall advance to fight;
And while each offers to enlarge its right,
The general ruin shall increase,
And banish all the votaries of peace.
No more the stars, with paler beams,
Shall tremble o'er the midnight streams,
But travel downward to behold
What mimics them so twinkling there:
And, like Narcissus, as they gain more near,
For the lov'd image straight expire,
And agonize in warm desire,
Or flake their lust, as in the stream they roll.

Whilst the world burns, and all the orbs below
In their viperous ruins glow,
They sink, and unsupported leave the skies,
Which fall abrupt, and tell their torment in the
noise.

Then see th' Almighty Judge, sedate and bright,
Cloath'd in imperial robes of light!
His wings the wind, rough storms the chariot bear,
And nimble harbingers before him fly,
And with officious rudeness brush the air;
Halt as he halts, then doubling in their flight,
In horrid sport with one another vie,
And leave behind quick-winding tracts of light;
Then urging, to their ranks they close,
And shivering, lest they start, a sailing caravan compose.

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The Mighty Judge rides in tempestuous state
Whilst mighty guards his orders wait :

His waving vestments shine
Bright as the sun, which lately did its beam resign,
And burnish'd wreaths of light shall make his form
divine.

Strong beams of majesty around his temples play,
And the transcendant gaiety of his face allay :
His Father's reverend characters he'll wear,

And both o'erwhelm with light, and over-awe with
fear,

Myriads of angels shall be there,
And I, perhaps, close the tremendous rear ;
Angels, the first and fairest sons of day,
Clad with eternal youth, and as their vestments gay.

Nor for magnificence alone,

To brighten and enlarge the pageant scene,
Shall we encircle his more dazzling throne,
And swell the lustre of his pompous train ;

The nimble ministers of bliss or woe
We shall attend, and save, or deal the blow,
As He admits to joy, or bids to pain.

The welcome news

Through every Angel's breast fresh raptures shall dif-
The day is come, [fuse.

When Satan with his powers shall sink to endless doom.

No more shall we his hostile troops pursue
From cloud to cloud, nor the long fight renew.

Then

Then Raphael, big with life, the trump shall sound,
 From falling spheres the joyful music shall rebound,
 And seas and shores shall catch and propagate it round:
 Louder he'll blow, and it shall speak more shrill,

Than when, from Sinai's hill,

In thunder through the horrid reddening smoke,

Th' Almighty spoke,

We'll shout around with martial joy,

And thrice the vaulted skies shall rend, and thrice our
 shouts reply.

Then first th' Archangel's voice, aloud,

Shall cheerfully salute the day and throng,

And Hallelujah fill the croud;

And I, perhaps, shall close the song.

From its long sleep all human race shall rise,

And see the morn and Judge advancing in the skies:

To their old tenements the souls return,

Whilst down the steep of Heaven as swift the Judge de-
 scends!

These look illustrious bright, no more to mourn:

Whilst, see, distracted looks yon stalking shades attend.

The saints no more shall conflict on the deep,

Nor rugged waves insult the labouring ship;

But from the wreck in triumph they arise,

And borne to bliss shall tread empyreal skies.

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THE END OF POMFRET'S POEMS.

